Iacocca After the Ax: First Interview With Ford's Ex-President

Helen Lawrenson: When Café Society Was Hot, Red, and Downtown

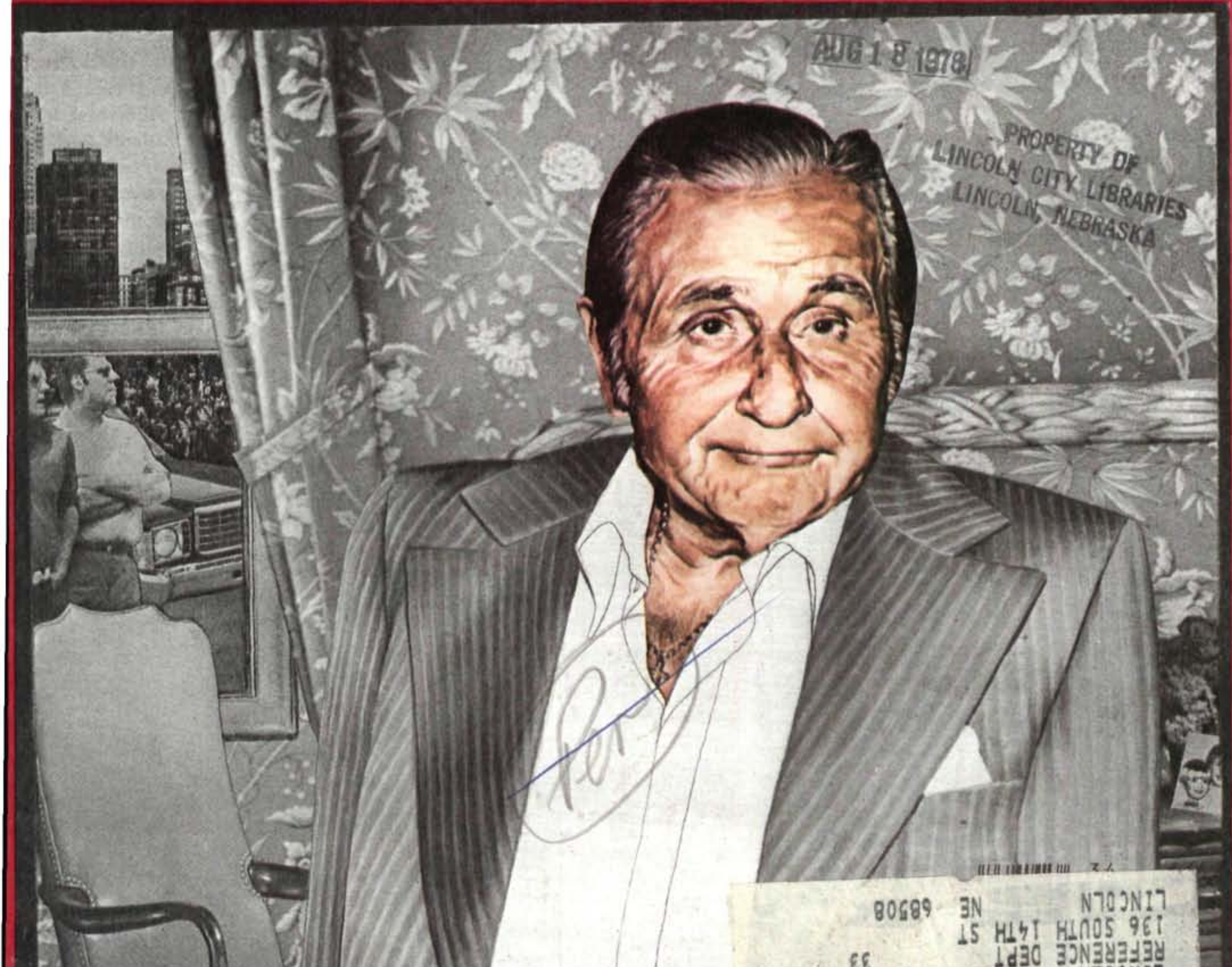
Why Democrats Are Running Against Their Party, by Sidney Zion

ONE DOLLAR AUGUST 21, 1978

NEW YORK

The Mafia's New Boss

Frank Tieri to You. 'Funzi' to the Mob.



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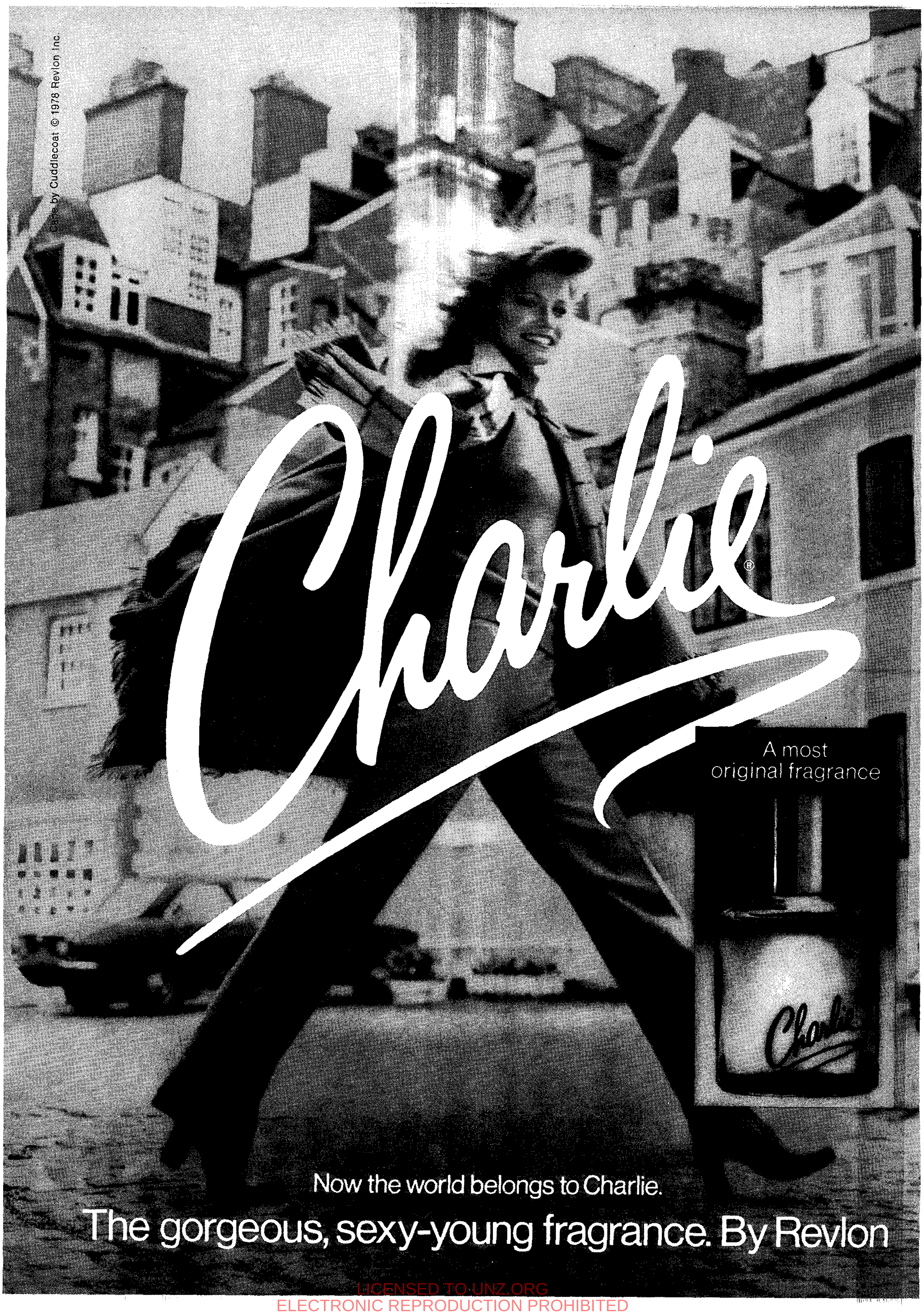
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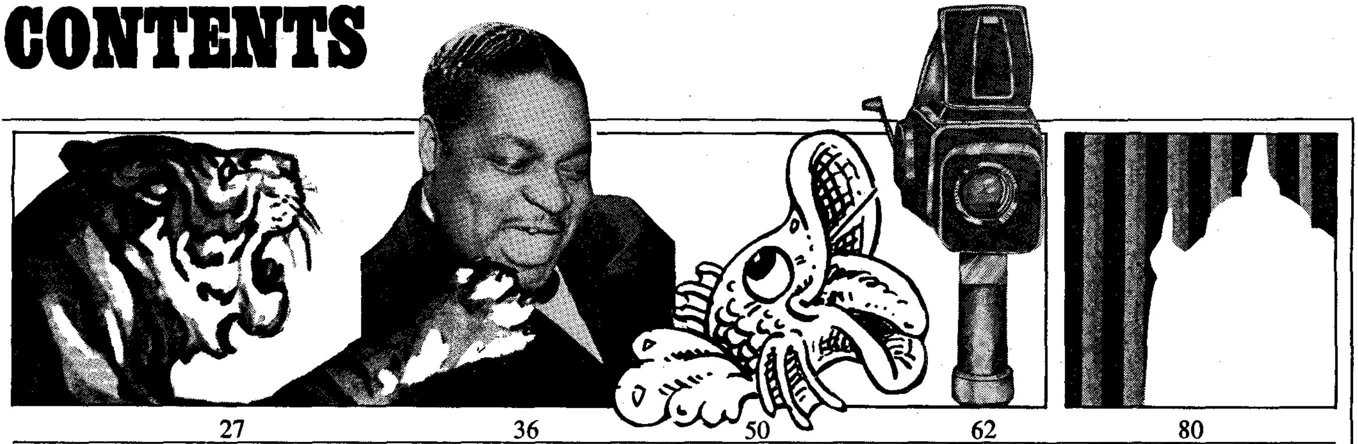

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Tieri: The Most Powerful Mafia Chieftain

By Jerry Capeci

On one thing, at least, the FBI and leading underworld figures agree: Frank "Funzi" Tieri is the most powerful figure in organized crime today. As head of the former Vito Genovese family, Tieri heads most of the gambling, numbers, and loansharking operations in the New York City area. An opera lover, he lives quietly with his wife in Brooklyn and conducts his mob business from the home of his mistress.

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After You've Been President of Ford, What's Left?

By Neal Travis

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Transcribed and edited by Mary Richie

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Black and White and Red All Over

By Helen Lawrenson

In December 1938, Café Society, a night-club in Sheridan Square, opened. It was a great place, one of the first integrated clubs in the country, a stage for the likes of Lena Horne, Hot Lips Page, Zero Mostel, and Billie Holiday. It was also a chief fund raiser for the American Communist party. Ms. Lawrenson tells her story of the famous, bygone nightclub.

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Artists on Salary: Funds for the Starving Class

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CETA, the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, faces revision and an uncertain future in the hands of Congress. Here in New York, at least, CETA has been a godsend to many artists, putting them into worthwhile, creative jobs and, for a time, getting them off the unemployment rolls. Roslyn Bernstein talks to several local artists who have benefitted from this legislation.

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By Stan Ginsberg

Brooklyn's Sheepshead Bay is an urban mariner's haven: a place for fishing, boating, and other aquatic pleasures, easily reachable on the IND. Stan Ginsberg describes the scene at Sheepshead, and Seymour Britchky appends a list of seafood restaurants near the water.

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John Ashbery is on vacation. His column will appear again in next week's issue.

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Cover: Illustration by Carole Vaucher.

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INTELLIGENCER

Mud Slung at Carey Candidate

Governor Carey's last-minute effort to balance his ticket by bringing Judge Dolores Denman aboard may pay big dividends. Despite a limited budget, Denman is campaigning hard and effectively for the nomination for attorney general. (Some people think she's a better candidate than Hughie himself, but that's something for the future.) She's doing so nicely, in fact, that supporters of front-runner Robert Abrams are allegedly playing dirty pool, putting out stories that the judge is a Right-to-Lifer (she's actually pro-abortion), and that she was excommunicated from the Catholic church because of the divorce that ended her first marriage (she wasn't).

Denman isn't too upset. "At least it means they're taking me seriously," she says. "Abrams has to obscure the issues because he's so vulnerable. Does one year practicing law give you the credentials to be attorney general? I don't think so." Denman, who counts the venerable Paul O'Dwyer among her backers, got a boost when Peter Aschkenasy (Koch intimate and host to President Carter) threw a fund raiser at Charley O's.

Carter Bones Up On Dog Law

So what impressed Jimmy Carter during his visit to New York? "The dog-litter law and how well it was working," says Mayor Ed Koch. "And when we had the deputy mayors in to breakfast at Gracie Mansion, the president looked around and said, 'Are they really all equal?' 'Absolutely,' I said. 'That's great,' he said. 'That's my system too. No chief of staff.'" At the end of the visit, the president told Ed: "You're the only mayor I've met who really enjoys his job."

N.Y. Phils May Need Reliever

Mehta: Wrist has them worried.

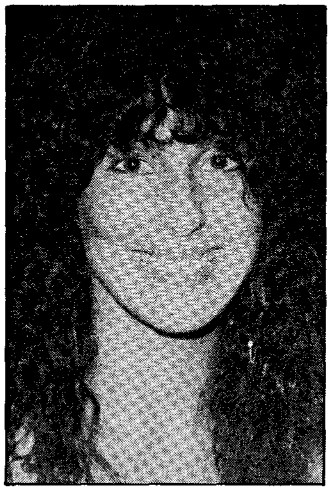
Now that Catfish Hunter's pitching arm is okay, our next worry is Zubin Mehta's conducting wrist. Mehta is due in New York August 20 to make his debut with the New York Philharmonic, leading the orchestra's concerts in the parks. But Mehta's right wrist is giving grave concern. After recurrent pain, the celebrated conductor went to a doctor and learned that a bone in his wrist was smaller than it should be. Since then he's used the hand less and less in his performances, sometimes working with it in a brace. Today, Mehta is lazing around the Mediterranean in a yacht, "giving his wrist a nice rest," says a Philharmonic spokesman.

How They Nose Out D.C. News

High times at the Washington *Post*. First a column by the *Post*'s ombudsman, Charles B. Seib, revealed that a "witness" the paper interviewed to back up its story about Dr. Peter Bourne's snorting coke was, in fact, a *Post* reporter. According to Seib, the reporter and two other *Post* staffers were in a bedroom with the president's drug adviser the night he took the snort. The *Post* didn't bother to tell its readers of the in-house presence at this historic occasion. Nor did it ascertain whether the *Post* staffers had snorted too. (Ben Bradlee says the reporter was given a pledge of confidentiality. "Since we couldn't use his name, there was no point in identifying him as a *Post* reporter.")

A second glimpse of life at the *Post* is contained in a column by William Greider, who mentions in passing that he took his kids to a *Post* picnic where marijuana was passed around. His kids thought it very uncool. What worries us is that if the White House and the Washington *Post* are both nodding out, who's minding the shop? Congress?

Dakota, Home of Stars, Bars One



Cher: Too popular for a co-op.

The latest artist to suffer banishment from a New York co-op is none other than the beautiful Cher. Sonny's former other half had picked out this beautiful little pad in the famed Dakota, on Central Park West. She had agreed to pay photographer Hiro $285,000 for the place, and no objections were anticipated. After all, all kinds of famous people (Lauren Bacall, Rex Reed, Warner LeRoy) live in the building. But the board of the Dakota has rejected Cher, on the ground that she "gets too much publicity."

Pension Power to Save North

The key to economic power in the next decade will lie with whoever controls the nation's pension funds, says Jeremy Rifkin, in town to beat the drum for a book he's written with Randy Barber, *The North Will Rise Again*. The book says unions in the Northeast must stop investing their pension funds in the Sunbelt states. When the money goes south, future jobs go with it, says Rifkin. The authors argue that if the unions, along with state and local governments, take control of their pension funds, they can guarantee employment and production for the local economy. They've already had some success with their theory. Earlier this year Barber (with Rifkin, a director of the Peoples Business Commission) played a part in forcing James D. Finley, chairman of non-union J. P. Stevens, off the board of Manufacturers Hanover. The threat was that if Finley stayed, $1 billion in union pension funds would be withdrawn from the bank.

BY NEAL TRAVIS

With Honors Like These . . .

Is recognition by the Columbus Citizens' Committee the kiss of death—or of life? Since the committee made its selection of Italian-Americans to be honored October 7, two honorees have been fired. Lee Iacocca, tabbed as "Outstanding Businessman," got the chop at Ford, and Billy Martin, "Outstanding Sportsman," lost the Yankees managership. Of course, Martin has since been reinstated (sort of), and there are moves afoot to do the same with Iacocca at Ford. "We're sticking with our choices," says Columbus Citizens' chairman Bill Fugazy. "Managements make mistakes, but we never do."

Photo: center, UPI

REVENGE, TOO!

"UPROARIOUS! A KNOCKABOUT KNOCKOUT OF A FUNNY FILM!" —Gene Shalit, NBC-TV

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The City Politic/Sidney Zion

WHY THE DEMOCRATS ARE RUNNING AGAINST THEIR PARTY

Fleeing the Leaders

"I'm running in a district with a three-to-one Democratic registration, so my slogan is 'Vote the man, not the party.' "

The candidate says it with a smile, but the rueful kind. He is, after all, a Democrat, which is no laughing matter, particularly in New York.

The candidate is Allard Lowenstein, but it could be almost anybody. It could even be Carter Burden, one of Lowenstein's opponents in the Democratic primary for Ed Koch's old congressional seat. That seat is now held by S. William Green, a Republican, and when Burden was asked recently why he could fill it better than Green, he said that a Democrat could more effectively oppose Jimmy Carter's policies than a Republican.

In these environs it requires a profile in courage for a Democrat to mention the president, and if reports from the hinterland are to be credited, the same goes around the country.

Mr. Carter has somehow managed to run the gamut from contempt to disdain in the public imagination, leaving Democratic candidates with the choice of running against him or running away. Poor Burden has the added handicap of his own first name, leading one wag to suggest that Lowenstein change *his* to "Carey" so the race can go off at even money.

In certain districts the governor evokes even more heat than the president. Has Hugh Carey an enemy so unforgiving as to wish him a visit, unarmed, to Co-op City? I do not follow Carey around and about, but judging by accounts of those who do, he seems to be campaigning mainly in orphanages and rehabilitation centers. Lyndon Johnson was comfortable once only in military camps; Hugh Carey is at home among the lame, the halt, the children, and the aged.

Meantime, the Republicans chortle, and who can blame them?

It was just four years ago this month that Richard Nixon took the last ride on *Air Force One*. Come November it will be four years since Carey rang up a landslide victory for governor. It looked like the end for the Grand Old Party, with not a few commentators predicting a Whig end and some Republicans suggesting at least a name change for the sake of survival.

Where are they now? If they are not in the catbird seat, they are sitting pretty—through no fault of their own. The Republicans have done little to rejuvenate their party at the grass roots, unless it can be said that the Third Coming of Ronnie Reagan is reform. They have developed nothing resembling a national program and they have hardly laid a glove on Jimmy Carter.

Yet they're still here, to say the least—and to say more of the least, their new life has something to do with Carter and the Dems.

The litany is familiar and can be briefly stated. Carter came in as a peace president and immediately began whistling up the Cold War. His campaign pledges to Israel were so extravagant as to embarrass even Mr. Begin, but no administration has so favored the Arabs. In the wake of Watergate he gave us Bert Lance. He promised an open presidency and now pursues a virtual "official-secrets act." His fiscal policies have never been more than will-o'-the-wisp.

And so on, to the overwhelming problem of the Carter administration: its being generally incompetent, which fairly or not is the way it is perceived in the country, not to say around the world.

Against this record, is it any wonder that Democratic candidates are running for cover?

The New York situation is not dissimilar. Carey too has managed to please his enemies and turn off his friends. His lieutenant governor, Mary Anne Krupsak, has bolted and is giving him a hot run despite an inept campaign and little money. At the same time, State Senator Jeremiah Bloom, who had as much to do with Carey's nomination in 1974 as any man, perhaps more, is racing hard against his old friend, particularly on the death penalty.

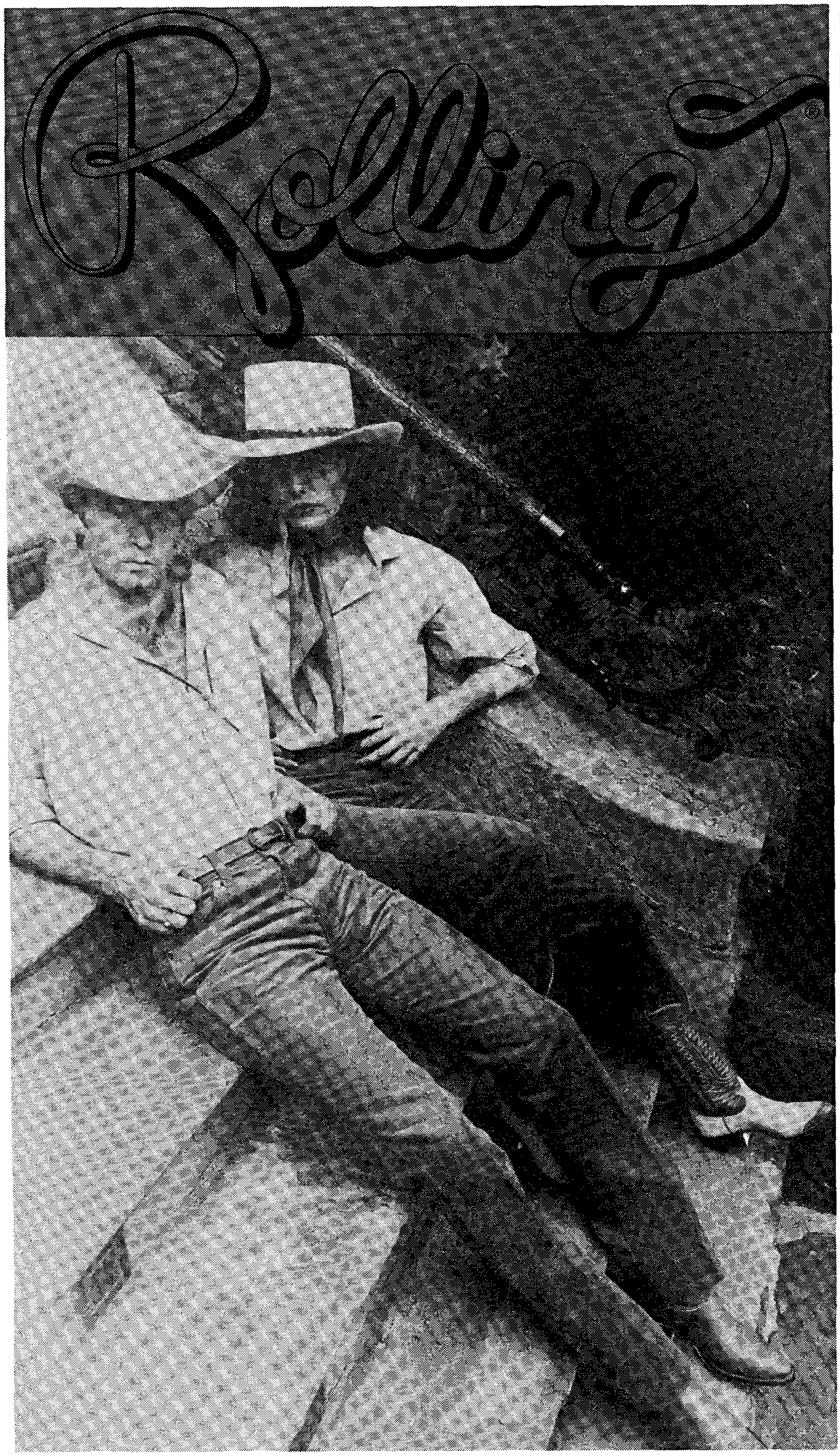
Bloom has received scant attention and has less money than Krupsak, but his vote—mainly middle-class Jews, Italians, Irish—"will come out." Bloom is figuring on a small primary turnout, perhaps less than 20 percent, and on that he is probably correct. If that happens, and if the death penalty is as enormous an issue as it seems, and if the anti-Carey feeling is as deep as it appears to be, well—anything can happen.

Bloom points out that Paul O'Dwyer won the Democratic primary for the United States Senate in 1968 with 9 percent of the vote in a three-way race that turned out only 19 percent of the voters. O'Dwyer—who, incidentally, is supporting Bloom—had the peace issue to run on then, just as Bloom has the death penalty against Carey and Krupsak. And of course O'Dwyer was also given no press and no chance to win.

Of course, analogies don't win elections, but the Republicans won't shy from the O'Dwyer comparison, since in the general election Paul was smashed by Jacob Javits. And that, they are confident, is what will happen to any Democrat against Perry Duryea in November.

Duryea is now running far ahead in the polls—the Democrats have one that shows him about three to one over the governor—and while the gap seems bound to narrow after the Democratic primary, there is little reason at this juncture to think that he will be overtaken. The Democrats, who retain the belief that he will lose, base their hopes on the notion that Duryea will stumble badly. That could happen, but as every

Illustration by Philip Burke



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2905 Broadway, Bet. 113th & 114th Streets, NYC, Tel. 850-8476

football-Giants junkie will attest, depending on the other team to fumble is not the best recipe for the Super Bowl, or even a .500 season.

Moreover, in recent weeks, many Democratic businessmen have been coming across with the gelt for Duryea. This development has so excited Vincent Albano, the New York County Republican chief, that he knocks wood even before he says hello.

"I've never seen anything like it," says Vince the Prince. "Traditional Democrats are coming to us with money; we've already raised close to a quarter of a million from them."

While some Democratic bigwigs say they know nothing about this, others privately confirm it without hesitation.

On one level this flow of Democratic money may mean only that the boys are hedging their bets, or that they simply believe Duryea is the next governor.

More significant, however, is the age-old political fact of life that such things do not happen, surely not in any great volume, if there is resistance. The Democratic-party bosses have the wherewithal to close off these money markets to a Republican. When they *don't*, it's a good sign they're dumping the top of the ticket.

It's an open secret that the party leaders have no use for Carey, their public statements to the contrary notwithstanding. He is what they call a "loner," which is the greatest pejorative in the clubhouse lingo, for it means that he doesn't do right by his friends. And while they are backing him in the primary—he is still preferable to, God forbid, an insurgent—it will come as no surprise to see them cut him in November.

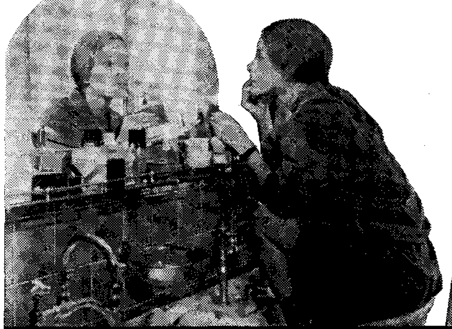
The Democratic bosses know well how to do this number—it's one reason why only one Democratic governor has repeated since Herbert Lehman—and given our politics of collusion, they will have no trouble working with Duryea. It's always preferable, from their point of view, to split up the state, with a Republican in the governor's mansion and a Dem as mayor of New York. That way each party blames the other and the people remain confused and hopefully quiescent.

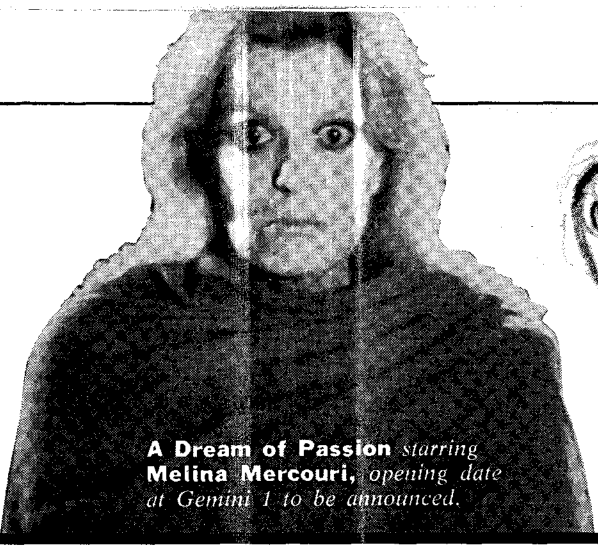
It is not good, however, for the Democrats to lose the Assembly, with its fortune in patronage residing in the speaker's office.

But if Carey continues to run weakly, the Assembly could be lost. And so Al Lowenstein's slogan—"Vote the man, not the party"—looks more and more like the banner to run to for Democrats desperately trying to run away. ■

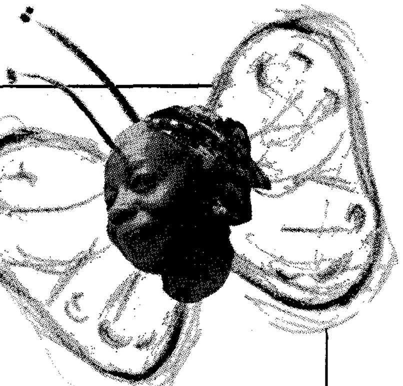
OPENING THIS WEEK

Nea *opens August 18th at the Trans-Lux East.*





A Dream of Passion *starring* **Melina Mercouri,** *opening date at Gemini 1 to be announced.*



Butterfly McQueen *opens - August 15th at* **Reno Sweeney.**

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

August 15 through 22

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

EAST SIDE

Little Theater, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350). 8/15-20, *1900.* 8/22-27, *How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman.*

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 8/15, *Star Wars;* from 8/16, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail; Putney Swope.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 8/15, *Damien-Omen II; Psycho;* from 8/16, *Star Wars.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 8/15, *Gorgeous Hussy; The Bride Wore Red.* 8/16, *Christmas Holiday; Lady on a Train.* 8/17, *I Married an Angel; The Girl of the Golden West.* 8/18, *Twentieth Century; It Happened One Night.* 8/19, *Something for the Boys; Doll Face.* 8/20, *The Great Moment; The Lady Eve.* 8/21, *The Dolly Sisters; Sweet Rosie O'Grady.* 8/22, *The Lost Patrol; The World Moves On.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 8/15, *Dersu Uzala; Ugetsu.* 8/16, 17, *Alice in Wonderland; Flesh Gordon.* 8/18, 19, *Magical Mystery Tour; A Beatles Jamboree.* 8/20, 21, *Spellbound; Intermezzo.* 8/22, *Mr. Klein; Knife in the Water.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 8/15, *Star Wars;* from 8/16, *Dear Inspector.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). Thru 8/15, *Grease;* from 8/16, to be announced.

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

34th St East, near Second Avenue (683-0255). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100). 8/15, noon, *Eyewash; Bruce and His Things; Beauty Knows No Pain;* 2:30, *The Awful Truth;* 6 p.m., *Tender is the Night.* 8/17, 2:30, *The Yakuza;* 6 p.m., *Distance;* 8:30 p.m., *Night Moves.* 8/18, *2:30, Night Moves;* 6 p.m., *The Awful Truth.* 8/19, noon, *Zoo in Budapest;* 2:30, *Hard Times;* 5 p.m., *From Noon Till Three.* 8/20, noon, *Birch Interval;* 2:30, *Looking Up;* 5 p.m., *In the Street; The Quiet One.* 8/21, noon, *Edward Kienholz: The Art Show;* 2:30, *Distance;* 6 p.m., *Birch Interval.* 8/22, noon, *Edward Kienholz: The Art Show;* 2:30, *Bad Girl;* 6 p.m., *The Yakuza.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). Thru 8/15, *Hooper;* from 8/16, *Revenge of the Pink Panther.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). Thru 8/17, *An Unmarried Woman;* from 8/18, *Nea.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *A Slave of Love.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Interiors.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Eyes of Laura Mars.*

59th St E, 220 E 59th (688-0750). Thru 8/15, *Star Wars;* from 8/16, *Young Frankenstein.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Jaws II.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Girl Friends.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Cat and Mouse.*

Gemini I & II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). I. Thru 8/17, *The Buddy Holly Story;* from 8/18, To be announced II. *The Buddy Holly Story.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Madame Rosa.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Heaven Can Wait.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 8/15, *Damien-Omen II;* from 8/16, *Star Wars.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). Thru 8/15, *An Unmarried Woman;* from 8/16, *Revenge of the Pink Panther.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). Thru 8/17, *The Cheap Detective;* from 8/18, *Tintorera.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Hooper.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Foul Play.*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *Jaws II.*

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 8/15, *Nanami: Inferno of First Love; Diary of a Shinjuku Burglar.* 8/16, *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis; A Special Day.* 8/17, *Justine; The Man Who Would be King.* 8/18, 19, *Last Tango in Paris; Contempt.* 8/20, 21, *Les Biches; Sunday Bloody Sunday.* 8/22, *Kwaidan.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Madame Rosa.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Hooper.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *The Cheap Detective.* II. *An Unmarried Woman.* III. *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.* IV. Thru 8/15, *Dear Inspector;* from 8/16, *Young Frankenstein.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

Loews State I, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *Eyes of Laura Mars.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Criterion, Bdway nr 45th (JU 2-1796). *The Buddy Holly Story.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. *Jaws.* II. *Hooper.*

Rivoli, 49th & Bdway (CI 7-1635). Thru 8/17, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band;* from 8/18, *Tintorera.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *The Cheap Detective.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (CI 6-4600). *The Magic of Lassie.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). Thru 8/15, *Revenge of the Pink Panther;* from 8/16, *Grease.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Madame Rosa.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 8/15, *Svengali; The Mad Genius.* 8/16, *Raffles, The Amateur Cracksman; Topaze.* 8/17, *The Human Condition, Part 2: Road to Eternity.* 8/18, *Stavisky; Z.* 8/19, *Psycho; Repulsion.* 8/20, *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg; Under the Roofs of Paris.* 8/21, *Boudu Saved From Drowning; The Two of Us.* 8/22, *Midnight; The Great Man Votes.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 8/15, *Damien-Omen II;* from 8/16, *Star Wars.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Bread and Chocolate.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Viva Italia!*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *Foul Play.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Foul Play.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 8/15, *The Pirate; Silk Stockings.* 8/16-19, *North by Northwest; Shadow of the Thin Man.* 8/20, 21, *The Shop Around the Corner; The Mortal Storm.* 8/22, 23, *The Picture of Dorian Gray; The Legend of Lylah Clare.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Madame Rosa.*

Beacon Theatre, Bdway & 74th (874-1717). 8/17-19, *Jimi Plays Berkeley; Magical Mystery Tour; We're An American Band.*

Loews Quad, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Star Wars.* II. *An Unmarried Woman.* III. *Hooper.* IV. *The Cheap Detective.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *A Woman at Her Window.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 8/15, *Haxen; Day of Wrath.* 8/16, 17, *Meet John Doe; Dirigible.* 8/18, 19, *A Streetcar Named Desire; Ship of Fools.* 8/20, 21, *Picnic on the Grass; The Testament of Dr. Cordelier.* 8/22, *Waiting for Godot; Lenny Bruce Performance Film.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 8/17, *Damien-Omen II; I Will, I Will... For Now;* from 8/18, *The Last Waltz.*

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Bread and Chocolate–Franco Brusati's poignant comedy (completed in 1974 and just opening here now) is about an Italian worker who emigrates to Switzerland in search of calm and order and finds that he can neither fit in nor give up his native identity. A meditation on homelessness, the movie tries to recapture the pathos-and-laughs mood of Chaplin's films but falls short: the hero is a lot less resourceful than the Tramp. Starring Nino Manfredi. Little Carnegie *(D.D.)*

The Buddy Holly Story–The subtitle might be *A Portrait of the Artist as a Clean Young Man.* This sincere bio-pic traces the career of the awkward but self-assured West Texas boy with the goofy smile and the Clark Kent glasses who became one of the most creative of the early rock singer/composers and then died in a plane crash (in 1959) at the age of 22. The movie glorifies Holly a bit too much, but no matter: Gary Busey is brilliant in the title role. Written by Robert Gittler and directed by Steve Rash. Criterion. Gemini II; thru 8/17, Gemini I; (D.D.)

Cat and Mouse–Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris *et environs* (as the Michelin says) as the playpen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and money are entwined to the detriment of neither. Cinema II.

The Cheap Detective–Neil Simon's comedy starring Peter Falk is not so much written for the screen as assembled from old-movie cliches patched up and fitted to a new line of stars. It is a very funny idea, but somehow it could have been even funnier—if Simon had been willing to develop the relationships of Peter Falk and Louise Fletcher as a vehicle for more of the personal, slightly bitter sexual humor that provides the film with its funniest and most resonant moments. Quad; Guild; Loews Quad; thru 8/17, UA East.

Damien-Omen II–William Holden and Lee Grant star, and Jonathan Scott-Taylor is introduced as the Antichrist Child, now in his teens. Directed by Don Taylor, the film features Lew Ayres and Sylvia Sidney. Thru 8/15, St Marks Cinema; Playboy; 72nd St East; thru 8/17, Olympia.

Dear Inspector–Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret are irresistible as a police commissioner and a Sorbonne professor who fall in love, but this is despite the viscously cute format of Philippe de Broca's boulevard farce. Thru 8/15, Quad; from 8/16, Gramercy.

A Dream of Passion–Jules Dassin's film tells the story of two women, one a famous Greek actress who returns to her native land to play *Medea,* the other an American woman who has been imprisoned for murdering her two children in revenge for her husband's infidelity. Starring Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn. Opens soon at Gemini I.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Quad; Cinema Studio.

Eyes of Laura Mars–A slick, violent horror-thriller with psychic overtones about a high-fashion photographer (Faye Dunaway, paler than ever) whose kinky ads are driving a mad killer into frenzies. As he knocks off Dunaway's models and friends (with an ice pick), she "sees" the murders in her head. The script is preposterous but the movie's fantasy of the glittering New York fashion world is often entertaining. With Tommy Lee Jones as an amorous cop, Rene Auberjonois, Brad Dourif, and Raul Julia. Written by David Zelag Goodman and John Carpenter and directed by Irvin Kershner, who has seen better days. Coronet, Loews State I. (D.D.)

Foul Play–Chevy Chase as a police detective and Goldie Hawn as a librarian are much too cute together in this jumpy comedy-thriller set in San Francisco. The writer-director, Colin Higgins, borrowing from everyone and everything, has managed to compile an anthology of sure-fire effects. Higgins will get a hit out of it but not a movie he can call his own. Cinema III; Paramount; Loews Cine. *(D.D.)*

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis–A rather feeble novel yields even weeker film from an exhausted Vittorio de Sica. The plot has become melodramatic, while the characters remain nebulous. The film is mostly cliches wrapped in pastel-colored gauze through which it seems to be photographed, and the performances are at best acceptable, at worst (Dominique Sanda, Helmut Berger) hollow simulacra. De Sica Jr.'s soupy score is an additional burden. 8/16, Bleeker St Cinema.

Girl Friends–This low-budget independent feature written by Vicki Polon and directed by Claudia Weill is about a bluesy Upper West Side Jewish girl (Melanie Mayron)—a photographer who progresses from bar mitzvah portraits to a gallery show in a couple of years. Along the way, she struggles to remain close with a safe-playing WASP girl friend (Anita Skinner). It's a mood piece about Relationships (particularly the need for female solidarity), but the moods aren't strong enough to affect our emotions. With Eli Wallach and Christopher Guest. Cinema I. (D.D.)

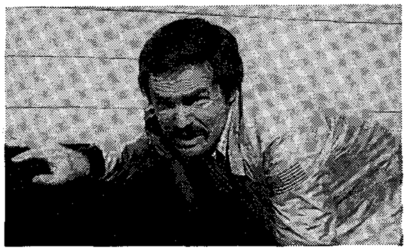
Grease–As the nerve center of the revival craze, *Grease* has been hyped so continuously that the movie version seems like one more promotional party. It is well to have Stockard Channing and John Travolta who can impose their personal rhythm on the chaotic and potentially embarrassing proceedings. Film abounds in the presence of veterans like Eve Arden, Frankie Avalon, Sid Caesar, Joan Blondell, and Dody Goodman. Edd Byrnes is hilarious as a TV host who delights in his fox-in-the-chicken-coop position. Randal Kleiser directed. Thru 8/15, Bay Cinema. From 8/16, Ziegfield.

Heaven Can Wait–Warren Beatty, as a star quarterback, isn't meant to die in a near-fatal accident, but a heavenly functionary plucks him to paradise prematurely. He is then permitted to return to earth in the body of another. Beatty's version of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* tries more for comedy than poignancy, and with Elaine May and Buck Henry sharing credits, the film ought to have been at least 50 per cent funnier. Loews State II; Loews Tower East; 34th St East.

Hooper–Burt Reynolds stars in this film about Hollywood stunt men. With Jan-Michael Vincent, Sally Field and Brian Keith. Directed by Hal Needham. Loews Orpheum; Loews Quad; Greenwich; RKO Cinerama II; thru 8/15, Eastside.

Interiors–Woody Allen's austere, utterly serious study of the emotional and spiritual exhaustion of a prosperous New York family is a bit pretentious and occasionally absurd, but by the end the despairing vision of life's inevitable tragedies takes hold, and you're impressed. Woody nearly out-Bergmans Bergman in scenes of frustration, self-hatred and despair, but he has a power of his own, too. Excellently acted by Geraldine Page, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt, Maureen Stapleton, E. G. Marshall, Richard Jordan and Sam Waterston. Baronet. (D.D.)

STUNTS OF THE TRADE



Burt Reynolds as a Hollywood stunt man in **Hooper,** directed by Hal Needham and also starring Jan-Michael Vincent and Sally Field. At the Greenwich; RKO Cinerama II; Loews Orpheum; Loews Quad; and, thru 8/15, at the Eastside.

Jaws II–Roy Scheider stars in a sequel to you-know-what. Is *Jaws II* as scary as its predecessor? Yes, possibly more so, depending on which form of torture you prefer. If you prefer violence relatively impersonal, of the hit-and-run variety, *Jaws II* is your poison. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. RKO Cinerama I; RKO 86th St I & II; D.W. Griffith.

The Last Waltz–Martin Scorsese's elegiac tribute to The Band is the most beautiful rock concert film ever made, but its vibrant colors and swooping camera movements are curiously at odds with the sweaty immediacy of the rock concert. Stars The Band-leader Robbie Robertson with his musicians, and Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, et al. From 8/18, Olympia.

Madame Rosa–This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish ex-prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance of a once-beautiful, now old and puffy whore. Festival; Embassy 72nd; Waverly; 68th St Playhouse.

The Magic of Lassie–The world's most famous canine in a Lassie-type film, also starring James Stewart, Mickey Rooney, Pernell Roberts, Stephanie Zimbalist, Alice Faye; directed by Don Chaffey. Radio City Music Hall.

Mr. Klein–A masklike Alain Delon stars as an art dealer who buys paintings from Jews who are fleeing Paris for their lives in 1942, only to become an object of suspicion himself. What might have been in other hands a nightmare journey becomes an uninvolving quest through portals and doorways, and more portals and doorways. It is a perverse choice of material for even so resolutely perverse a director as Joseph Losey. 8/22, Cinema Village.

Monty Python and the Holy Grail–Arthurian romance reduced to fractured middling-English. Not so funny as the group's previous film, but not devoid of occasional hilarity . The method is completely hit-or-miss, and we go from golden routines to 24-karat dross. Some unfunny jokes are literally trampled into the ground, but others are handled with wonderful detachment. On the whole though, Monty works better on television. From 8/16, Art.

National Lampoon's Animal House–A genial, uneven, intermittently hilarious celebration of frat-house pranks and raunchiness, set in a West Coast college in 1962. To dismiss it as infantile isn't saying much, since infantilism is precisely the point of frat-house humor. The movie has a tender sexiness that saves it. With John Belushi as a beer-guzzling roughneck and Tim Matheson as a confident young make-out artist. Directed by John Landis. Beekman; Sutton; Murray Hill; 86th St E.; Loews Astor Plaza. *(D.D.)*

Nea–Nelly Kaplan's story of a beautiful, imaginative girl whose dreams of glory come true when she writes a best-selling erotic novel. Starring Sami Frey and introducing Ann Zacharias. Opens 8/18 at the TransLux East.

Revenge of the Pink Panther–After five times around the course, the Panther is beginning to run out of gas. The movie takes an hour or so to get going and never does work up much suspense or comic excitement. As Clouseau, Peter Sellers wears some hilarious costumes and he still speaks to people on the "phoewne," but he doesn't get to do as much sleuthing as before, and the entire cast keeps falling down and crashing through windows and floors. It's a repetitive, tired movie; writer-director Blake Edwards should find something else to do. Thru 8/15, Ziegfeld; from 8/16, Trans-Lux 85th; Eastside. (D.D.)

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band–A genuine movie-musical disgrace, right up there with *Dr. Doolittle* and *Song of Norway.* Robert Stigwood's $12-million kiddies show cannibalizes the Beatles and their most famous album without a moment's remorse. In the puerile fable devised by Henry Edwards (a former rock critic!) Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees (singing the Beatles songs badly) do battle against an evil rock band that wants to take over the world. Or something like that. Thru 8/17, Rivoli. (D.D.)

A Slave of Love–Elena Solovey in a film about movie-making in the Crimea immediately after the Revolution. Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov. Plaza.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001.* But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Quad. Thru 8/15, Gramercy; Art; 59th St E. From 8/16, St Marks Cinema; Playboy; 72nd St East.

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Quad; Loews Quad; thru 8/15, Trans-Lux 85th; thru 8/17, Trans-Lux East.

Viva Italia!–A collection of nine sketches variously directed by Mario Monicelli, Dino Risi, and Ettore Scola that turns out to be much tougher than you would guess from the euphoric title. Much sadness here, and some mordant satire; also the usual movie-Italian buffoonery, with people shouting, singing, throwing things at each other. With Alberto Sordi (doing a terrific turn as a papal aristocrat), Vittorio Gassman, and Ugo Tognazzi. Paris. (D.D.)

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a diminutive bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (265-4311).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (247-0472).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

ANGELIC DAVID

David Proval returns to the Off Broadway stage in Louis La Russo II's new play **Momma's Little Angels.** At the Quaigh Theater, 108 W 43rd St in the Hotel Diplomat. Call 221-9088 for reservations.

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Jessica Tandy and E.G. Marshall. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru New Year's Eve. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sat at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; mat Wed at 2. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (398-0280).

Once in a Lifetime–This George S. Kaufman/Moss Hart revival has no more than five or six honest laughs. It involves a New York playwright having a nervous breakdown in Hollywood from underwork. The rest is just shabby one-upmanship, or half-upmanship, middlebrows winking at one another across the footlights. The best work in the large cast comes from John Lithgow as the simpleton who, in Hollywood, is crowned philosopher-king. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 8/27. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Runaways–A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough. Mon, Tues, Wed, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m.; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Ambassador, 49th St W of Bdway (541-6490).

Stop the World I Want To Get Off–Sammy Davis, Jr., stars in a revival of the Leslie Bricusse-Anthony Newley musical, with Marian Mercer. It's about a man who circles the globe to find that living and succeeding in a big city—any big city—is the same the world over (one preview, August 2nd). Thru 8/27. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (TR 7-4727).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet*, which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

Tribute–Bernard Slade's new play starring Jack Lemmon is extremely clever and likable, which is as unusual a combination in plays as it is in people. A play that mixes laughter and tears with almost supernatural skill, always sidestepping ultimate frivolity, always teetering back from the abyss of mawkishness into the happy pratfall of farce, that takes the sting out of adultery, divorce, prostitution, failure in business, nonachievement of artistic aspirations, family in-fighting, and, best of all, death itself, is the most comforting news this side of a cure for cancer. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory–Agatha Christie's *Towards Zero*, thru 8/20 at 10 p.m., Sundays at 4 p.m. Pinter's *The Dumbwaiter;* Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape*, 8/19, 20, 25, 26, 27, 9/1-3, at 7:30 p.m. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

American Dance Machine–A re-creation of memorable moments in Broadway's musical history, directed by Lee Theodore, with Denny Sherer, Harold Cromer, Janet Eilber. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 7:30; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Century Theater, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

American Theatre Experiment–Thru 8/20, Jim Janda's *That Sacred Hunger*, directed by Dallas John. 8/23-9/3, Brooke Breslow's *The End of the Line*, directed by Mark Rootstein. Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sun at 7:30; Sat at 7 & 10:30. $3. 78th St Theater, 276 W 78th (228-0900).

The Bald Soprano–Eugene Ionesco's play directed by Maria Scaros with Michael W. Barker, Lucia Lewis and Paul Meier. 8/17-20, Thurs thru Sun at 8. $1.50. Horace Mann Theatre of Teachers College, 525 W 120th (678-3777).

But Never Jam Today–Vinnette Carroll's adaptation of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* adhering closely to the book. Done with an all-black cast. 8/22-25, 8/29-31, 9/6-9. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m., Sun 7 p.m. Urban Arts Corps, 26 W 20th St (924-7820).

Crimes Against Nature–New play in which nine gay male performers each relates his story of how he has survived in an oppressive society. Tues thru Thurs at 10; Fri & Sat at 8 & 10; Sun at 8 p.m. Actors Plyhse, Seventh Ave So at Sheridan Sq (989-6311).

Divinely, Coward—*We Were Dancing/Hands Across the Sea*, 8/16-31. Three Muses Theater, Ansonia Hotel, Bdway at 73rd (242-3900).

Drama Committee Repertory–J.M. Synge's *Riders to the Sea* and *Tinker's Wedding*, Sat & Sun at 2:30 p.m., thru 8/27. G.B. Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*, Fri, Sat, & Sun at 8 p.m., thru 9/24. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The 5th of July–Lanford Wilson writes intelligent, amusing, racy dialogue, but this play lacks a little urgency although it is never uninteresting. It is accorded a fine production, under Marshall W. Mason's skilled direction, which errs only in trying to be too fast, too manifold, too clever. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Thru 9/2. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road–This new work by Gretchen Cryer (book, lyrics, and star) and Nancy Ford (music) about a middle-aged pop singer trying to carry on her life after her manager/lover leaves her is too slight, schematic, and unoriginal to be a significant statement about human conflicts. There is a reason, nonetheless, for seeing the show: Gretchen Cryer. She is a bundle of solace, a staged lesson in growing older and living on, and it is to be recommended that you memorize her. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 6:30 & 9 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Public/Anspacher Theatre, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion–Richiardi, master of illusion, stars in a revue featuring a cast of magicians from all parts of the world. The Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (473-7270).

A Little Wine With Lunch–Comedy revue by John Von Hartz, with music by William Shimmel, directed by Norman Marshall. Thurs thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 9/3. No Smoking Plyhse, 354 W 45th (245-9808).

Man-Wo-Man–Two plays, *Michael* by Ed Bullins, and *Passion Without Reason*, by Neil Harris, directed by Ernestine M. Johnston. Admission Free. Public/Other Stage, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Marvelous Party–A madcap comedy of the 30's by Norman Beim. Thru 8/17, Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Troupe Theatre, 335 W 39th, (244-9699).

Momma's Little Angels–Louis La Russo II's new play about an Italian-American family living in Hoboken, New Jersey. Mon thru Sat at 8; Wed mat at 2:30. $9. Quaigh Theatre, 108 W 43rd St (221-9088).

A Midsummer Night's Dream–William Shakespeare as presented by the Trinity Players. 8/18-20 at 8 p.m. $3. Trinity Lutheran Church, 168 W 100th St (865-2453).

Monteith & Rand–Comedy, "improvised and otherwise," by two newcomers to the stage. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Sun at 8; Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10. Thru 8/19. Theater East, 211 E 60th (838-0177).

New York City Stage Company–Shaw's *Pygmalion*, 8/18, 24, 26, 30, 9/3, 9, 15, 23, 27, 10/1; Chekov's *Unce Vanya*, 8/19, 25, 31, 9/2, 6, 10, 16, 22, 28, 30; Coward's *Hay Fever* 8/16, 20, 26, 9/1, 7, 9, 13, 17, 23, 29; Nichols's *Joe Egg*, 8/17, 19, 23, 27, 9/2, 8, 14, 16, 20, 24, 30. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m., Sat mat at 2:30. Park Royal Theatre, 23 W 73rd St (877-0984).

Nine to Five–Written by Ned Jackson, directed by Raymond J. Barry and performed by the Quena Theatre Company. 8/17-20; 8/31 thru 9/3; 9/7 thru 9/10. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $2.50. Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Noel Coward in Two Keys–The master of sophisticated comedy is shown in two short plays, *Come Into the Garden Maude* and *A Song at Twilight*. Fri and Sat at 8 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 9/3. $3. Shandol Theatre, 137 W 22 St (691-7950).

One by One–An evening of monologues and soliloquies. 8/18-20, 8/25-27 at 8 p.m. Sundays at 3 & 8. Theater 22, 54 W 22 St (243-2805).

Paradise Regained–Adapted for the stage from John Milton's poem, with language, music, dance, and expressionistic theatrical images. Thurs thru Sun at 8:30 p.m. Thru 8/20. $4.50. Performance Garage, 33 Wooster (966-3651).

The Passion of Alice–A new musical fantasy, by Jocko Richardson, Ken Cory, and Sean Kalliel, with score by Gary Richmond. Wed & Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 8 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. thru Sept. $4. Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W 13th St (243-6800).

The Passion of Dracula–Michael Burg in a totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

Piano Bar–A new-style musical by Rob Fremont and Doris Willens, directed by Albert Takazuckas, about four people who take refuge in a lounge on a rainy evening. Chelsea/Westside Theater/Upstairs, 407 W 43 (541-8394).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWA, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

Pushing Thirty–Jonathan Hadary in a new one-man show. Thru 8/24. Mon thru Thurs at 11 p.m. $3. Circle Repertory Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Ridiculous Theatrical Company–*Bluebeard*, Thurs & Fri at 8 p.m. *Stage Blood*, Mon & Wed at 8 p.m. *Camille*, Sat & Sun at 8 p.m. All written and directed by Charles Ludlam who also stars. One Sheridan Square (260-7137).

Royal Court Repertory–*Jail Cries*, written by Sharon Stonekey. 8/15-20, 22, at 8 p.m. *Alice in Womanland*, conceived and performed by Ginger Christie. 8/15-20, 22 at 10:30 p.m. $3. Royal Court Repertory, 301 West 55th St (997-9582).

Soho Repertory Theatre–Coward's *Fallen Angels* in which two best friends fight for a former flame. 8/18 at 8:30; 8/19 at 7; 8/20 at 10:30; 8/21 at 7:30 p.m. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

The Taming of the Shrew–Raul Julia and Meryl Streep play Petrucchio and his Kate in this second production of the New York Shakespeare Festival. At the Delacorte Theater in Central Park. Thru 9/3, Tues thru Sun at 8. Free, but come early for tickets (535-5630).

13th St Theatre–*Laughing Stock*, a satirical comedy revue with short sketches, music and improvisation, Fri at 10 p.m. Horovitz's *Line*, Sat at 10 p.m., Sun at 7:30. Reiter's *Joan and the Devil*, Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30, Sun at 3 p.m. 13th St Theatre, 50 W 13th (741-9282).

Three By Two–A showcase for two actors written and directed by Tom Millott, stars Robert Arpin, Bud Graves, and Richard Shoberg. Fri at 10:30 p.m. Plays in repertory with Tom Millott's *Love, Death and Taxes*. Fri thru Mon at 8 p.m., Sat at 10:30 p.m., Sun at 3. Thru Labor Day. $5. Cubiculo Theatre, 414 West 51st St (265-2138).

The Troupe Repertory–*Caught* by Bill Andrews, Downstairs Theatre. *Live from the Troupe*, directed by Luc LeClair, Upstairs Theater. Both thru 8/13, Fri thru Sun. *Marvelous Party* by Norman Beim, Upstairs Theater; *Snow Bitch & Fly Killer*, by James Jennings, Downstairs Theater. Thru 8/17. Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Three one act plays by Chad Henderson, Upstairs Theatre. *The Black Crook*, by Charles Barras, Downstairs Theatre. Both 8/18 thru 9/3, Fri thru Sun at 8; Sat 7 & 10 p.m.; Sun at 3. *The Father*, by August Strindberg, Downstairs Theatre. 8/21 thru 9/7, Mon thru Thurs at 8. $3. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Patricia Miller) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Visitors–Two new American plays by John G. Frank, directed by Vincent Gaeta. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Thru 8/19. $2.50. Shelter West, 15 Van Dam St (675-0498).

Volpone–The Jean Cocteau Repertory presents a Ben Jonson comedy about a miser who, by false reports of his ill health, lures his greedy acquaintances into every kind of wickedness. Thru 8/19, Fri & Sat evenings at 10 p.m. Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Waiting for Godot–Samuel Beckett's classic dealing with man's eternal search for hope and survival; directed by Andrew Loucka. Thru 8/27. Thurs thru Sun at 8:30. $3. Little Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

A Women of No Importance–Oscar Wilde's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 9/10. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Arthur's–44 W 56th. Continental cuisine, showcase Tues & Wed. Other nights singing waiters and waitresses (581-9765).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Brandy's II–84th & York. Supper club of wood, brick, and Commodore Hotel fixtures. Touch dancing nightly (879-5299).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Thru 8/16, a revue featuring Marlene Saamer, bongo and conga man Candido, and the dance team of Augie and Margo. Thru 8/27, the Ballet Espanol starring Rosario Galan, and featuring singer Tito Mora. (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a new revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment. Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque with entertainment. 8/18, 19, Debbie Williams at 10 p.m., midnight, & 2. Closed Sundays (755-6010).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. Disco dancing to the music of the Cotton Club Orchestra. Smokin' Joe Frazier held over until 8/31. Two shows nightly at 10:30 p.m. & 1 a.m. (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. Comedian-impressionist David Frye through 8/26. Shows at 9:30 & 11:30 (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd. A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Jazz pianist Dorothy Donegan nightly, except Sunday, at 10, midnight & 2 a.m. With the Tommy Furtado Trio, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet Mondays. Thru 9/2 (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances. Nightly, 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. (535-6423).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Fri & Sat, thru September, dancing, cheek-to-cheek, to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. 8/15, 16, Michael Rubell at 9 p.m., Camille at 11. 8/17, Carmen Apelgreen at 9 p.m. 8/20, Jenifer Smith at 9 p.m. 8/21, Selma Hazuri at 9 p.m. 8/22, Dolly Dawn and Dardanelle at 9 & 11 p.m. (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59. Entertainment, dining, and dancing. Thru 8/26, Damita Jo (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. *Viva! Viva!* a new revue with seven chorus girls and five chorus boys, directed by Peter Jackson (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra nightly, except Monday (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed and Fri, from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American and Latin bands. Midnight disco Wed, Fri, Sat. Dance class & show Wed night (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor. The Christian Brothers, thru 8/26 at 9:30, 11:30 & 1:15 p.m., early show at 9 p.m. Fri & Sat. (421-0900).

Sibi–151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub starring Aris San, a disco dance band, The Siroquettes (a chorus line!), & other ethnic entertainment. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. Horace Diaz and his quartet supply dance music Mon thru Sat 8:30 p.m. til 1:30 a.m. (581-7080).

Tavern On The Green–Central Park at W 67th. Pianist Charlie Cochron, accompanied by bass player Ernie Furtado, in the Elm Cafe, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m., Wed thru Sun (873-3200).

Touches–190 Third at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Thru 8/31, Monty Alexander, Jamaican-born pianist, plays Sun thru Thurs.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** Thru Labor Day, Tony Gorody plays the piano and sings Tues thru Sat, 9:30 to 12:30 a.m.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly, from 9:30 to 1:30. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m., Mon thru Fri. And from 10 p.m. to 12:30 a.m., singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherland, 5th Ave and 59th St (EL 5-2800). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Earl Rose plays from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wednesdays through Fridays.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs, 5:30 to 8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m., Fri & Sat, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge:** Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting for Dick Hankinson at the piano, Mon thru Fri. Earl Rose, Sat & Sun, from 5 to midnight.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

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Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Ballroom–458 West Bdway. Thru 8/19, singer Liz Corrigan performs nightly at 8:30 and 10:30 p.m. From 8/22 thru 9/9, singers David Summers and Nedra Dixon Will. (473-9367).

Barbara's–78 West 3rd St. 8/17, 18, Shunzo Ono Quartet. Music starts at 10 p.m. (473-9326).

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AROUND TOWN

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth Ave. Pianist Ray Bryant, a two-fisted modern barrelhouse blues man, leads a trio thru 8/19. He runs the gamut from boogie to ballads, always with wit and rhythmic sparkle. (687-4720).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Hiroko Kondo plays pop organ in the bar, Wed thru Sat, in an authentic Japanese inn setting (682-7120).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th. 8/15, 16, John Hartford and George Gerdes; 8/18, 19, Patti Austin and Monty Alexander. (228-6300).

Cafe Fanny–Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins, known for his crystal touch, lilting swing, enormous repertoire, and short sets, is well worth hearing, 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Sandra Alexander entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The city's bastion of traditional jazz boasts a house band led by club-owner Red Balaban, and includes the patriarch of jazz trombone, Vic Dickenson. On Sundays, a young tenor saxophonist named Scott Hamilton leads his own band and does very nicely by the Ben Webster-Don Byas tradition (265-8277).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Joe Turner, the last of the stride pianists and a long time citizen of France, is making one of his exceedingly rare and joyful appearances in this country, until further notice. Mon thru Thurs at 8:30 & 10:30; Fri & Sat at 12:15 a.m. (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Ernie Furtado (794-2700).

Crawdaddy's–45th & Vanderbilt. Doc Cheathem, trumpet star, with his boys, pianist Chuck Folds and drummer Jackie Williams, perform at this genuine New Orleans restaurant, Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 p.m., thru 8/25 (687-1860).

Fortune Garden–1160 Third at 67th. Chinese restaurant-club with Billy Budd playing piano and singing nightly in six languages plus a dash of rock. Tues thru Sat, 5 to 1 a.m., thru 9/9. (744-1212).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon and Tues, Al Haig, a superior pianist who was a favorite accompanist of Charlie Parker and Stan Getz, leads a trio with bass and guitar. Another piano-bass guitar trio, led by Hod O'Brian and featuring the marvelously fluent guitarist Joe Puma takes over Wed thru Sun (371-2220).

Hopper's–6th Ave at 11th St."Toots"Thieleman, jazz harmonica virtuoso, and his jazz group, from 8/21. 9:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m., Mon thru Sat; 1 a.m. shows Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Jazzmania Society–14 E 23rd. The jamming here is informal and swinging, the atmosphere unbeatable (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30 to 8 p.m. on Fridays (664-9700).

Los Madriles–236 W 52nd. Spanish food and Roberto Lozano who plays the synthesizer and sings Fri thru Sun 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Guitarist-singer Luis Meyers here Fri & Sat from 6 to 9 p.m. (582-3193).

Les Mareyeurs–988 Madison Ave. French seafood house in the heart of the art gallery country. The great Ronny Whyte entertains Tues thru Sat from 8:30 to 1 a.m. (628-3333).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 8/26, the famed Kansas City bandleader, pianist, and singer Jay McShann is back, Tues thru Sat, with saxophonist Hal Ashby, and the rarely heard (these days) drummer Joe Morello. Mon, Woody Allen indulges in wish fulfillment and Dixieland clarinet (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Tues, Wed, Thurs & Sat, 6 to 11 p.m. Mon & Fri evenings singer-pianist Elaine Francis (753-9180).

Onde's–160 E. 48th. Supper club with split level room for dancing. The Art Syms band and pianist-singer Baba Motta perform from 7:30 on every night but Sunday (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. Esther Phillips, appearing here just thru 8/16, does not always get the most complimentary setting on records, but live she still burns with vitality, imagination, and a proper touch of Dinah Washington's flame. From 8/17-19, Marshall Chapman. (673-7030).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

The Priory–224 E 53rd. Early American decor and food, plus the singer-pianist Don Tabor nightly except Sun, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (753-1090).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mon & Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fri, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Tues thru Sun, at 9 & 11:30 p.m. 8/15 thru 8/20, Butterfly McQueen. (691-0900).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. Thru 8/19, Adam Makowicz; 8/20, 21, Jill McManus Trio; 8/22-26, Kenny Barrow Trio. (242-1785).

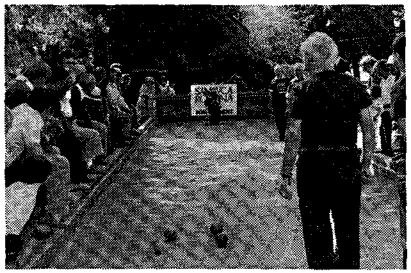
37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Diana Macris. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. Bandleader-arranger-composer-theorist George Russell is back thru 8/20 with his remarkable energetic big band, and his ever startling arrangement. Expect lines, but don't miss him. The big band of Thad and Mel on Mondays (AL5-4037).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

BOWLING FOR DOLLARS



The fifth annual **Sambuca Romana Bocce Tournament** gets under way this Saturday, August 19, at 9 A.M. in Thompson Street Park (95 Thompson Street). Elimination rounds continue through the weekend, with the championship to be decided the following Saturday and Sunday. Anyone over 18 years of age is eligible to compete for the medallions and cash prizes, but one must first register by calling 582-7373.

Hispanic Arts Festival, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (369-7054). Music and dance performances, 8/20 at 2.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Big Apple Circus, Big Apple Park, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. (581-9186). A one-ring tent circus, featuring acrobats, trapeze artists, clowns, and gymnasts; Wed at 11:15 & 2:15, Thurs-Sat at 2:15 & 7:30, and Sun at 1 & 4.

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WAKEFIELD

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CITY LINE
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COMMODORE
(Spanish version)

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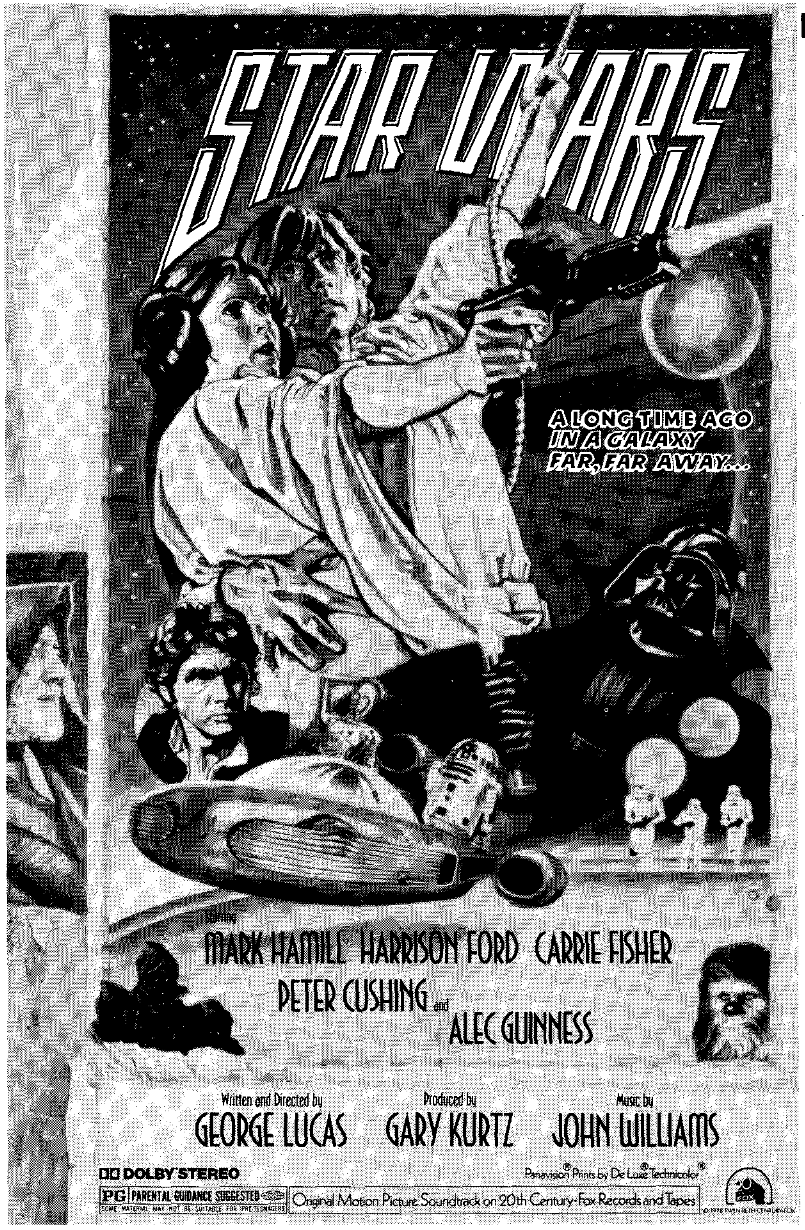
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Produced by GARY KURTZ
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FLORIN-CREATIVE'S
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ELMONT
CENTURY'S
ALAN
NEW HYDE PARK
INTERBORO'S
MALVERNE
MALVERNE

CENTURY'S
BALDWIN
BALDWIN
MANN'S
GLEN COVE
GLEN COVE
MANN'S
WANTAGH
WANTAGH
INTERBORO'S
OCEANSIDE
OCEANSIDE

LIGHTSTONE'S
BETHPAGE
BETHPAGE
LIGHTSTONE'S
LEVITTOWN
LEVITTOWN
KB'S
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BELLMORE
RKO HEMPSTEAD ✱
HEMPSTEAD

UA MANHASSET TRIPLEX
MANHASSET
UA MOVIES AT SUNRISE MALL
MASSAPEQUA
LIGHTSTONE'S
LIDO
LONG BEACH

ATMC'S
PORT WASHINGTON TRIPLEX
PT. WASHINGTON
POZIN'S
HEWLETT
HEWLETT
KB'S
WESTBURY
WESTBURY
UA LYNBROOK QUAD
LYNBROOK

SUFFOLK

BARDANO'S
HAUPPAUGE
HAUPPAUGE
FLORIN-CREATIVE'S
CENTER MORICHES
CENTER MORICHES
FLORIN-CREATIVE'S
LAKESIDE CINEMA
LAKE RONKONKOMA
FLORIN-CREATIVE'S
KINGS PARK
KINGS PARK

FLORIN-CREATIVE'S
3 VILLAGE
SETAUKET
KB'S
EAST ISLIP
EAST ISLIP
POZIN'S
WEST ISLIP 1
WEST ISLIP
BRANDT'S
MATTITUCK TWIN
MATTITUCK

LIGHTSTONE'S
LARKFIELD
E. NORTHPORT
LESSER'S
SHIRLEY
SHIRLEY
LESSER'S
GREENPORT
GREENPORT
UA SUFFOLK ✱
RIVERHEAD

UA LINDENHURST
LINDENHURST
PINE CINEMA
CORAM
UA COMMACK D.I. ✱
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HARRISON

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PELHAM
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ROME
PLEASANTVILLE

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KEANSBURG
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JERSEY
MORRISTOWN
DENVILLE
DENVILLE
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LINDEN
ROYAL 1
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ABBY 4
WEST MILFORD
STRAND
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CINEMA
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LINCOLN
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UNION
MONMOUTH ART CENTER
RED BANK
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LAVELETTE
LAVELETTE

✱(OPENS 8/18)

**She laughs, she cries, she feels angry, she feels lonely,
she feels guilty, she makes breakfast, she makes love,
she makes do, she is strong, she is weak,
she is brave, she is scared, she is...**

an
unmarried
woman

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starring

JILL CLAYBURGH ALAN BATES

co-starring

MICHAEL MURPHY CLIFF GORMAN

Produced by PAUL MAZURSKY and TONY RAY Written and Directed by PAUL MAZURSKY

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Holiday on Ice, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); 8/16-19 at 2 & 7:30, 8/20 at 1 & 5.

Mummenschanz, Bijou, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Mon-Sat at 8, Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3.

Harlem Jazz Festival, 8/17-31 at various sites in the Harlem community. See daily listings for specific information.

Bronx Zoo, Pelham Pkwy. at Southern Blvd. (220-5100), Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 10-5:30.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2, 7, and 10, Sun at 2.

Goodskates, Mineral Springs Building, northwest end of Central Park Sheep Meadow (535-1080). Daily 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sales and rentals of roller skates for use in the 31 miles of paved walkways in the park.

Walking Tours of New York: Tours of Brooklyn Heights and the theater and financial districts of the city take place every Sunday afternoon, beginning at 2. For more information, call 586-4763.

New York Aquarium, Surf Ave. at W 8th St., Bklyn (266-8500), Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 10-7.

Concerts

Tuesday, August 15

New York Philharmonic, Central Park Sheep Meadow (874-4010). Sarah Caldwell conducts. Works of Borodin and Berlioz, at 8:30.

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Dwight Howard Orchestra, Dix Hills Park, Vanderbilt Pkwy. at Deer Park Ave., L.I. (516-271-8423), at 8.

Carol Brunsell Singers: "An Evening of Broadway and Operetta," Fort Tryon Park Playground, Broadway at Dyckman St. (360-8294), at 7.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with the Boston Symphony Chamber Players; André-Michel Schub, piano; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. Works of Mozart and Schubert, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Hebrew Educational Society, 9502 Seaview Ave., Brooklyn (682-6567). Julius Grossman conducts, with Paul Kantor, violin. Works of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, at 8.

Washington Square Music Festival, Washington Square Park (473-8321). Henry Schuman conducts the Festival orchestra, with Robert White, tenor. Works of Foster, Berlin, and Sousa, at 8:30.

James Bigham, organ, Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. (749-7000), at 7.

Diego Corriente, flamenco guitar, Heckscher Park in Huntington, L.I. (516-271-8423), at 8:30.

Wednesday, August 16

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Hubert Soudant conducts, with Lili Kraus, piano, Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. Works of Mozart and Schubert, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Dickey Betts, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Adrienne Belanger & Peter Assail, folk music, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:45.

L'Arema Chamber Ensemble, Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave. (794-0600), at 7.

Novella Nelson, jazz, Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (684-9618), at 8.

Juice Quartet, jazz, North West Towers, 355 E 184th St., Bronx (784-3812), at 7:30.

Thursday, August 17

New York Philharmonic, Prospect Park in Brooklyn (874-4010). Sarah Caldwell conducts. Works of Borodin and Berlioz, at 8:30.

Mitchell Korn, guitar, Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave. (794-0600), at 7.

Bluegrass Concert, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (427-1488), at 8.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with the New York Philomusica. Works of Mozart and Schubert, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

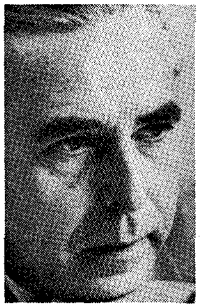
Mariachi Nuevo Mexico, Bethune Houses Courtyard, Amsterdam Ave. at W 157th St. (360-8294), at 7.

Clei Zemer Symphony Orchestra, Friends Field, Avenue L at E 4th St., Bklyn (851-0800), at 7:30.

Harlem Jazz Festival: Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra, Vincent's Place, 55 W 125th St., at 8 (686-9096).

Friday, August 18

MOSTLY MARVELOUS



The great pianist **Rudolf Firkusny** is the featured soloist at the Mostly Mozart Festival this weekend. He will perform works of Mozart and Schubert with the Festival Orchestra, under Antonio Janigro, on Friday and Saturday at 8 in Avery Fisher Hall. In addition, Mr. Firkusny will entertain at the pre-concert recitals on those nights (874-2424).

New York Philharmonic, Bronx Botanical Garden (874-4010). Sarah Caldwell conducts. Works of Borodin and Berlioz, at 8:30.

X Seamens Institute, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:30.

David Bromberg/New Commander Cody Band, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Simone Forti & Peter Van Riper, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), 8.

Harlem Jazz Festival: George Kelly & the Sultans of Swing/Al Cohn & Bob Brookmeyer, Vincent's Place, 55 W 125th St., at 8; **Cecil Payne & All-Stars/Louis Hayes Quartet,** Small's Paradise, 2294 Seventh Ave., at 9; **Ronnie Matthews Quartet/Mike Longo Quartet/Junior Cook,** Celebrity Club, 35 E 125th St., at 10 (686-9096).

Rainbow & AC/DC, Calderone Concert Hall, 145 North Franklin St., Hempstead (516-481-4400), at 8.

Saturday, August 19

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Antonio Janigro conducts, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Works of Mozart and Schubert, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Marilyn Rossetti, piano, Barbizon Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 63rd St. (873-4022), at 8:30.

Simone Forti & Peter Van Riper, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), 8.

Harlem Jazz Festival: Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble/Charlie Rouse & All-Stars, Small's Paradise, 2294 Seventh Ave., at 9; **Della Griffin Quartet/Harold Ousley Quartet/Joe Carroll,** Harlem Hospital Auditorium, Lenox Ave. at 135th St., at 6 (686-9096).

New York Philharmonic, Crocheron Park, Queens (874-4010). Sarah Carlwell conducts. Works of Borodin and Berlioz, at 8:30.

Earthwurx, Dix Hills Park, Vanderbilt Pkwy. at Deer Park Ave., L.I. (516-271-8423), at 8:30.

Dan Milner & Co., Irish music, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:30.

Bronx Arts Ensemble, New York Botanical Garden (220-8762), at 3.

Peter, Paul & Mary, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Sunday, August 20

Harlem Jazz Festival: Sonny Fortune Quartet/Oliver Lake Quartet, Small's Paradise, 2294 Seventh Ave., at 9; **Jimmy Rowles/Eddie Heywood/Cedar Walton/Tommy Flanagan/Ellis Larkins,** Vincent's Place, 55 W 125th St., at 8 (686-9096).

String Ensemble of Philharmonia CETA Orchestra, Newhouse Community Gallery, 914 Richmond Terrace, S.I. (473-5666), at 3.

Andrew Green, flute, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.

England Dan & John Ford Coley, Jones Beach Theater in Wantagh, L.I. (516-221-1000), at 8.

Trinity Church Choir, Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. (285-0818), at 9.

Monday, August 21

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Jean-Pierre Rampal, conductor & flutist, and Anthony and Joseph Paratore, duo pianists. An all-Mozart program, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Harlem Jazz Festival: Earl Warren & the Countsmen, Vincent's Place, 55 W 125th St., at 8; **Howard McGhee & All-Stars,** Small's Paradise, 2294 Seventh Ave., at 9 (686-9096).

Todd Rundgren, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Tuesday, August 22

New York Philharmonic, Sheep Meadow in Central Park (874-4010). Zubin Mehta conducts. Works of Wagner, Ravel, and Tchaikovsky, at 8:30.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Anthony and Joseph Paratore, duo pianists; Michael Tree, viola; and Oscar Shumsky, violin. Works of Mozart and Schubert, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Harlem Jazz Festival: Snub Moseley/Irene Ried & Her Trio, Small's Paradise, 2294 Seventh Ave., at 9; **Sam Rivers & the Studio Rivbea Orchestra,** Vincent's Place, 55 W 125th St., at 8 (686-9096).

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); *New York State Theater (877-4727).*

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (535-7710).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Wollman Theater in Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (249-8870).

Opera

WOOED WIDOW

Jeanne Beauvais sings the title role in the Light Opera of Manhattan's production of *The Merry Widow,* Franz Léhar's delightful work. Gary Ridley is Count Danilo. The revival, staged and directed by William Mount-Burke, runs through September 17. Performances are Wednesday-Saturday at 8:30, with matinees Wednesday at 2 and Saturday and Sunday at 4 (535-6310).

New York Grand Opera Co., Central Park Bandshell at 72nd St. (360-8209). *The Barber of Seville,* 8/17 at 8.

Dance

Dance Concert, Newhouse Community Gallery, 914 Richmond Terrace, S.I. (473-5666); with Mitchell Rose, Rosalind Newman, Vic Stornant, Marilyn Worell, others, 8/20 at 3.

Deborah Gladstein, American Theater Laboratory, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 8/15 at 8.

Le Groupe Nouvelle Aire/Gay Delanghe, American Theater Laboratory, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 8/17-20 at 8.

Roz Newman & Dancers, Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 2 E 91st St. (860-6868), 8/15 at 7.

Posey Dance Company, Heckscher Park in Huntington, L.I. (516-271-8423), 8/19 at 3 & 8:30.

Dana Reitz, Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 2 E 91st St. *(860-6868), 8/22 at 7.*

Square Dance Jamboree, Fort Tryon Park Playground, Broadway at Dyckman St. (360-8294), 8/22 at 7.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Howard Gross–A series of portraits with closed eyes, thru 8/31. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Jose Campos Bizcardi–*Stylized landscapes and interiors* by this Venezuelan, thru 9/29. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

Zahara Schatz–Kinetic sculptures, laminated plastics, and mixed media commemorating Israel, thru 8/15. America-Israel Cultural Foundation, 4 E 54th (751-2700).

***Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)–Self-portraits in paintings, drawings, and watercolors, thru 9/16. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Tues-Sat 1-6 during August.

Ochiishi Lapierre Yukie–Postcards *using black-and-white* line drawings, thru 8/28. Nippon, 116 E 38th (889-5913).

SoHo

***Louis I. Kahn**–Drawings ranging from pencil sketches to large works in color of architectural monuments in Europe, Greece, and Egypt, thru 9/2. Drawing Center, 137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6.

Edward Luyken/Sonnie Mason–*Cartoonlike, brightly* colored acrylics/Still lifes and nudes, thru 8/19. Hubris, 150 Thompson (982-1827).

Owen Morrel–Asylum, thru 9/30. Roof Top, 260 W Bdwy (966-0644). Mon-Fri 9-6, Sat 12-6.

OTHER

Lila Katzen–Steel outdoor sculpture and collage drawings, thru 9/1. Fordham at Lincoln Center (431-9439).

Philip Pearlstein–*Recent prints of the nude/Graphic* portfolios by Abrahams, Acconci, Arneson, others, thru 9/1. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006). Tues-Fri 11-5.

Yvonne Poser–Judaic themes in bronze, thru 8/30. National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods, 838 5th Ave (249-0100). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:30.

***Ned Smythe**–Sculpted arcades of cast and poured concrete columns with foliated capitals, thru 10/1. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (861-3115).

Zacharias–*Color images ordered by interference* grids, thru 8/25. Dorfman, 831 Bdwy (473-2017). Mon-Fri 10-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Dintenfass–50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5. Gallery artists Dove, Sheeler, Gwathmey, Leaf, others, thru 8/18.

Droll/Kolbert–724 Fifth Ave (541-6006). Closed Mon & Sat. Group show, thru 9/1.

Eric–61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Works by known and unknown artists including Boxer, Dine, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, thru 8/30.

Hammer–51 E 57th (644-4400). 19th and 20th century French and American works, thru 8/25.

Midtown–11 E 57th (PL8-1900). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Bishop, Cadmus, Sivard, others, thru 9/9.

Sande–61 E 57th (688-1904). Works by gallery artists, thru 8/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Ainsling–716 Madison Ave. (752-7691). Works of young realist painters, thru 8/28.

Borgenicht–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). Tues-Fri 10-2. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gisson, Riboli, Sarsony, others, thru 8/31.

Ericson–23 E 74th (737-6155). Gallery artists, thru 9/15.

Graham–1014 Mad Ave (535-5767). Group show, thru 9/15.

Grolier Club–47 E 60th (TE8-6690). Mon-Fri 10-5. Manuscripts and portraits, thru 9/1.

Kraushaar–1055 Mad Ave (535-9888). Closed Sat. Group show, thru 8/31.

Rolly-Michaux–943 Mad Ave (535-1460). Aubusson tapestries by Calder, Cocteau, Gross, plus graphics by Chagall, Vasarely, others, thru 9/16.

Ronin–46 E 70th (535-2221), Group show, thru 9/16.

***Spaced**–165 W 72nd (787-6350). Tues-Sat 12-5. Architects Aronson, Desmond, Exline, Lazzaro, Stluka, thru 9/9.

SoHo

Freidus–158 Lafayette (925-0113). Gallery artists, thru 8/31.

***Hoffman**–429 W Bdwy (966-6676). Tues-Fri 11-4. Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and constructions by members, thru 9/14.

***Volpe**–457 W Bdwy (533-3900). Mon-Fri 11-7. The American arts and crafts armchair from 1900 to 1917 designed by Stickley, Limbert, and Roycroft, thru 8/18.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Originals by Escher, acrylics by Rigolfi, welded steel sculpture by Udinotti, others, thru 8/30.

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Pl (949-5666). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. 150 African objects made from grass and other fibers, including clothing, agricultural implements, trays, others, thru 10/7.

***Arsenal**–830 5th Ave (360-8141). Mon-Fri 9-5. NYC posters including Chagall's for the Opera House, Steinberg's *New Yorker* cover, thru 9/10.

***Astor**–Lincoln Center (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 12-8, Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat 12-6. The dance in drawings, prints, costume designs, books, and sculpture spanning five centuries, including Diaghilev's notebook from 1909 to 1911, thru 9/2.

Battery Park City–Gate 3, landfill site opposite Morris and West Sts. (825-1494). Environmental sculptures, thru 9/17.

Bobsband–Municipal Parking Garage, 8th Ave at 53rd (226-5014). A temporary sculpture installation, thru 8/25.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Works by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

***Greenwich House**–16 Jones (242-4106). Ceramics from 1948 to the present, 8/21-10/14.

Hall of Science–Flushing Meadows, Corona Park (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5. *Development of the aerospace industry, including 38* airplane models and photos of NASA'S mission to Mars, thru 8/31.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center–Newhouse Gallery, Staten Island (473-5666). Wed-Sun 1-5. Works by CETA artists by the sea, thru 8/27.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

St. John the Divine–1047 Amsterdam Ave (678-6923). Puerto Rican artists Colon-Morales, Dinas, Salicrup, and Soto, thru 9/3.

***U.S. Custom House**–Broadway at Bowling Green (747-0147). Mon-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6. American Indian artifacts, thru 10/31.

THE HAMPTONS

Benson–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton, L.I. (516-537-3233). *New Yorker* covers and cartoons, landscapes by Barnes and Foss, sculpture by Gentle, Reder, other, 8/19-29.

Bittersweet–Main St, Montauk, L.I. (516-668-3099). Paintings by Reboli, 8/19-31.

Parrish Museum–Job's Lane, Southampton (516-283-2118). The Arts of Japan, including costumes, woodblock prints, thru 8/30.

Tower–3 South Main, Southampton, L.I. (516-283-3951). Realistic animal paintings by Owens, minimasterpieces by Chagall, Oldenburg, Picasso, Warhol, others, thru 8/18.

Photography

***Carlos Diaz**–Coney Island, thru 8/30. Automation *House, 49 E 68th (899-2953).*

***Robert Doisneau/George Krause**–Photographs of Paris/Nudes, thru 8/19. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461). Tues-Fri 11-6.

Donnell Library–20 W 53rd St. (790-6551). Mon 9:30-8, Tues-Wed, Fri-Sat 9:30-5, Thrus 9:30-7. "The Later Years:" works by Grete Mannheim, 8/16 thru 8/31.

***French Cultural Services**–972 5th Ave (737-9700). Mon-Fri 10-5. Today's trends in French photography, thru 9/15.

Geoffrey Gove/SueEllen Snyder–A retrospective look at the snowstorm of 1978 by both, thru 9/5. Double Exposure, 340 6th Ave (541-7600).

***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl, Washington Sq E (598-7063). Mon-Fri 12-7, Wed 12-8:30. 19th and 20th century American and European photos from the Wagstaff collection, including Cameron, Evans, Steichen, Talbot, others, thru 8/26.

***William Henry Jackson**–Waterfalls and rock formations of Cascade Canyon, Colorado, thru 8/18. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432). Mon-Fri 11-6.

Light–724 5th Ave (582-6552). Works by Callahan, Newman, Siskind, Strand, others, thru 8/31.

***Midtown-Y**–344 E 14th (674-7200). Mon-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4, Sun 10-1. Sports and games in the streets, parks, playgrounds, and plazas of NYC taken over the past 40 years by Cartier, Eisenberg, Gove, Wolff, others, thru 9/17.

Nikon House–620 5th Ave (586-3907). An international photo competition, thru 9/2.

Port Washington Public Library–245 Main St, Port Washington, L.I. (516-883-4400). Contemporaries working in 19th century processes, including Conner, Lopes, Morimoto, Steinberg, others, thru 8/31.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (242-9198). Sat-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Still life in abstract form by Berkowitz; counterculture in Palo Alto, California, by Mason; Lions of Judah by Threadgill; photos by members; thru 8/29.

Terrain–141 Greene (777-4490). Works dealing with views of Eli Siegel, thru 8/30.

Truman–38 E 57th (688-3516). Tues-Thurs 10-5. Fantasy-drama portraits by Lazar, mysteries by Quinn, thru 8/31.

***Adam Clark Vroman** (1856-1916)–Simple, direct, unsentimental, and uncompromising views of the Southwest, thru 8/18. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066). Tues-Fri 11-6.

Diane Young–Abstract shadow compositions, thru 8/31. Popular Photography, 1 Park Ave (725-3785). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 1/15. *The Sport of Birding;* thru autumn. **Hayden Planetarium,** CPW at 81st St. (724-8700). Laserium concert, Wed at 8:45, Fri-Sun at 7:30.

Asia House–112 E 64th (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs til 8:30. Vintage prints made in China during the last 60 years of the Imperial Ch'ing dynasty, 1846-1912, thru 8/20.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. *Images of a Neglected Past:* Photographs, slides, and artifacts depicting over 125 years of the history and culture of the Chinese people in America; thru 8/30.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Visions of Courtly India:* Pahari miniatures, thru 9/17.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Embroidery Through the Ages:* Fine and rare examples from the 14th century to the present, for the church and for secular use; thru 9/3. *Celebration of Water:* Water symbolism and water forms—fountains, baths, swimming pools, etc., thru 8/20.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31.

Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Wed-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6. Western European art from the Renaissance to the 19th century. In the permanent collection.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection:* Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1. *Alberto Burri:* A retrospective view, 1948-78; thru 8/27. Prints by Hendrick Nicolaas Werkman (1882-1945); 8/18 thru 9/17.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Photographs of Lee Friedlander. *Presence & Passage:* Drawings and paintings by Nicholas Barbieri. Prints by Merle Perlmutter. These shows run thru 9/17. *The Ringling Brothers Circus Model:* An 8' by 16' scale model of the circus of 1912-14; thru 9/30.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Edward Weston—Gifts to His Sister:* 125 prints by the artist; thru 9/3. *The Great West—Real/Ideal:* Black-and-white and color prints revealing concepts of the geographical, historical, and cultural regions of North America; thru 9/3.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5. Serigraphs by Peter Freudenthal, thru 9/4.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Images of Women—Master Drawings of Five Centuries:* Drawings from the 15th to the 20th century, including works by Rembrandt, Dürer, Ingres, Renoir, Matisse, others; thru 10/1. *Japanese Early Blue and White Export Ware:* Export porcelain of the second half of the 17th century; thru 9/3. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *Polish Arms & Armor;* indefinite close. *Reports on the France of Louis XIII:* Engravings by Abraham Bosse (1602-76) on the preoccupations, divertissements, interior decorations, and modes of dress in Paris during his time; thru 10/29.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Closed during August.

El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272). Tues-Fri 10:30-4:30, Sat & Sun 11-4. *En Foco:* Black-and-white photographs by Charles Biasiny Rivera, Roger Caban, and Felipe Dante which deal with Hispanics in three areas—education, small business, and labor; thru 10/3.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *Folk Art—The Heart of America:* Objects incorporating and illustrating the heart; thru 10/15.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 10-5. *The Morning Watch:* An exhibition devoted to viewing programs from the museum's collection; thru 9/2. *The Welles Hangen Collection:* Photos, recordings, and scripts of the correspondent lost in Cambodia in 1970; thru 8/26.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. Functional and sculptural works in clay and glass by young Americans, thru 10/1.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Light Years:* Illuminating the development of holography; thru 8/27.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tues, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jim Dine's Etchings:* The history of his work; thru 9/5. *The Architecture of Gunnar Asplund;* thru 9/10. Sound installation by Max Neuhaus, thru 9/5. *Designed for Film:* Demonstrating the importance of production design and art direction in motion pictures; thru 9/26. *Artists and Writers:* Drawings and portraits of 20th century American and European painters and sculptors, poets and philosophers, novelists and critics; thru 9/24. *Mirrors and Windows:* American photography since 1960; thru 10/2. *Photographs by Art Sinsabaugh:* Of Chicago cityscapes, New England, the East Coast, and the midwest; thru 10/29. The museum's **Summergarden** is now open Fri, Sat & Sun from 6 to 10, thru 9/3.

National Black American Historical Museum, 107 W 116th St. (864-9164). Tues-Sun 11-7.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6. *Double Take:* An exhibition of recent works by eighteen contemporary artists; thru 8/31.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 9/5. *New Life for Old Objects—The Art of the Conservator:* An exhibition of restored paintings, sculptures, and artifacts; thru 8/31. *Wish You Were Here:* A look at popular New York State vacation spots of the past; thru 9/30.

NY Public Library–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6651). Mon-Wed, Fri & Sat 10-6. Documents and photos dealing with the struggle for woman suffrage, 1848-1920, thru 9/30. Rare circus posters, thru 9/20. Five centuries of prints by women, thru 11/15. Patrons and publishers dealing with the financial support of English literary works from Chaucer to Orwell with letters, manuscripts, and early editions, thru 11/29/At Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. Mon-Sat 12-6. Photos and memorabilia of Eglevsky, 1917 to 1977, thru 9/2. Scores, correspondence, manuscripts, and stage designs of Luigi Dallapiccola (1904-75), the noted Italian composer, thru 9/16.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Play Ball!—A Century of Sports in Art:* Includes works by George Bellows, Richard Diebenkorn, Sidney Goodman, Red Grooms, Bill King, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, and others; thru 9/10.

Nicholas Roerich Museum, 319 W 107th St. (864-7752). Sun-Fri 2-5.

South Street Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6. *The Afternoon of Sail:* A re-creation of 19th century South Street; thru 9/4.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Art About Art:* Multimedia exhibition of more than 100 works by 50 contemporary American artists; thru 9/24. *Four-Part Drawing of Lines to Points on a Grid:* Sol LeWitt's drawing, installed on all four walls of the lobby gallery; thru 9/10. *Twentieth-Century American Drawings:* Major works by Bochner, Indiana, Morris, Nauman, and Wood; thru 10/1. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300). No home games this week.

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000); vs. San Diego Padres, 8/15 at 8, 8/16 at 2, 8/17 at 8; vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, 8/18 at 8, 8/19-20 at 2; vs. San Francisco Giants, 8/21-22 at 8, 8/23 at 2.

Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (265-8600). Second-round playoff match, 8/16 at 8 (tentative).

Apples, Felt Forum (661-8070). Playoff matches, 8/15 & 19 (if necessary) at 7:30. Semi-final match, 8/22 at 7:30 (tentative).

Giants, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (201-935-8222); vs. Pittsburgh Steelers (exhibition game), 8/19 at 8.

World Open Pocket Billiard Championship, Biltmore Hotel Grand Ballroom, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (981-5943), 8/15-19 at 12 & 7:30.

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New York

TIERI

THE MOST POWERFUL MAFIA CHIEFTAIN

By Jerry Capeci

"He's the biggest loan shark in the country. He controls illegal gambling throughout the area."

The names clang down the back halls of memory, like iron doors slamming in a steel corridor: Luciano, Genovese, Gambino. In their days, in the thunder or silk of their methods, they were the most powerful figures in organized crime. They had a voice in everything—booze, women, dope, loans, numbers. And that's the way it went for the Mafia through the simpler years. One *capo di tutti capi,* one boss of all bosses.

When dealing with crime at this big-guy level, sources in both the "underworld" and law-enforcement agencies tend to agree on some points. Facts are facts, it seems. Both sides agree right now, for example, that the last true Mafia *capo di tutti capi* was Vito "Don Vitone" Genovese. But he died in a federal prison hospital in Missouri in 1969, and even Genovese did not have total control of American crime. Carlo Gambino, unquestionably the most powerful mobster in the country after Genovese's death, had even less.

Yet mafiosi abhor a vacuum. There is now, by common agreement among figures on both sides of the line, a new boss more powerful than the rest. "Boss of all bosses" is too strong a term because organized crime is too wide and complex for one man. But by dint of influence and respect, by the record and by fear, a man named Frank "Funzi" Tieri—until now a shadowy figure, little known—has clearly emerged in New York City as its most powerful mobster. For the country too, because that is the way it has always been.

Tieri is the name accepted by the FBI. Other sources—underworld as well as official—confirm that Funzi is the most powerful figure now. The FBI, as a matter of standard procedure, requires two separate confirmations from informants before it labels a man a member of organized crime—and certainly before it calls a man a leader. The police, on the other hand, freely admit that their lists are more casually compiled. As one source put it: "We see you stop a mafioso in the street and ask him for a light, we figure you're a member too."

Meet Funzi Tieri. It is permissible to call him Funzuola; his close friends do. He's 74 years old and lives in Brooklyn—at 68 Bay 28th Street, Bath Beach, if you must know. It's a three-story house he shares with his wife, America. Clichés abound: The house is neat and has nice landscaping; there are fig trees in the backyard and a grapevine crawling over the two-car garage. He is five feet nine inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. He goes off to business each morning. He does things that grandfathers did in Mickey Rooney movies: One day recently he came out of his house, attended by John Russo, chauffeur and bodyguard, stopped a rolling ball with his foot, picked it up, and handed it to the six-year-old neighborhood boy who was chasing it, scruffed the child's hair, and smiled as the little one scampered off.

Typical Tieri day: The neat, clean, etc., house is quiet until about noon. Tieri emerges with Russo. Tieri is dressed immaculately in slacks, short-sleeved shirt, no tie. He is heading for the home of his mistress, about a mile away on 16th Avenue. He spends most of his free time at her home. They met when she arrived from Italy many years ago. He was able to give her a start in opera. She no longer sings, but Tieri remains an opera fan.

On the way to her house, Tieri often stops at a butcher, grocery store, or pharmacy on 86th Street—about a block from his mistress's home.

He likes to quibble, to argue lightly, about prices. The liver is too much. The flounder has gone up too much. He's got his millions, but he always checks the merchants' addition and always counts his change. Even the coins.

It is all very friendly—one supposes that it had better be friendly—and the merchants are even pleased upon occasion to let Tieri use one of their phones. The merchants slip out on these occasions to assure the Big Man's privacy.

When he arrives at the home of his mistress, the doings start, for it is in this home that the principal business of New York's most powerful mobster is conducted. He receives visitors, principally trusted lieutenants.

As the most powerful mobster since Carlo Gambino and as ruler of the Mafia family once headed by Genovese, Tieri controls most of the gambling and loansharking in the Bronx, East Harlem, Brooklyn, and Queens. Lieutenant Remo Franceschini, who specializes in organized crime for the New York City Police Department and now heads the detective squad for the Queens district attorney, John Santucci, takes it even farther. "Tieri," Franceschini says, "is the biggest loan shark in the country. He controls illegal gambling in the city, Westchester,

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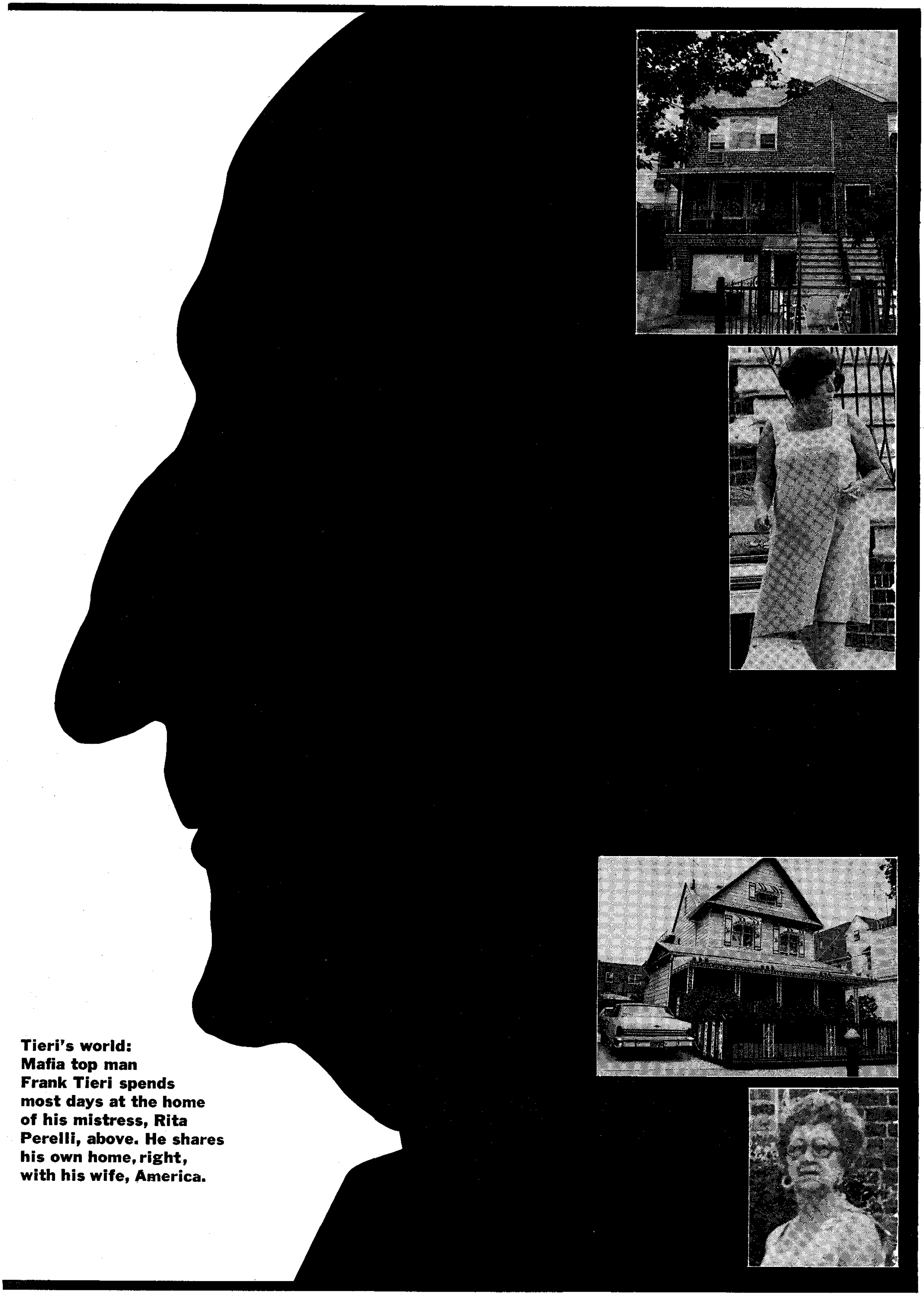
Jerry Capeci is a reporter for the New York Post.

Illustration by Nina Duran



Tieri's world: Mafia top man Frank Tieri spends most days at the home of his mistress, Rita Perelli, above. He shares his own home, right, with his wife, America.

"He's the most powerful mobster since Carlo Gambino and ruler of the family once headed by Genovese."

Long Island, New Jersey, Florida, Puerto Rico, and Las Vegas, and California." He has covered himself with so many layers of distance from the criminal activities themselves that he is regarded as immune from prosecution.

One of the insulating layers is Matthew "Matty the Horse" Ianniello, a captain in the family structure and Tieri's most trusted underling. Ianniello is in control of "scores" of Manhattan bars, police officials say, and he is the hidden owner of Umberto's Clam House, in Little Italy. He was actually in the place when "Crazy Joe" Gallo got his. What Ianniello does, he does for Tieri, respected officials say. What he does includes overseeing massage parlors and pornography shops in Times Square; supervising a talent agency supplying waitresses and dancers to topless bars; running a carting company, a vending-machine firm, and an interior-decorating outfit; maintaining interests in hotels in the Netherlands Antilles; and setting up charter flights to gambling centers.

These are some of the other layers of insulation, all of whom have come to visit recently:

☐ James "Jimmy Nap" Napoli. He's in charge of most of Tieri's gambling and loansharking operations in Brooklyn, Queens, and on Long Island.

☐ Anthony "Fat Tony" Salerno. He runs things in East Harlem, again mostly gambling and loansharking.

☐ Philip Lombardo. He does the gambling and the loans in New Jersey and parts of East Harlem—no small job. But the most interesting thing about Lombardo, who in all other ways is held to be a respected family captain, is his nickname. Nicknames in the underground do not merely reflect the poetic maunderings of one's fellows. Often they are the work of arresting cops. Sometimes they have even been *made up* by journalists. But Philip Lombardo came by his nickname—"Cockeyed Ben"—honestly. The truth is that his eyes are a little askew and his observant colleagues noticed it and gave him his nickname after Ben Turpin, a cross-eyed movie comedian of long ago. All of this is long ago, in fact. Once Lombardo gained some stature in the Mafia, he became known as Mr. Ben. He is still Mr. Ben, even behind his back.

☐ Nicholas "Cockeyed Nick" Ratteni and John "Gentleman John" Masiello. Make what you will of the nicknames; Ratteni and Masiello do the dirty work for Tieri in Westchester and certain points north.

☐ Lawrence "Fat Larry" (for painfully obvious reasons) Paladino. He is in charge of several Tieri-controlled bus companies that take New York City children to and from school. The mob connections of these companies were discussed in the June 19 and 26 issues of *New York* Magazine.

Tieri probably has the same kind of money that Gambino, dead these two years, had pulled together. Which is to say millions upon millions. There is no hard figure; this is not a publicly held corporation we're talking about. But in the absence of the Complete and Unabridged Accounts of Funzi Tieri, law-enforcement agencies have been able to spot the legitimate holdings, which include Endicott Sportswear, 1412 Bay Ridge Avenue, Brooklyn; Resource Sales Corporation, 137 Varick Street, Manhattan, a clothing store; the house in Brooklyn; and a summer home in New Paltz, New York.

The amassing of money and goods doesn't go very far toward explaining a man like Tieri. Lots of mobsters do pretty well and are not—despite proclamations public and private—the acknowledged boss of bosses. Tieri comes closest. Not Carmine Galante, for one, or either of the Persico brothers, for two more, or "Tony Ducks" Corallo or Paul Castellano or Aniello Della Croce, the bosses of New York's other four families.

Tieri took over the Genovese family six years ago when Thomas "Tommy Ryan" Eboli was shot down in Crown Heights. No one has ever been charged with that killing—not even the loose frame of a conspiracy count was thought appropriate—but law-enforcement officials believe that Tieri ordered the slaying and had someone close to Eboli either do it or help a lot. Killing grows on you; the same law-enforcement officials believe that Tieri was behind the slaying last March of Pasquale "Paddy Mac" Macchirole, a loan shark found plunked in the trunk of his car. They say, too, that the disappearance in April 1977 of a former Tieri lieutenant, Eli Zeccardi, was the work of the boss. They also believe that Vincente "the Chin" Gigante was involved in both the Eboli and Zeccardi slayings; Gigante is the number-three man in the Tieri family and the hit man named by Joe Valachi in the unsuccessful 1957 attempt on the life of boss Frank Costello.

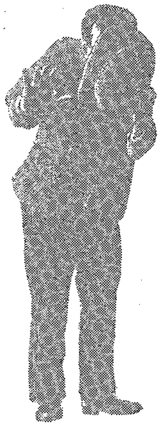
Officials and underworld figures alike cite several reasons for Tieri's current hold on mob power. One is the number of defectors he has picked up from other families. When, for example, he was in the process of taking over the Genovese family, several key members of the fragmented Joseph Colombo crime family came over. Why not? That family had had half a dozen ineffectual leaders since Colombo was shot down and badly wounded seven years ago in Columbus Circle. Its current boss is reputedly Allie Boy Persico, but his is only a holding action until his brother, Carmine, gets out of federal prison next year.

Castellano-family soldiers have also switched allegiance to the Tieri tree. Big Paul Castellano and Carlo Gambino, brothers-in-law, had been close. But Gambino and Tieri also had a close working relationship; with Gambino's death and Castellano's takeover of the family, many soldiers slipped off to Tieri. Castellano, they could see, was a reluctant dragon, not eager to take an active part in the running of the business.

Not so Funzuola Tieri. An underworld source describes Tieri this way: "He's an earner. He always was and

New York's five Mafia crime families and who runs them. The figures and names have been determined by cross-checking sources at local and federal police with sources in the underworld.

Frank Tieri. Heads former Genovese family. 700 to 750 members. Key aides are Philip Lombardo and Vincente Gigante



"One reason for his hold is the number of defectors from other families."

he always will be. And he keeps the boys happy. Under him everybody earns. That's the key. You got to keep the boys happy or else they'll turn on you.

"And he's smart. He's got the smarts and his decisions are always right. When they coined the phrase 'wise guy,' they were talking about Funzuola. His rep is so good that he don't have to do no recruiting. They come looking to him. You think it don't matter that he's never been busted? Anybody can be a crook. But to be a good crook and not do any time in the joint, that ain't easy." The bottom line, then, is another reason for the Tieri ascension.

For he is a shrewd man. That is the word most often used to describe Tieri. Officials and criminal-element types use that word and nearly always follow it up with "businessman."

Yet even beyond business acumen and the strong arm, Funzuola Tieri has other attributes to which Mafia soldiers are attracted and then held. It is a kind of stability, a "godfatherish" approach to the stickiest of matters that is rare in the netherworld. (So is a godfather. One very well-placed gangland figure said: "Marlon Brando was the best and only godfather the Mafia ever had. He was great, especially that voice.")

Two examples of Tieri's curious and correct judgment:

An underling had made a $4,000 loan to a businessman, and the man was several months behind in his payments. "Look," Tieri is quoted by law-enforcement figures as saying, "we've made thousands on him since he took the loan three years ago. [At 3-percent-a-week interest, a modest rate for mob loans, the yearly "juice" would be $6,240.] Even if he dies tomorrow, we're way ahead."

A like decision involved a man described as a "degenerate gambler" tapped out and seeing a psychiatrist. "Go easy," Tieri is reported to have told his lieutenants. "The guy's a sickie and we've made a fortune off him. Give him an easy payment schedule. Whatever we get from him, even if it's ten bucks a week, will be gravy."

That is certainly not to say that Tieri is an easy mark. It is always understood but seldom said in the Tieri inner circle that the idea is to keep the pressure on borrowers to come up with money, then more money, but never to go beyond, on into violence, so long as the marks are meeting commitments. And *that* is not to say that Tieri eschews violence or is in some way a soft touch. He will order legs broken, underworld sources say, when it is necessary to set an example, particularly if a mark is a new customer with casual habits or an old one trying to "make fools of us." As has already been seen, he is also not loath to pronounce the ultimate sentence, as he is suspected of having done regarding family members caught skimming profits. Funzi Tieri believes, along with other prominent persons of our time, in the death penalty.

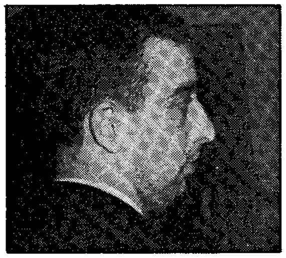
To go back a bit, Tieri has commanded respect among Mafia members at large for some years; he wasn't born again yesterday. Well before he became boss of the family, he was known as a man to be reckoned with. According to a story accepted as gospel by most underworld figures in December of 1969, one Salvatore "Sally D" D'Ambrosio, a Colombo-family loan shark, was killed on orders from Joseph Colombo himself. Sally D's twin brother, Alphonse, knew he had two options: avenge his brother's death or be killed himself because of the mob's fear he *would* try to avenge Sally D. But Alphonse came up with another choice. He went to Funzuola Tieri and said he wanted to work for him. Funzuola accepted him and sent the word out that Alphonse "is with me now." Alphonse still is.

To go back even farther, Funzi Tieri was arrested for the first time 53 years ago, and he was convicted too, drawing a sentence at Sing Sing for assault and battery. Since that time he has been indicted by state and federal grand juries nine times on charges ranging from extortion to loansharking. He has no convictions. "If you're keeping score, it's 9-zip Tieri," a federal official says. The mob leader's last two indictments, by federal grand juries in Brooklyn and Newark five years ago, were dismissed on motions by the prosecution because of Tieri's ill health. At the time of these dismissals, indeed for the last few years, Tieri has been quite well and has overcome several ailments, including throat cancer and gall-bladder problems.

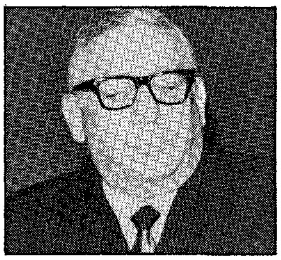
And so Funzuola goes on. By the example of his various predecessors in the five families, he is a man of peace, this businessman-hood. There have been no all-out mob wars in the last few years, nothing like the seven great wars that shook the foundations of—and changed forever—the American Mafia.

These wars have taken place over the last half century. They include the Camorra-Mafia war of 1917, a struggle not within the Mafia but with another secret Italian society (the Mafia itself was created in Sicily in 1282 as a secret society whose object was to end the occupation by the French) for control of New York City rackets. The next was the Battle for Chicago, which lasted through the 1920s and involved such haunting old names as Big Jim Colo-

aul Castellano. eads former ambino family. 750 o 900 members. ey aide: Aniello ella Croce.



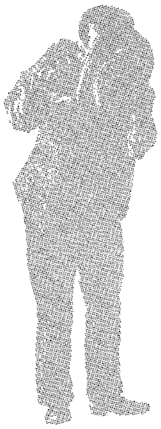
Carmine Persico. Has family of 250 to 350. Aides are his brother, "Allie Boy," and Thomas DiBello.



"Tony Ducks" Corallo. 175 to 200 members. The help includes Paul Vario Sr.

Carmine Galante. Family has 150 to 200 members. Aide is Nicholas Marangella.

Photos: UPI



"Officials believe Tieri ordered the slaying of Thomas Eboli, among others."

simo, Johnny Torrio, Dion O'Banion, Bugs Moran, and, of course, Al Capone.

Third of the great conflicts was the Castellammarese war in New York. It began in 1930 and was fought out between the forces of Joe "the Boss" Masseria and the followers of Salvatore Maranzano. This war brought into greater prominence two of the most vicious American mobsters—Salvatore Lucania, whom we know better as Lucky Luciano, and Vito Genovese.

The fourth was the "Night of the Sicilian Vespers," so named because Luciano had not only engineered the slaughter of Salvatore Maranzano for the night of September 10, 1931, but had gone ahead and wiped out 40 of the "Mustache Petes" across the country. The old order changeth. The Night of the Sicilian Vespers changed everything about American crime: It entered the twentieth century that night. The way was also cleared, back then, for the likes of Funzi Tieri.

The fifth war was the Genovese campaign. It began in 1951 and involved the successful murderous efforts of Don Vitone Genovese to gain control of the Luciano empire (Lucky's luck ran out; he was jailed, later deported). It involved the celebrated murder in the Park-Sheraton barbershop of Albert Anastasia, one of the most brutal and feared killers in the history of the Mafia, and the attempt on the life of Frank Costello, "prime minister" of organized crime.

The sixth was the Gallo-Profaci war. It involved Crazy Joe Gallo and his friends against Joe Profaci. It began in 1961 and went on in a particularly vicious and curiously squalid way. Essentially, Gallo thought he should have been a bigger man in mob circles, because he had been the one to dispatch Albert Anastasia in the barbershop. Or so Gallo boasted.

The seventh and last was the Bonanno war. Joseph Bonanno was an ambitious type—he had, at the age of 26, been given one of the five families—but wanted even more influence and power. His various devices to get them led to bloodshed, kidnapping (his own), and much severe gathering by other Mafia types. The thing lasted from 1962 to 1968, when Bonanno left New York and moved to Tucson.

There are some Mafia-watchers who believe a Colombo-Gallo war was the last of the battles semi-royal. But it was, more accurately, only an extension of the Gallo-Profaci war. Joe Columbo and his bunch were on one side, Crazy Joe Gallo on the other. It resumed full force in 1971 when Colombo was shot in Columbus Circle during the Italian-American Unity Day Rally. Colombo's forces blamed Gallo for it; the reason was that Colombo had gone public. Taking up the cudgel for maligned Italian-Americans, he was giving speeches and holding rallies. Hardly a way for a major mafioso to act. After some back-and-forth shooting and killing came the day of Gallo's end, April 7, 1972, 5:30 A.M., Umberto's Clam House.

Weekend retreat: Tieri's tree-shrouded home in upstate New Paltz.

Why Tieri conducts his daily business at his mistress's house on 16th Avenue, rather than over the telephone, is relatively clear. "It's simply safer," law-enforcement officials say. The phones on 16th Avenue are not secure; federal and local police agencies are forever laying taps on suspected and known mobsters, often without the legal right to do so. So it is safer, and easier, for the aides to come to Tieri rather than have Tieri go out to survey his kingdom. It spreads too far.

Yet it is not all-encompassing, and that needs to be emphasized. Tieri is not, in the true sense, boss of all bosses, and not in any sense a godfather. The world, including its underside, is more complex than that and has been approximately since the invention of gunpowder. Vito Genovese, the last man who could fairly be called a boss of all bosses, had trouble in the role. In 1957 he called a meeting in Apalachin, New York, of 60 mobsters from all over the United States. They were there to be told heroin was off limits, but the meeting was broken up by tipped-off cops. What a splendid indignity there was in the sight of feared old gangsters trying to jump fences to get away. As for Genovese, when he eventually went to jail, it was on a narcotics bust (there are cynics who say Genovese was set up by the cops).

It was only a year and a half ago that Carmine "Lillo" Galante was being proclaimed *both* godfather and boss of all bosses. *New York* Magazine, the *Times*, the *News* all went for it, the result of a well-planned "leak" by the Drug Enforcement Administration of a "confidential" report by its Unified Intelligence Division. It turns out now that the report was based on quite old information and was leaked in self-interest by the drug agency. Shortly thereafter, Galante was busted, although not by the DEA.

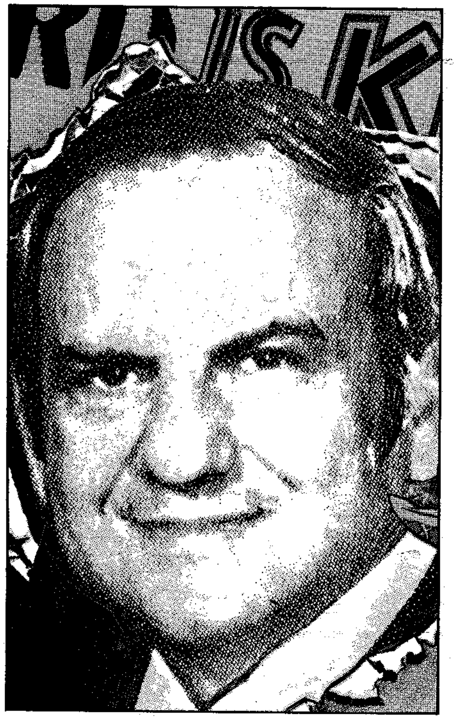
"See, we got him. We got the godfather," was the DEA's refrain. It helps with public relations and appropriations. All agencies do this, and it is the risk publications take when they accept information that is almost—not wall-to-wall, but almost—uncheckable. This time a lot of checking was possible; underworld sources have been talked to at length. What it all amounts to is that even at the time of Galante's godfatherhood, he—as well as Paul Castellano, nominal head of the Gambino family—lagged considerably behind Funzi Tieri in power and influence.

All of them are still back there, lagging behind Funzuola. He's the main mobster. ▬

After You've Been President of Ford, What's Left?

By Neal Travis

"... Lee Iacocca, fired July 13, has had 55 job offers, among them, it's said, top posts at Chrysler and International Paper..."



It looks like almost everyone is trying to rain on Ford's parade. In this, the Ford Motor Company's seventy-fifth-anniversary year, lawsuits are flying like confetti. At the center of the maelstrom is Henry Ford II, grandson of the founder. Henry Ford is facing a grand-jury probe into allegations that he authorized a $1-million bribe to Indonesian officials, then gave a $100,000 "bonus" to the dismissed Ford executive who was handling the payoff. He faces a stockholder suit alleging that he ripped off his own company for hundreds of thousands of dollars, and that he was given a $2-million bribe by Imelda Marcos, wife of the Philippine president, in return for making an unwise investment in that troubled nation. And he faces a divorce action from his angry wife, Cristina, who is widely believed to be the source of many of the allegations contained in the stockholder suit that Roy Cohn is pursuing. Until July 13 it appeared that Henry Ford would tough it out, that big business would stand together against big government. But that day Henry Ford fired Lee Iacocca, president of Ford Motor Company, one of the most respected executives in the industry. Suddenly the friends of Lee Iacocca are rallying around. They sense that Henry Ford is in big trouble, that he is going to be indicted. Ford himself continues in his familiar, freebooting style. What's a grand jury when you have friends like Robert Strauss and Jimmy Carter? But his sacking of Iacocca is bringing people, and stories, out of the woodwork. At the very least, the firing of Iacocca seems sure to force Henry ("Never complain, never explain") Ford to do some explaining to stockholders, judges, and a grand jury. Why did Ford take the action he did in firing Iacocca? He knew it would cause a fire storm; he knew it would anger his normally compliant board of directors. Wouldn't a wiser man have waited (if he had to get rid of Iacocca) until quieter times? "You don't understand," says someone close to the situation. "Henry thinks he's royalty, and he sincerely believes in the divine right of kings."

It's 11 A.M., and America's most sought-after executive has nothing to do. The New York *Times* lies on the coffee table of the Waldorf Towers suite, the crossword two thirds complete. Lee Iacocca is all dressed up (brown checked suit, brown tie) with no business to go to.

The suite belongs to the Ford Motor Company, as do the two limousines down in the Waldorf garage and the plane waiting at La Guardia to fly Iacocca and his family to their Florida vacation retreat. These trappings will all vanish October 15 (his fifty-fourth birthday), when Iacocca takes his $2-million severance pay and becomes a free agent.

Today, Iacocca paces his suite. He's restless and disoriented. He hadn't planned on being an unemployed 53-year-old whiz kid. "I don't have any real responsibilities now," Iacocca admits. "I guess I'll get used to it sometime."

Iacocca puts up a good front, keeping the bitterness he feels toward Henry Ford II below the surface. He is still loyal to the company itself, if not to the chairman, who fired him July 13. And he does own $3.5-million worth of Ford shares and he did give 32 years of his life to the company.

How far can that loyalty be stretched when, sometime in the next two weeks, Iacocca appears before the Washington grand jury investigating charges that Ford spread bribes around Indonesia, then lied about it?

Iacocca won't talk about his testimony in the Indonesian affair, but it's

Illustrated by Carol Wald

"...'It was a jolt, a shock to me. Maybe I shouldn't have been surprised. Ford is the last of the great family dynasties'..."

interesting that he has quietly dumped Ford's own legal firm and retained the well-connected Washingtonian William Hundley. "Lee is clean on the bribe and the cover-up payments that followed it," says a close friend. "If the grand jury asks the right questions, some of the very top people at Ford are going to be indicted."

Iacocca, of course, is no longer a top person at Ford. "They were going to send a public-relations guy to sit in on this interview," he says. "But I guess they figured not to bother. They wanted to know why I was doing it after turning down hundreds of others. I told them that after 32 years of talking about Ford, I wanted to talk about myself, advertise myself in the area where I figure I'll be working."

The advertisement hardly seems necessary. Without sending out a résumé, Iacocca has had 55 serious job offers (among them, it's said, the top posts at Chrysler and International Paper) since he was fired.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," he says. "A friend suggests I should come out to his college and be executive-in-residence for a few months, and maybe that's what I'll do while I think things over."

Other friends, some of them very powerful within FMC itself, want Iacocca to stay on hold for a while. They believe that he can be restored to the presidency of the auto giant. One of these is Ed Mullane, president of the Ford Dealer Alliance, a group that accounts for 25 percent of the company's North American sales. "He's the best thing FMC ever had. We were all shocked at his ouster," says Mullane. "Ford dealers have an investment of $10 billion in their franchises—and want to protect it."

Iacocca smiles when told of the dealers' move. "I always get written up as 'demanding,' 'tough-assed,' 'no compassion.' I don't believe you can run a big institution by stepping on people, and I didn't. Those dealers are our lifeblood and they were, are, my friends. I sure heard from them when this happened." As for returning to Ford: "No, I don't think you can go back after what happened." Even if Henry Ford himself were to be ousted and brother William Clay Ford (a fervent Iacocca supporter) were to take over as chairman? "That's just conjecture," says Iacocca.

A close friend thinks his return unlikely, no matter what happens in the grand jury. "The way Lee sees it, Henry could be in jail and still be running the company," this friend says. "And he knows that Henry has the rest of the board cowed. There was a majority on the board that wanted to keep Lee under any circumstances, but Henry just ran through them. And the dismissal was just too rough for Lee to get over."

How rough was it? Had he seen the ax coming? "No," says Iacocca. "It was a jolt, a shock to me, no question about that. Maybe I shouldn't have been surprised. Ford is the last of the great family dynasties, and if you read history you know that the first thing you do is protect that dynasty. Anything, *anything*—good, bad, or indifferent—that might affect that dynasty becomes a problem in the mind of the man who heads it. It's that simple. When I went to Ford 32 years ago, I knew it was a family empire. But it just never entered my mind that I could have a problem someday. I thought if I was the best, I'd be all right, dynasty or not."

(Close observers of the Ford setup think Iacocca got caught in a classic dynastic feud. "All that talk of Henry's about stepping down at 65 is hokum," says one observer. "For a while he thought of abdicating in favor of brother Bill, but he got to thinking that if Bill was chairman, Lee would really be running the show, and eventually the company would pass out of Ford hands. Now he wants his son [Edsel, 29, currently working with Ford Australia] to take over. Lee wasn't harmed by the first Edsel fiasco, but you could say he got creamed by the second one.")

Iacocca pauses and his eyes glint for a moment. "I worked hard there. I earned my spurs. I earned that job."

What about the investigation of Iacocca supposedly launched in 1975 by Henry Ford, who denies making it? It reportedly cost a million dollars and was a monumental waste of effort. "I was only on the fringe of that," Iacocca says vaguely. "There were always investigations, though they preferred to call them . . . they were always referred to as 'audits.' That system continues. I imagine it's going on today."

(One prominent friend of Iacocca's recalls the "audit": "We were at a dealers' convention in Vegas. They had our rooms bugged; they were bribing the girls to find out if we were dating anyone. Back in New York they illegally seized my records, trying to establish that I was giving Lee payoffs. It was worse than the Nixon White House.")

Iacocca's downslide really began with that abortive investigation. "Henry sent his guys on a fishing expedition," says one source. "He knew how popular Lee was with the board, with other members of the family, with the dealers and the staff. What Henry wanted was something to use against him, a hold to keep him in his place. You know, I think if Henry had discovered a skeleton in Lee's closet, Lee would still be president."

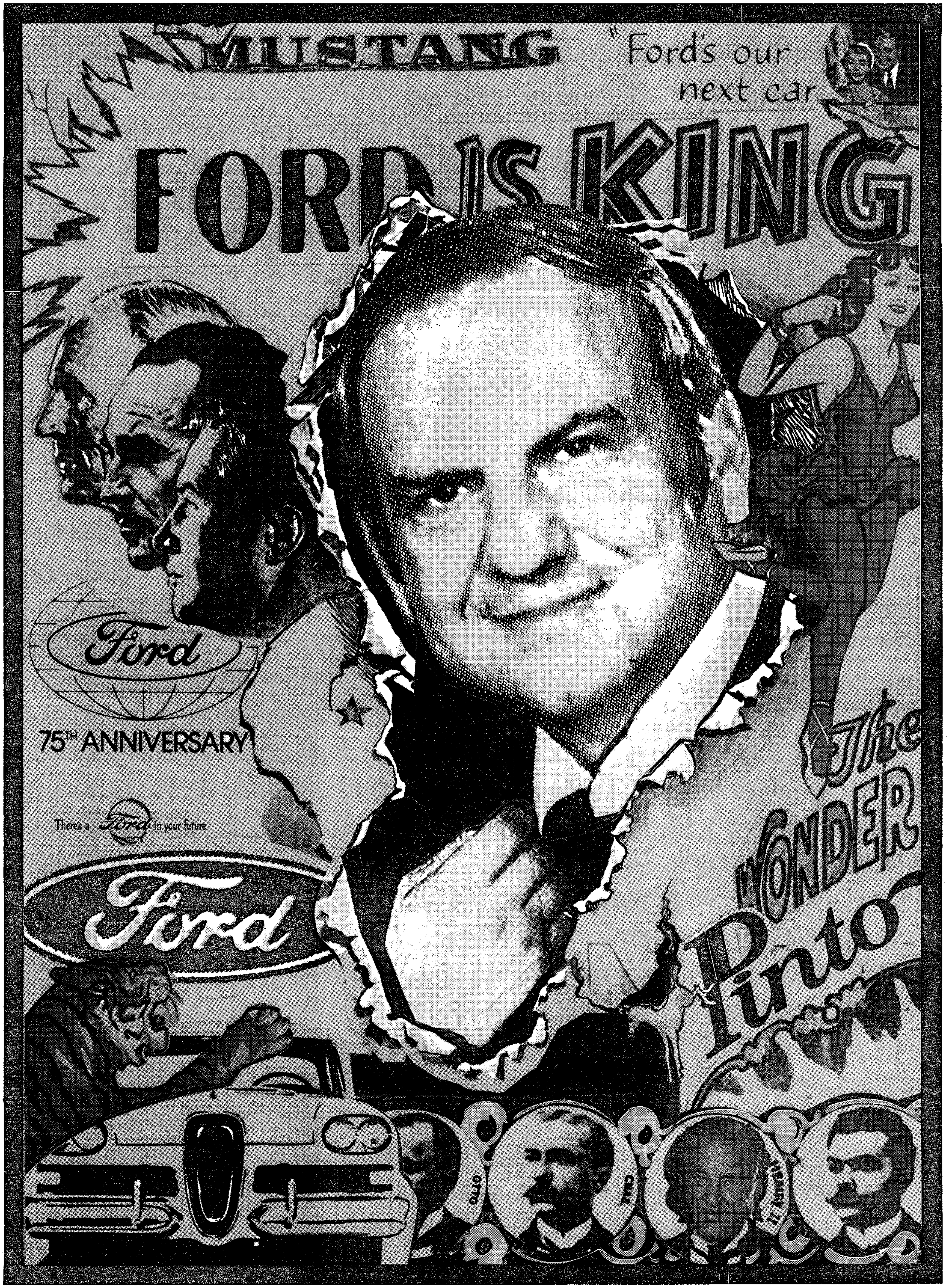
Another theory has it that Iacocca owes his downfall to Henry Ford's inamorata, Kathleen DuRoss. Miss DuRoss, a sometime model Henry Ford spotted when she was doing commercials for his cars, surfaced on the famous night in California when Henry Ford was picked up for drunken driving. "Never complain, never explain," said the tycoon, when asked about his beautiful companion. But since that night in 1975 Miss DuRoss has been very visible in the executive suites in Dearborn. Sources claim she has ordered that certain advertising assignments be given to her former model agency and that some decorating contracts be let to her friends in the business. She never bothered to work through Iacocca, and it's said he made his resentment of her plain.

Iacocca waves all this aside as irrelevant. "I just tried to be the best damn executive in the business," he says now. "I love the auto industry. It's a dynamic, ever changing industry. You produce 50,000 cars a week, you'd better damn well sell 50,000 cars or you'll be up to your ass in cars.

"It's romance, sure, but reliability, durability, stamina, is what's going to keep your customers coming back. The name of the game is loyalty to your car. If 75 percent of buyers repeat, you've got a hit. If less than 50 percent repeat, you're a disaster.

"In the past ten years, I feel, we've done very well at Ford. We used to have a basic quality problem in the resale area. Our cars dropped faster in value than our competitors'. I spent a decade of my life trying to get quality into our cars and we succeeded."

What about the Pinto, the enormously successful subcompact Iacocca introduced? It's now the subject of massive lawsuits following gas-tank explosions in accidents. "I feel very strongly that we have acted properly with the Pinto," says Iacocca. "It really gets back to the fact that you have stan-


MUSTANG
"Ford's our next car
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75TH ANNIVERSARY
There's a Ford in your future
Ford
The WONDER Pinto
OTTO
CARL
HENRY II

"...'You produce 50,000 cars a week, you'd better damn well sell 50,000 cars or you'll be up to your ass in cars'..."

dards that get more difficult as time goes on," he adds, echoing the stock Detroit complaint. "You design to the stringent new standards and someone says, 'Hold it. That same model was built to different standards for the past seven years.' Should you now have to go back and bring these cars up to the new standards? That's ridiculous, but that's the classic case we have with the Pinto.

"We designed a car that was absolutely adequate for its day. Is the '77 Pinto safer than those from '71 through '76? Yes. Later models meet tougher criteria. Look, fire-related accidents are all bad, horrendous when there are fatalities. But all this has plunged the Pinto into a sort of notorious role. That hurts. That car was my baby. We built it to take on the foreigners, to compete with Volkswagen, and it worked."

If it wasn't the troubles with the Pinto (after the Mustang, Iacocca's greatest new-car launch), what did bring things to a head with Henry Ford? What went wrong? Did Ford really say, "I just don't like you"?

"Well, he never quite said that to me that way. He said there comes a time when 'I have to do things my way,' and that time was now and I was out." A day earlier Henry Ford had presided over a meeting of the company's outside directors. Some of them were the men that Ford would later accuse Iacocca of "conspiring with" by holding private meetings while Henry himself was out of the country. (Iacocca rejects this charge. "I don't want to talk about it except to say that I seldom have had any conversations with outside directors without being asked by them to talk things over." In fact, Iacocca made no effort to hide his June meetings with Boston's George F. Bennett and other outside directors. He used a company plane and submitted expense accounts for the trip.)

At first the outside directors were unanimous that Iacocca must be retained. They pointed out that in the past year Henry Ford had already greatly diluted Iacocca's power by installing Philip Caldwell as vice-chairman. "Henry didn't appear to be listening to the arguments," one source recalls. "He was asked what had gone wrong between him and Lee and he said something about the 'chemistry' being wrong. He said it had been wrong all along, which was odd considering how long Lee had worked alongside him. Finally Henry just held up his hands and said, 'Gentlemen, enough. It's simply him or me.' That was it and Henry had won."

No one told Iacocca of the meeting or its outcome, and he was genuinely shocked when Henry dropped the dismissal on him the following day. This was at a one-hour meeting in Henry's vast office. The only other person present was William Clay Ford, who made one last effort to save the executive he most admires. "Bill argued strongly for Lee—more strongly than Lee himself," says one person close to the scene. "Bill is that sort of guy, always hoping for the best. Lee's a pragmatist. He knew Henry had finally got him."

The affair was made to look as decorous as such a high-level massacre can be, but, two weeks later, it began to turn ugly publicly. A "family spokesman" was quoted in the Detroit press as saying that Iacocca had been fired because he "lacked grace," was too "pushy," and that "the son of an Italian immigrant born in Allentown, Pennsylvania, is a long way from Grosse Pointe."

Asked about it now, Iacocca bridles. "That is an awful slur. I don't know why the hell they'd come up with stuff like that. It smacks of the royal family, doesn't it? They said I lacked grace and polish. That really hurts me."

Actually, Iacocca couldn't have been all that surprised at the slur. An Iacocca friend claims that Henry Ford, in the best Wasp tradition, "has always figured that because Lee has an Italian name, he's in the Mafia."

Given all this, how could Iacocca have been really surprised when Henry wielded his ax? "I always felt that I could compromise, change, bend," he says. "That's what being a good executive is all about. There had been other crises and I just thought that, like them, this one would work itself out."

It didn't, and now the former heir apparent to the third-biggest company in the United States is looking for work. His story gives one a certain sense of déjà vu. "You mean *The Betsy*?" Iacocca is widely believed to have been the model for Robbins's hero, the outsider who came into a family-owned auto giant. The difference is that, in *The Betsy*, the outsider won.

"Yes, I suppose it is ironic," says Iacocca now. "I must go back and read some passages from that book." Why not? For the next couple of months, Lee Iacocca has time for all the reading he can handle.

How Long Can the Fords Hold On?

Ford watchers think the family should be able to retain control of the company into the twenty-first century as long as it avoids family feuds that would allow outsiders to move in. Although Ford is a publicly held corporation with more than 335,000 shareholders, the descendants of Henry Ford have a deal they would have to work at to ruin.

Their shares are called "Class B," but they're first-class all the way; only Ford-family members and their trusts and family corporations are allowed to own them.

The Class B's constitute 12 percent of the company's common stock but carry 40 percent of the votes. If the family chose to cash in on its holdings by converting its stock to the Class A common the rest of us can own, its remaining shares would increase in voting power. That's because if they chose to convert to Class A, the fewer class B shares would still hold 40 percent voting control; it is the way it was set up originally.

About 140 people own the Class B's, but most are in the hands of Henry Ford's three grandchildren—Henry II, William Clay, and Josephine—and in Ford-family trusts.

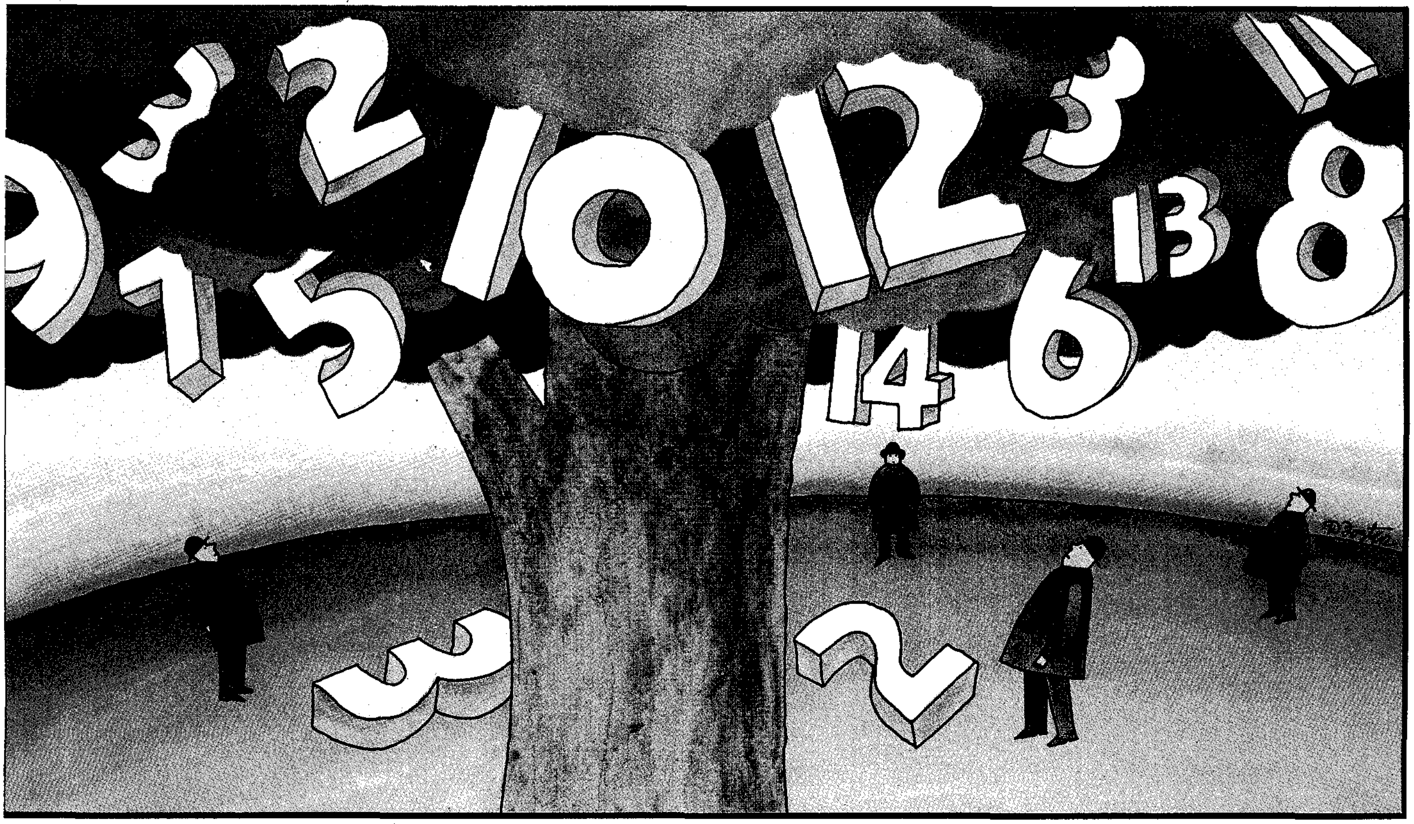
The block of about 2.5 million shares owned by Henry II and his immediate family is worth about $120 million. William Clay and his family have even more, 4-million-plus shares worth more than $194-million. Benson, who recently died of a heart attack aboard his yacht, owned about $166 million in stock.

What does the rising generation of Fords look like? Henry II would like his son, Edsel II, to take the reins. Until Edsel is ready for the big move, the company probably will be run by Henry's brother, William Clay, 53, now chief executive officer. William is busy learning the ropes, leaving him little time for other interests, such as the Detroit Lions, which he owns.

William's belated rise could bring his son, William Clay Jr., a student at Princeton, into the limelight. There's a third male cousin in the wings. Benson's son, Benson Jr., has an interest in cars. He was last reported in California working on wrecks. —Charles Koshetz

Low-tar Parliament

Choose more than just a number.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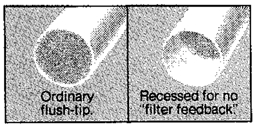
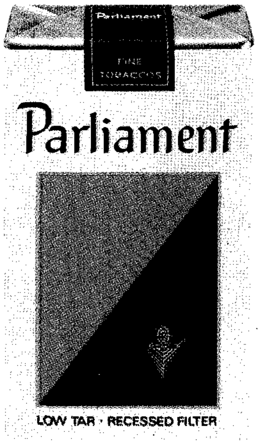
Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."


Ordinary flush-tip.
Recessed for no "filter feedback."

As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.


Parliament
FINE TOBACCOS
Parliament
LOW TAR · RECESSED FILTER

9 mg Kings
12 mg 100's

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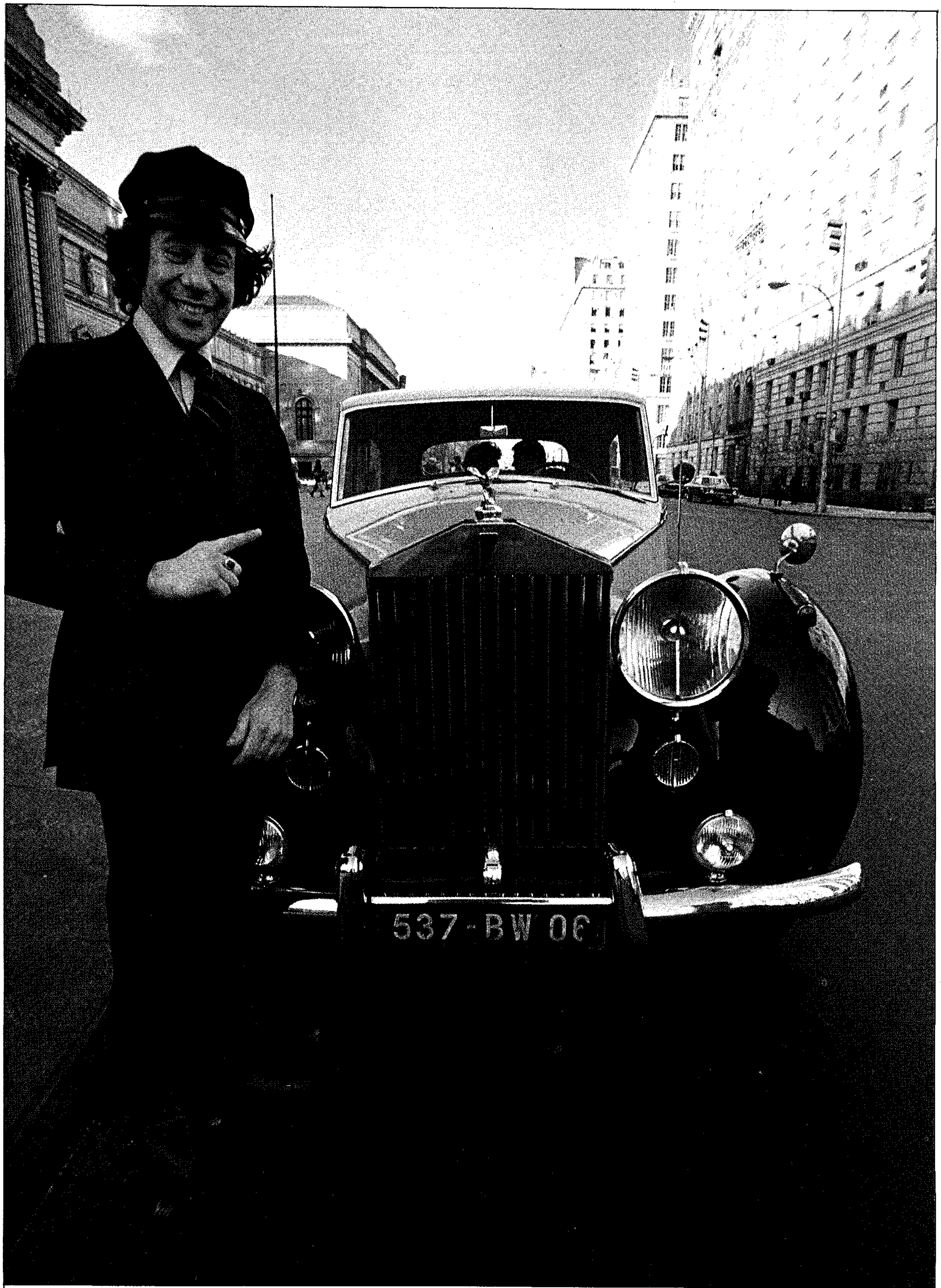
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, May '78.



What dreams are made of: *Elliot Cuker will rent you a Rolls, chauffeur, and "the last ongoing myth."*

Photographed by Larry Kessler

The Chauffeur's Tale

Transcribed and edited by Mary Richie

"... People rent these cars to accomplish different things. To win lovers. To impress clients. Always to make an impression..."

Everything that can be done with a Rolls-Royce I do. In some strange way, I have become the wizard of fantasy. Someone calls up and they want to go on this trip. Literally. I supply whatever they need, the magic dust, to go on that trip. I'm really tuned in to the need to supply my customers with whatever they need to make their fantasies reality. Whatever a car can do to supply that need. I usually ask them, What is the occasion, what is it you want to accomplish?

Once I got a call from a lady who wanted a white Rolls-Royce for their first wedding anniversary. It was to be a surprise for her husband. I went to New Jersey, stopped in front of the house, and picked her up and her husband. She didn't want him to know where they were going. Fine. She wanted to go to a drive-in movie. I drove to this long line in front of the drive-in and a guy said, Why are you in this line? You're in the wrong place, you're off the highway. He thought I had made a mistake. Here was this white Rolls-Royce. I pulled in at an angle so they could see the film and served fried chicken and champagne as they were watching *Young Frankenstein.*

People rent these cars to accomplish different things. To win lovers. To impress business clients. Always to create some kind of impression. For weddings it's the nearest thing to a theatrical event. It creates an ambience nothing else can.

My background was in the theater. I did quite a bit—Broadway, Off Broadway, television. I was a very serious student of the theater. Quote, very serious. And rather pigeonholed in terms of my insight on what was important for me to do. I directed and I taught acting. Then I was doing *Zorba!* on Broadway and I tore a knee cartilage and was out of commission.

As it happened I had my own Rolls-Royce. I knew a fellow who had a Rolls-Royce and he had to leave the country fast. He had to sell the car, so I bought it very cheaply. I resold it but I did have it for a few months, and I enjoyed it so much. I was an unemployed actor. I'd go to the unemployment office in a Rolls-Royce.

I got a lot of compliments on my car from friends, so it suddenly hit me: Why don't I rent out my car? I put an ad in *New York* Magazine. A small ad saying "Fantasies Come True. Rent a Rolls-Royce. Driven by a Personable Young Man."

The first job I got were these two gay guys who lived about five doors away from me. I picked them up and took them to the Bette Midler concert. I was charging $20 an hour, minimum of two hours. I made $40 for fifteen minutes' work. I went to London and with whatever money I had saved I bought two Rolls-Royces. I got another chauffeur. I began doing work for weddings. And I started doing strange jobs, a lot of peculiar jobs. I was never a businessman before. But what I did was I applied my creativity to the business. And it started to pay off.

I had a lot of strange experiences. Many times you get crazy calls from a bar. Sometimes they're real, sometimes they're phony. This guy called from a club called Adam & Eve. It was a topless place. So I get there, I walk in. I see this girl exhibiting herself, dancing in front of about five men. I look around and there's no one there who called me. Then this guy comes in from Chock Full o' Nuts next door. "Oh good, you're here," he says. "Okay. Nice car. Love it. All right. Okay, this is my girl friend." He's brought a girl with him, very attractive. Instead of saying hi, how are you, the first thing the girl friend says is, "Hi. I've slept with Lyndon Johnson." She mentioned a couple of other people. She's a hooker. She gave me—you know, her credentials.

He wanted the car, so I told him I needed to be paid in advance. He said fine—this guy has a stack of money. And I drove him around a couple of places. He'd be snorting a lot of coke back there, but I got my money in advance. I thought probably he was into coke or drugs. You could tell—his hands were puffed up. He took to me and I became like his personal travel agent. He'd call and say I'd like to do this or that. He'd arrange to be picked up in some restaurant and he'd be there with his girl.

Then he decided he wanted the car for New Year's Eve. He was going to rent a number of suites at the Waldorf-Astoria and invite twelve couples. I planned the entire evening. We get to the Waldorf and there are these twelve couples. A strange array—a young Jewish couple from Brooklyn, a Harlem couple, a Puerto Rican couple. We went into a suite at the hotel and the man took me into a room and locked the door and said, "Here, Elliot, you need money." He wanted me to take care of everything. It was going to cost him $3,000. So he said, "Here's $3,000." Then he takes out a gun and he says, "You want to hold this gun? You want to take it?" I said, "Nah, that's all right. I don't need a gun." He figured with all that money I would want a gun. He had the door locked, and every five minutes his girl would knock at the door and he'd scream at the top of his lungs, "Get the f--k out of here. This is business." That was the key word, "This is business."

I was like a director; I directed this whole event. I had the cars pull up in front of the Waldorf in procession. Each couple would get into a different car. We went one block and pulled off Park Avenue and had champagne served in the car. One block. That was the main event of the evening. We drove one block. There was only four

> "...You get into a Rolls-Royce and you get instant respect. Too bad it has to be this way..."

blocks between the Blue Angel and the Waldorf. The chauffeurs were puzzled. This raunchy group of people. One of the girls was coming on to me. You got to be careful. I can't get involved, so I kept my distance. Anyway they had a good time. A day later I got a call. They want me to plan their wedding, the whole wedding. We meet at this restaurant. I didn't hear from him for a few days.

Then I had dinner with a girl I know and she said, "Elliot, did you see the news?" "What are you talking about?" She said this man was in the news. In Times Square. The police were chasing him in his car and he hit three cars and a couple of pedestrians. He stopped at a light and somebody said something to him and he pointed a gun and so they chased him. They caught him with $50,000 and a couple of guns. After a few days I got a call from his girl friend, who said if there was any money left over from New Year's I should give it to her. It was so bizarre. The man was dating a girl—the one with him was somebody else—whose father had this big fabric company. The father made this man in charge of advertising for the company and he confiscated all the funds. Just blew it.

The way the world responds to someone in a Rolls-Royce is very peculiar. You get a lot of insight into what life is really all about. For example, you step into the Rolls-Royce, you start driving it, you buy instant respect and admiration from people. It's too bad it has to be that way. But you tune into what this entire society is about. I once drove into a gas station and I didn't have any money to pay for the gas. I hadn't realized it. I told the guy in the station and he said, "Don't worry, you can send me the money." But if I was in a Chevy, I would have been in jail.

Then there was this businessman who was selling machines and who didn't have an office. A very small businessman. He had a very important client he wanted to close a big deal with. So he told the client, "Why don't we go for a drive in my car?" He didn't say he had rented it. So I drove the Rolls-Royce through Central Park and as we were driving he said, "Look, instead of going back to the office, why don't we have some wine?" So I opened up the picnic table and poured the glasses of wine. The man and the customer began to discuss business and he said, "Look, instead of going back to the office, why don't we draw up the contract here?" They drew up the contract in the backseat, and the customer bought the machines. The man had no office, he had nothing, but the client thought he had such an operation he was impressed and went ahead.

People are afraid of being involved with people who haven't proved themselves. Or who seem to be failures. People haven't much substance.

Not all my customers are rich. I've had calls from people who literally could not pay their rent. There was one writer, as a matter of fact, who wanted me to pick up somebody at the airport who might hire her for a job. I got to know her later, so I learned what happened. She spent her rent money on hiring a Rolls to go to the airport to pick the man up. And she got the job.

One time, I got a call from a fellow who started talking and wondered who was the owner of my company. I told him I was. He was an attorney prominent in the theater. He said, "Look, we have a lot in common, why don't you drive for me?" I said okay. His thing was he wanted to go to Connecticut. He was going through a strange period then; it was like he was in the middle of a nervous breakdown. People will rent a car when they're in the middle of a breakdown; it's as if they need a fantasy trip. He wanted to go to Connecticut in a Rolls-Royce to have his father see him in the car, to show his father that he had made it. Very touching.

A lot of people are like that when they rent a car. They're very hyper and they want to be taken around to all these different businesses. And they're in the middle of a breakdown. One chauffeur told me he had picked up a man and they went to Tiffany's to buy things—thousands of dollars. His psychiatrist knew he was really flying off the deep end, but he wouldn't go to his psychiatrist. So one day the car pulled up in front of the psychiatrist's office, and the psychiatrist came out and gave him a session in the backseat of the car.

I wonder why the fascination with Rolls-Royces. I think it has something to do with putting the mink coat on to cover the sores, the wounds, the scabs. To make people feel better, to massage them. A person feels, I drive my Rolls-Royce and I will get the attention or the respect I wasn't accomplishing with my work.

Somehow or other the car arouses erotic fantasies. Once a celebrity hired a car to go to Pennsylvania. The couple who went out with them couldn't stay so they came back. The chauffeur was driving along with them on the New Jersey Turnpike when he noticed this little Volkswagen would pull up next to him every once in a while and look in the back. He couldn't understand why. Next thing he heard funny sounds coming out of the rear. He had the chauffeur's partition down and he turned around and saw them completely bare-assed making love in the backseat of the Rolls, with their feet sticking out of the window. And the little Volkswagen was trying to get a peek at what was going on. My feeling is as long as they treat the car with respect and nothing illegal is done and the car isn't damaged I don't care. My morality has nothing to do with their morality. Personally I don't believe in orgies, in the back of cars or anyplace as a matter of fact.

It's hit me just now: A chauffeur has to be an actor. You become part of the customer's world. I hate to say it's like a prostitute that has to lend herself to the fantasies of the man she's with, but you have to lend yourself to the fantasies of the customer. You have to mold yourself to their desires.

Many times when I was driving, people wanted to bring me into their world. One man I picked up was an Indian mystic. I opened the door and he said, "Hi, how are you? Sit down." Then he showed me all his publicity. "This is me; this is me with a rod going through my cheek feeling no pain; this is me in an old Indian ritual with hooks in my back going around a pole. What I am doing now is I am opening up weight-losing salons using biofeedback. I get fantastic feelings from you." (This was our first meeting.) "I want you to take the Rolls all through the country. You will manage me." I said, "Well, I'm going to think about it." Anyway, we went to all these different places in the car. Him, his Puerto

Rican girl friend, a couple of young kids. He wanted to produce a movie at a big place up in the Bronx. So I go in with him; we go in past the door and he'd say something in Spanish as he introduced me. I'd say, "What did you say about me?" He'd answer, "I said you were a very famous producer. You're here with me; you're looking out for my interests." Every place we'd go I'd be something different. He'd meet some famous musicians at Benihana's, and he'd ask me to sit in; he'd say, "This is my attorney." I was his attorney, his manager, his producer.

I try to keep the roles clear. When my business started to grow and I would do a job, I would never tell the customer I was the owner. Never. Because I didn't want to make them uncomfortable. Let them enjoy the fantasy of the chauffeur who comes with the car.

Someone called up for a Rolls-Royce right away and I couldn't get a chauffeur. So as I was coming home in a Rolls-Royce at the time, I was right around the corner and I said I'd do it.

They had no idea I was the owner. I picked up four people at Elaine's. They were crocked. One of the girls said, "Hi, what's your name?" and I told her. She started coming on and I repulsed her. She was high. She'd say, "Drive me here, drive me there. No, go there." The job was just to take her from Elaine's to make one stop and then take them to Studio 54. She was getting obnoxious. Someone apologized for her, and I said never mind, it was all right. My only concern was that the car be respected. So I took her being obnoxious, because I remove myself. I don't take it personally. I know I'm just a fantasy figure at this point. The person they're responding to isn't me.

We went down Times Square and all of a sudden at 43rd and Broadway we were stopped. This guy got out of a cab and another guy had a bottle in his hand and they were about to fight. I was right there, so immediately I got out of the way: I was afraid of getting involved in a traffic jam with people fighting around my car. My car attracts enough attention as it is. Mobs are drawn to it.

So we moved down a little ways to pick up their friend at 42nd and Broadway and this black man with a big plastic container full of something came over to the window and asked about the car. This obnoxious girl said, "Get away from here" or something like that. I've always had a good street sense, and you don't do that. You're in this particular car, you don't say get the f - - k out of here. You be nice. So she said something in a nasty way. Just before this one of the guys in the car began to feel nauseous and started vomiting all over the car. That got me upset. I had to pull over to the curb so they could clean it out. And that's when the black man came over. I was afraid he was going to do something. He starts coming to the car, challenging a guy in the backseat.

So I broke out of my role just like that. I said, "Shut up. Be quiet and just sit there. Don't say another word." The guy in the backseat sat down and was silent. Not a word was said. When we got to Studio 54, the guy apologized and I said, "I understand. No more games. Get out of my car and go away." He said, "Can you wait for us here?" I said, "No. That's it."

I was never a car nut. I love beautiful things. I am very much taken by beauty. No matter what it is. Cars. People. These cars are made with substance, with beauty in mind.

I've driven people with a lot of money. We have many fantasies about people who have money. The insight that I've gotten into the world of money was very important to me. I've never aspired to be poor. For me the meaning of money is to have independence.

I remember one job I picked up, this man who was a doctor of sciences, the science of the mind, a self-proclaimed title. His wife was also involved. In the course of the trip, they were saying to me how wonderful I was. "See, Elliot, how easy it is. You could own this car one of these days. You could, if you think a particular way." All this bullshit. So shallow. Of course, I went along with their game. I already did own the whole show. I had more money in the bank than both of them together. But I went along with it.

I was caught up in the world of art for many years, and I branched off into a business thing and in a short period of time have done very well. This whole Rolls-Royce thing only started about three years ago, and it has really grown fast. I own my building by the way. Half of it used to be a church. I may start a little private club upstairs. My business is a complete Rolls-Royce emporium. It features a Rolls-Royce limousine service whereby we provide a chauffeur-driven Rolls for anyone who wants to rent it for any kind of occasion. We also maintain certain customers' cars, provide them with chauffeurs if they desire. In addition I have a complete Rolls-Royce sales, repairs, and restoration facility. We can take a dying Rolls-Royce that looks like it's about to drop dead at any moment and completely revive it.

My real name is Elliot Cuker. When I started this thing I really felt it was humiliating to rent out my own Rolls-Royce. Here I had created this shallow, superficial image of myself. And how could a king rent out his dinnerware? That was what I had to do. So I used the name Cooper to give me distance. Also Cooper sounded British. And I could make the company sound bigger than it was. For example, a call would come and I'd answer with a British accent—"This is Cooper." And then I'd tell them, "The chauffeur will pick you up at eight o'clock, and his name is Elliot." And it would all be me.

I took some people once to an opening at Bloomingdale's. The show rooms. They have a smorgasbord. The people invited me up. My first thought was to say no, because there might be someone up there I know. But I was starving. I hadn't had dinner. I thought it might be nice to have something to eat. So I dropped them off and said I had to park the car and would be up a little later. All these people were there dressed lovely. I walked in and the first thing, someone said, "Elliot, how are you?" Some people I knew. I wasn't in a uniform—I wear a dark suit. We started talking and I had my eye out every minute for my customers. I was worried what they were going to think, seeing the chauffeur friends that way with the other guests.

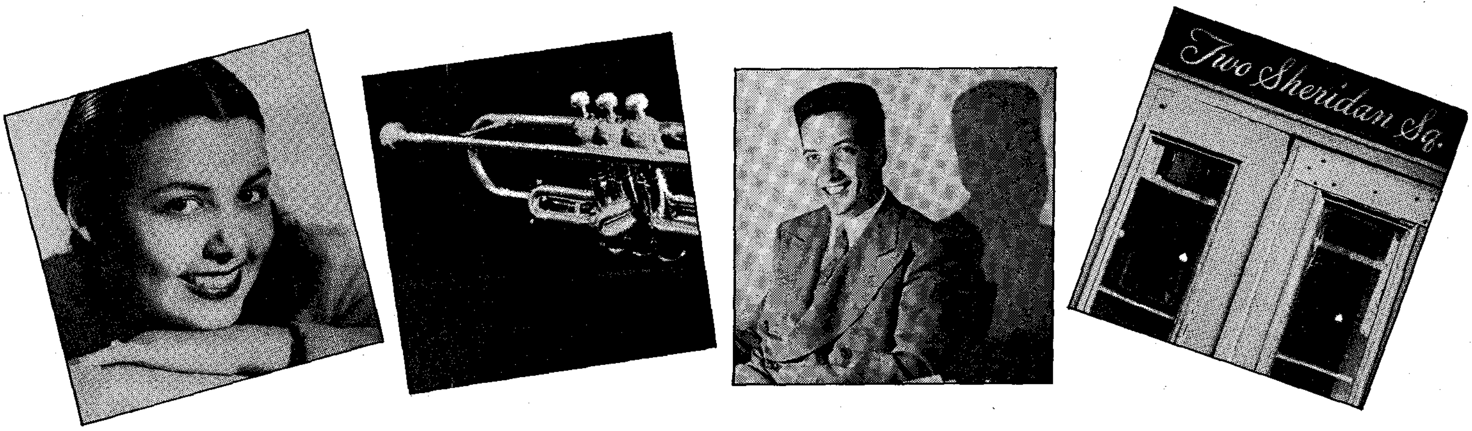
When I was 21 I knew a girl for two weeks and we married. She was very beautiful, an opera singer. It was very passionate but we weren't ready. I'm 34 now, but it's been many years since I was really able to feel something for a woman in a real way. I'd get involved with a woman and she'd become serious and I'd back away.

Here I am a success with this thing and I'm feeling, Do I like myself now? Do I feel that I've given up? I'm going through a difficult period right now. I say to myself, Well, okay, I have people to work for me now. I have more time to do other things. Yet I haven't been doing many other things. I go home at night and I'm not reading. I don't want to write. The last few years I couldn't write; I had too many responsibilities. But now I can, and I don't.

I feel as if I have to get my inner world going again. Do I really want to write? to act? to produce? So many times we're wrong about what we think we want to do. Right now there's nothing I need to do. Maybe it's better. Or is it better to be involved in something? Do I really want to create? I may be lying to myself about what I want to do. I feel I should still be involved in that world.

When they rent a Rolls, people rent a fantasy. It's the last of the ongoing myths. ■

You must remember this: *Lena Horne and John Hammond (below), discoverer of genius like that of Billie Holiday (facing page).*


Two Sheridan Sq.

Black and White and Red All Over

By Helen Lawrenson

"...Jazz and politics were what Café Society was about; the club was founded in 1938 to raise money for the Communist party..."

New Year's Eve 1938, a basement at 2 Sheridan Square in Greenwich Village opened its doors to the public and became a landmark in American nightclub history. The name was Café Society, later amended to Café Society Downtown. It was our first political nightclub. Jazz and politics were what it was all about. It was the most exciting nightspot in town and the proving ground for more remarkable talent than any similar place before or since. It was where Billie Holiday, Hazel Scott, Lena Horne, Josh White, Meade Lux Lewis, Albert Ammons, Joe Turner, Pete Johnson, Teddy Wilson, Frankie Newton, Hot Lips Page, and others of that caliber got their start. I don't mean it was the first job any of them had, but it was what made them famous.

So what's newsworthy about this now? God knows it's been written about before. Doesn't everyone know all about it? Not quite. What everybody doesn't know is that the club was founded to raise money for the Communist party.

I helped to start it, gave it its name, did all the early publicity; I auditioned a few of the performers; and for the first months I acted as unofficial hostess, sort of a B-girl deluxe. I did it all for no pay and I loved every minute. I suppose not everyone connected with the club, and certainly not all the customers, knew of the political link. Few people, however, could have been utterly unaware of the left-wing ambience. After all, the slogan I coined, which was printed on our matchbooks and used in our ads, was: "The wrong place for the Right people."

I spent the summer of 1938 in South America, ostensibly gathering material for travel articles for *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Town & Country*, but actually doing a secret survey of the underground movements against brutal military dictatorships and an analysis of the political situation created by fascist penetration of the continent by the Axis powers—Germany, Italy, and Japan. When I returned, I wrote a report on the latter for Bernard Baruch, who gave it to Cordell Hull, the secretary of state. My report on the underground resistance movement was given orally to Earl Browder, then head of the American Communist party, who came to see me in my one-room Greenwich Village flat. Although I was not a party member, I was sympathetic and what in those days was called a fellow traveler. That was the decade of the Depression, the Spanish Civil War, fascism in Italy, Hitler and the Nazis in Germany. I think it was John O'Hara who remarked that during that time "all the best people followed the party line." They were later to be called premature anti-fascists.

I saw Browder a second time, when he told me of the plans for a nightclub and asked if I could help. Some friends of mine were already involved in setting it up. Through them I met Barney Josephson, a shoe salesman from New Jersey, who was to run the club. A group of well-known artists, including Adolf Dehn, Syd Hoff, and Ad Reinhardt, painted the witty murals that gave the club its distinctive décor.

The person most responsible for the club's success was John Hammond Jr., a crew-cut young man still in his twenties, who found us the musical talent that was to become legendary. Hammond, who was in charge of all hot jazz for a couple of recording companies, was mad about Negro music: blues and boogie-woogie, not spirituals or intellectual jazz, but the black gut-bucket music from the whorehouses, honky-tonks, and gin mills of New Orleans, Chicago, Kansas City. He scoured the country, searching for what he wanted. He found Meade Lux Lewis washing cars in a Chicago garage. Al-

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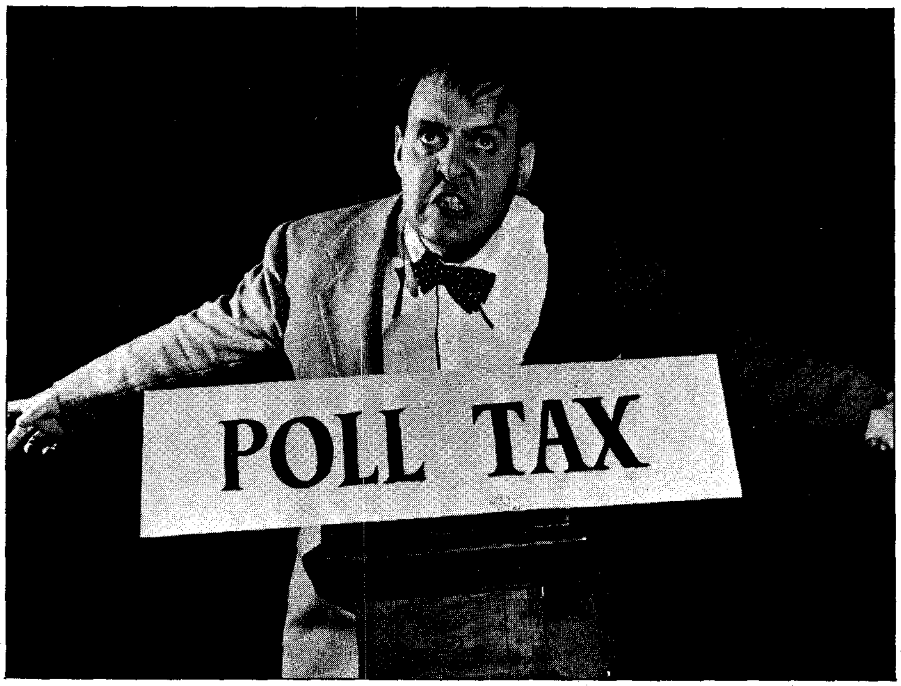
Helen Lawrenson is the author of the forthcoming Whistling Girl, *from which this article is excerpted.*

Photos: Jennifer R. Lynn; Culver Pictures

Jazz

"...He heard Billie Holiday singing in some dump and knew she was the greatest..."



Long ago and far away: *Zero Mostel (top) as Senator Phineas T. Pellagra, and three immortals—Sonny White, Billie Holiday, and Lester Young.*

bert Ammons, who had taught himself music by putting nickels in a player piano and then following the keys, was driving a taxi in Chicago. Together, these two formed the greatest duo of boogie-woogie pianists in the twentieth century.

No one had heard of Billie Holiday except Hammond, who first heard her singing in an obscure dump and knew she was the greatest thing since Bessie Smith. He located the veteran blues singer Ida Cox in a black burlesque house in Jersey City. Lena Horne had made it as far as the Paramount movie theater on Broadway, where she was singing with Charlie Barnet's band, but Hammond made her a star by bringing her downtown to Café Society. He brought the great blues shouter Joe Turner and the pianist Pete Johnson from what might be termed the lower depths of Kansas City. His taste was infallible. It was what made the club.

None of us could think of a suitable name for the place. Every suggestion was immediately shot down. The original plan was to satirize uptown café society, the people who today would be called the jet set. Rather idly, I said, "I suppose we could call it just that—Café Society." I didn't think it was a brilliant idea, but the others liked it, so it was settled. Barney always told interviewers that the name was suggested by Clare Boothe Luce, probably because he figured, rightly, that her name was more newsworthy than mine.

We opened with Frankie Newton's six-man band, Frankie playing his trumpet. Teddy Wilson played piano, Billie Holiday sang, and Jack Gilford, a wonderfully funny comedian, was our master of ceremonies. We were an immediate hit and the place was jammed every night. From the beginning, it was completely integrated: black and white performers, black and white patrons. This had never happened before, outside of a few Harlem places where the whites got the best tables. We often had indignant patrons walk out, not only because of our blacks but because of the political content of the songs and monologues. Zero Mostel, who had been living in a loft and working on a WPA art project, had his first professional engagement with us, at $40 a week. His satiric monologues as Senator Phineas T. Pellagra did not endear him to many of our white southern guests. Nor did Billie Holiday's nightly singing of "Strange Fruit," that haunting song in which the "strange

Photos: top, Culver Pictures; bottom, Frank Driggs Collection

fruit" were the lynched bodies of black men hanging from southern trees. Lights were turned out, except for one small spot on Billie's face, and all table service was stopped. When the last acrid words were sung in that bittersweet whine, there was always a momentary silence, as people sat stunned and shaken.

Billie's life was a tough and seamy one. Born in Baltimore to a thirteen-year-old mother and a fifteen-year-old father, she was running errands at the age of six for the madam of a local brothel. She spent some time in reform school and was a prostitute in New York at thirteen. She was about 23 when she started singing at Café Society. There were people who came night after night just to hear her. Billie wasn't easy to know. Moody and withdrawn, she seemed indifferent to her success. Barney has said that she wasn't a junkie when she was working for the club. I wouldn't be quite sure about that. In the years after she left us, she was busted three times on heroin charges, went to prison on one of the raps, and was barred from singing in New York clubs, bars, or cabarets. She had been smoking marijuana since she was a teenager. This was nothing. A lot of us did in the thirties, although Barney, who was puritanical in that inflexible style of many old-time lefties, insisted that anyone caught smoking in his club would be fired on the spot. Just the same, I could often detect in the ladies' room the unmistakable smell of what we then called reefers, and the musicians used to share a joint in the men's room, spraying cologne around to disguise the odor in case Barney should pop in.

I sent items about the club to all the columnists and entertainment editors, most of whom I knew. The publicity was so extensive that I had an offer from the Plaza Hotel to become its press agent, but I politely declined. I even had an article in *Vogue,* written while we were *still* getting the club ready, which appeared on the stands the day after our opening. It was a general piece about how to run a nightclub, pointing out that gangster backing was usually an indispensable requisite and that good liquor had nothing to do with success, because I knew clubs where the drinks were so bad they were practically Mickey Finns, yet the tables were crowded and customers stood five deep at the bar. The formula for success in big Broadway clubs was

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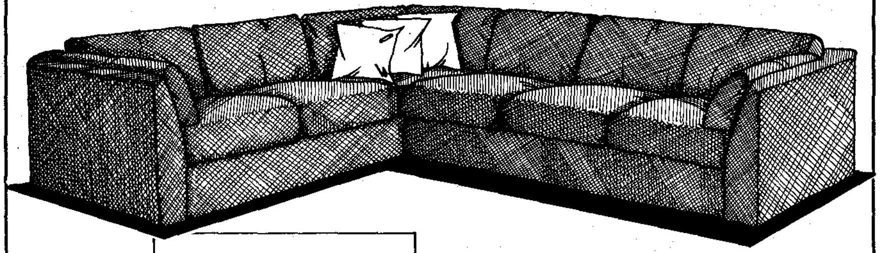

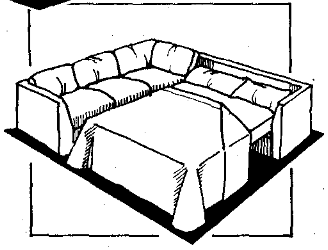

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"...We would have good liquor, great entertainment, no nude girls, and no gangsters..."

nude girls, or as near nude as permissible in those days. In the fashionable Upper East Side *boîtes*, the main attraction was the sight of celebrities, wined and dined free of charge because they served as bait for other customers.

The main point of my article, and the only reason I wrote it, was to tell about the new nightclub in Greenwich Village, which would flout all these traditional recipes for success by having good liquor, great entertainment, no gangsters, no nude girls, no café-society free list. In fact, its aim and purpose was to spoof the café-society people of uptown.

The article was widely read, and the result was that those very people I attacked started flocking to our club to see for themselves what was going on. On some nights we would have ex-debutante Brenda Frazier and friends sitting next to a table of longshoremen, or officials from the more progressive trade unions almost cheek by jowl with heads of companies in whose factories their members worked. Our most consistent patrons, however, were people like Budd Schulberg, Lionel Stander, Paul Robeson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Lillian Hellman, S.J. Perelman, St. Clair McKelway.

We made some mistakes, but not many. Barney once hired, on his own, a couple of midgets who did ballroom dancing, the man in white tie and tails, the woman in long evening dress. I am not against midgets per se. It was just that their wedding-cake-figurine cuteness simply did not fit the rest of the club. Then there was the time that I auditioned Hazel Scott and turned her down. But Jack Gilford heard her singing and playing piano in a Harlem bar and persuaded Barney to go to hear her and she was hired for $65 a week. She was eighteen, not particularly good-looking, but a great swing pianist, although Hammond never really liked her. She worked for Barney for seven years and turned down an offer from the Waldorf-Astoria for $1,000 a week, a lot more than Barney was paying. She said Barney had given her her first break, and besides, she liked the club because it was a place where she could bring her friends. Years later, when she married Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, it was Barney who gave the bride away.

Hammond brought Lena Horne to the club when I was away, and when I returned I was told, "There's a new singer who looks like your mother." We

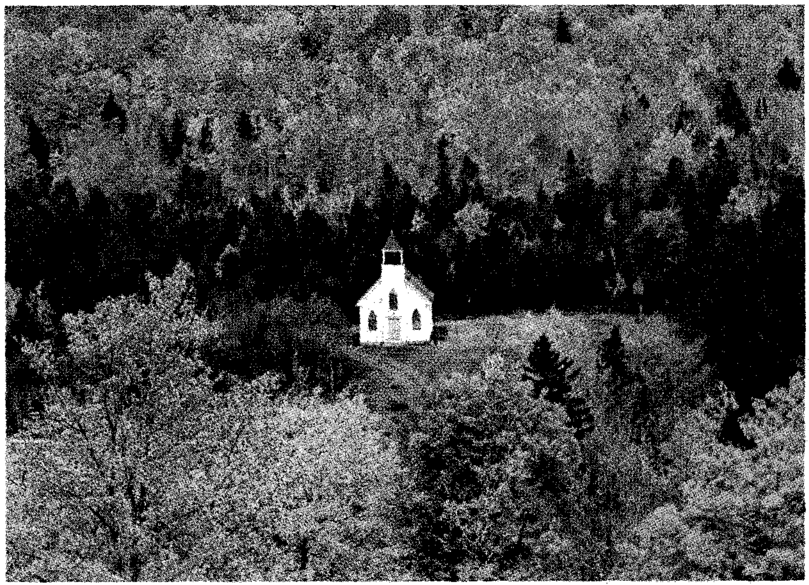
Duet: *Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson (top) were, probably, the greatest boogie-woogie piano team of the twentieth century. Above, the singer is Josh White.*

Photos: Culver Pictures

went to hear her and I was surprised at the resemblance. It was like looking at my mother as I remembered her when she was in her twenties. The similarity could have been due to the Indian blood in both women. Lena had long black hair hanging below her shoulders and a sort of old-fashioned classic face. This was before Hollywood makeup men glamorized her and made her into the ravishing beauty she became.

My club favorites were Joe Turner and Pete Johnson. I publicized them as "Big Joe Turner from Kansas City" and "Roll 'em Pete Johnson." They were both sensational, and Joe, in particular, was a magnet for women. On one occasion this resulted in an internecine hassle. Among our dedicated patrons were two Hollywood scriptwriters whom we nicknamed Tisket and Tasket. They both had Mexican wives. Tisket's wife, Josephine, had been an itinerant fruit picker in California. She was strikingly handsome, but it was the other wife, Raquel, who caused the ruckus. She used to work in a bawdy house in Los Angeles, and she was one of the most exquisitely pretty girls I've ever seen. She had a quiet voice and a gentle, dignified manner. These qualities, together with her really astounding beauty—she looked like a young Dolores Del Rio—naturally made a good impression on her clients. It was commonly reported that Dashiell Hammett once rented her for a week, like a library book. Her scriptwriter husband met her at her place of work and fell in love with her.

When Tisket and Tasket returned to Hollywood for script jobs, their wives remained in New York and were nightly visitors at the club. Like the rest of us girls, Raquel was attracted to Big Joe Turner. She found out that when the club closed, he and Pete Johnson usually went to an after-hours place in Harlem. Raquel found out where it was, and the next development was that a few weeks later Barney came into the club livid with rage. It seemed that Raquel had gone to bed with Joe and couldn't resist telling Josephine. The latter informed her husband, who felt it his duty to report to Raquel's husband, and the fat was in the fire. These were all people with strong left-wing sympathies, staunch fighters for integration, but apparently not to the extent of integration at home. Barney was beside himself with anger and fired Joe. My friend Renee and her husband and I went to Barney and we



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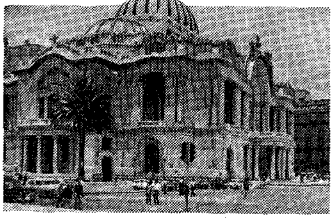

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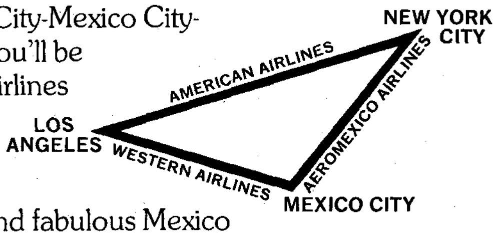

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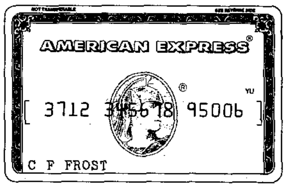

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quit. Barney took him back again, but then he received a letter from Raquel's husband, demanding that Joe be fired permanently, so the battle was on again. As Joe said to me, "I never did see so much hell over one woman gettin' f - - ked." We finally prevailed upon Barney to keep Joe, who was one of the club's major attractions.

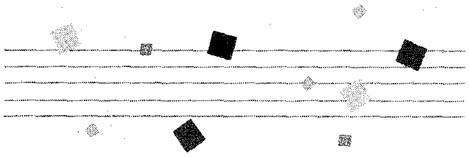
I took Raymond Moley and Ralph Robey to hear him one night. Moley, a former Columbia law professor and ex-assistant secretary of state, had been a key member of President Franklin Roosevelt's famous Brain Trust. He coined the phrase "New Deal" and was once called "the second-strongest man in Washington." Robey, a consultant to the National Association of Manufacturers, was *Newsweek*'s financial expert. His rather unusual hobby was knitting glass hats. I never saw one, so I don't know how he did it, or why, although I do remember that around that time an unsuccessful attempt was made to popularize men's suits made of glass in Italy. I had some white kitchen window curtains made of glass fiber, so I suppose it was the same process, except Robey knitted his hats by hand.

* * *

It also turned out that he was crazy about gutbucket music. I met both men at a dinner at Baruch's. As we left, they asked me to have drinks with them at the St. Regis. When I told them about Café Society, Robey insisted that we go there. He loved the club, especially Joe Turner and Pete Johnson. Moley was more interested in drinking. He began to get maudlin and told me his life history. His father was a tailor. "He worked with his hands," he kept repeating reverently, as if that were some sort of proletarian kudos. "I don't want to be a reactionary," he said, putting his hand on my knee. "You can save me!"

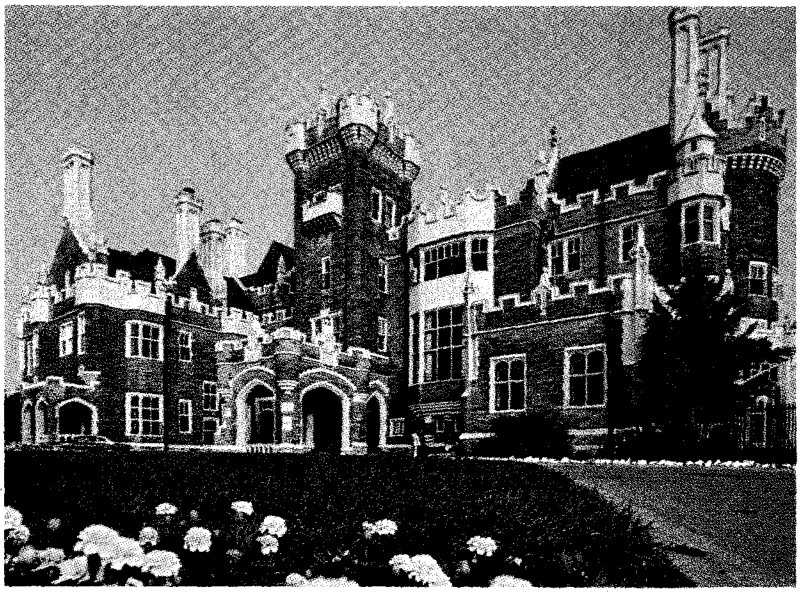
I introduced them to Joe and Pete, and when the club closed we five went to Harlem together to the after-hours apartment. We all had a lot more to drink. Pete played the piano and Joe sang—an incredible, explosive performance. They were always exciting at the club, but here, home in Harlem, they outdid themselves, simply for their own pleasure. Moley was too drunk to enjoy it and he disappeared into one of the bedrooms with a black girl he picked up at the bar, but Robey and I sat enthralled. I wanted it to last forever. It was already mid-morning when Robey remembered he had to give a lecture. He left. I kissed Joe good night and collected Moley. When our taxi stopped at the St. Regis, where he lived at a discount rate, courtesy of Vincent Astor, he tried to get me to go to his room. "Sorry," I said, "but you're no competition for Big Joe Turner." He was furious. "After all the money I've spent on you tonight!" he exclaimed petulantly. That night at the club, Joe asked me, "Where'd you get them two sad-ass ofays, honey?" That summed it up rather well, I thought. I didn't explain that the sad-ass ofays were in the Brain Trust. He thought all white folks were crazy enough anyway.

Gradually, I began to drop away from the club. I was in love with Jack Lawrenson, and after our marriage we continued to go there, but only as customers. A couple of years later, Barney opened Café Society Uptown; it was successful, but it never had the same ambience as the downtown club. Barney made money and sold both places around 1950, when newspapers began to attack both clubs as "red." I think this came about because of the publicity connected with Barney's brother, Leon Josephson, a lawyer, who was often in the downtown club. An admitted Communist, he was subpoenaed by the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1948. He refused to answer questions and was sent to prison for contempt. The case was covered in the papers and the reputation of the two clubs suffered as a result. No man can deliver his brother, and Barney never publicly admitted any left-wing affiliation, but his first wife, Isabel, once told me that he used to read out loud to her every night, in bed, from the *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union*, a huge volume of impenetrable prose. Reading this did not, of course, constitute treason, but it was agonizingly boring. Poor Isabel. Maybe Barney was just trying to find out what it was all about. Maybe.



In June 1973 the Newport Jazz Festival organizers gave a "Salute to Café Society" at Carnegie Hall. Barney was presented with a plaque as a tribute for his having fostered the careers of the many famous musicians, singers, and entertainers who worked in both the Café Society clubs. I suppose he did, in a way, but he didn't "discover" any of them. The plaque should have gone to John Hammond. Be that as it may, Barney Josephson's name is now recorded in the annals of jazz music as one of its great benefactors. He has his plaque to prove it. ■

CANADA



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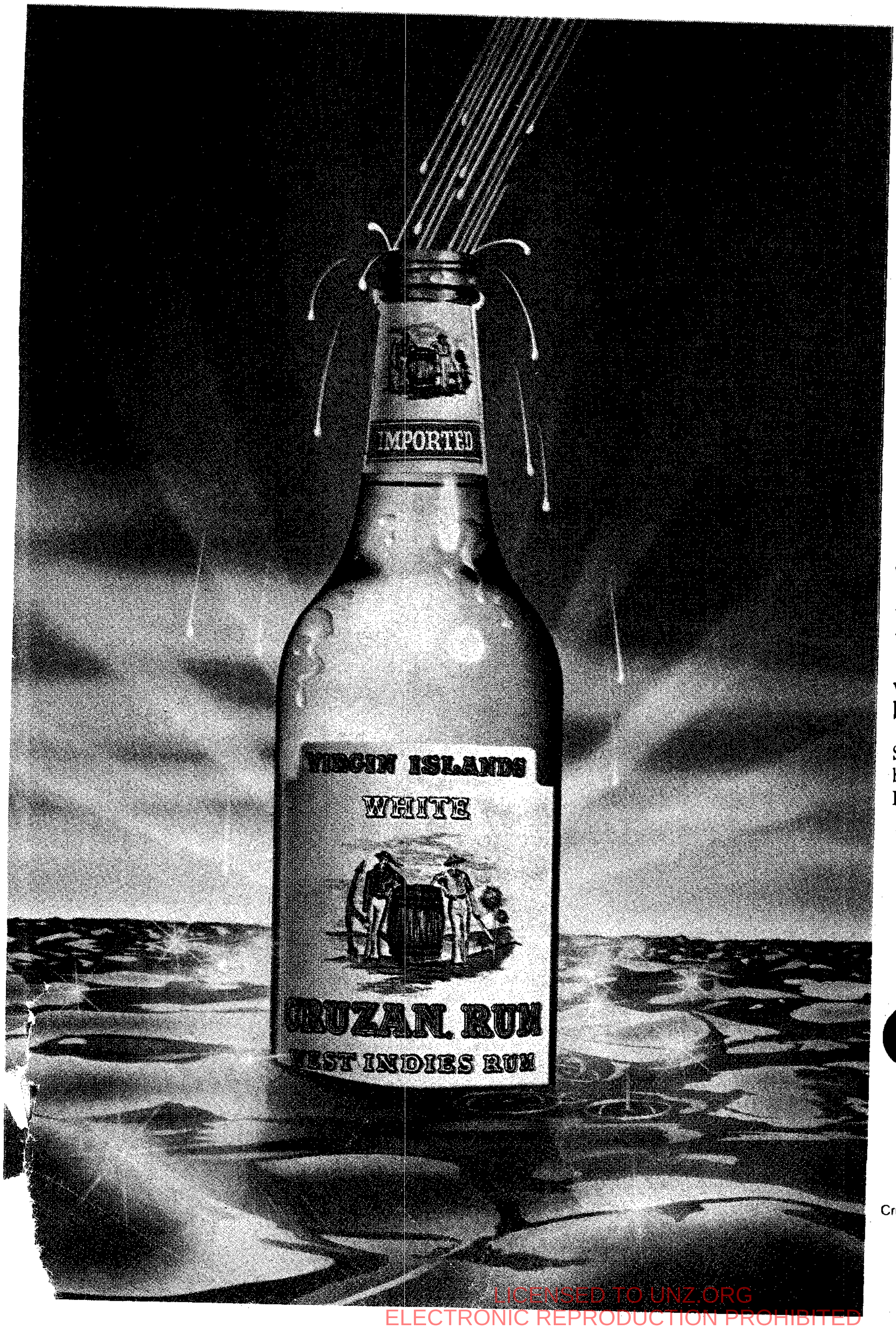

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Artists on Salary: Funds for The Starving Class

By Roslyn Bernstein

"... After eight months, the CETA Artists Project has made a difference in the city's art, music, theater, dance, and poetry ..."

In a studio in the Henry Street Settlement, Joseph Delaney, age 73, a veteran of the Works Progress Administration, studies his canvas intently. Before him is a stage scene—a theater with lovely sets, an elaborately costumed cast, and a full house.

"It's *Traviata,*" he explains. "The Henry Street production. I'm documenting cultural activity here in drawing and painting. Before I arrived, it was all done by photography."

For Joseph Delaney, his CETA (Comprehensive Employment and Training Act) artist-in-residency at the settlement house, which began early this year, is a virtual godsend. "There's no doubt about it," he smiles. "I'm better off as an artist since I arrived here."

Delaney finds a lot in common between his current job and the artist-bailout programs of the Roosevelt administration: "It's the same in the 1970s as it was in the 1930s. So much activity is going on here, there's such a fabulous budget. On my own, I'd probably live an isolated life, like most artists. Programs like this one tend to bring the artist out. CETA's a real dream—it can spoil you."

A new WPA for the arts? Not just yet, but after eight months, the New York City CETA Artists Project—despite procedural snags, grumbling about the selection process, and complaints about the quality of the results—has made a difference in the city's art, music, theater, dance, and poetry.

Since January, more than 500 unemployed artists, craftsmen, and performers have been placed on the city payroll under the federally funded program. What makes this effort unique is that these taxpayer-supported job slots were originally intended to go to the semiskilled unemployed—they were never considered applicable to the special problems of artists without incomes. But a somewhat spontaneous happening occurred. Word just got out through the network of arts communities that the job money was being used—here and there and on a small scale—to hire artists, and soon larger localities, including New York City (after three years of study), began to follow suit. Suddenly, thousands of artists across the nation were taking home regular salaries and even receiving health insurance.

Opera art: *WPA veteran Joseph Delaney with his paintings of* La Traviata.

The fate of all these artists, though, depends on the final outcome in Congress this summer of the new $11-billion CETA bill. After months of deliberation and some 80 amendments in both houses, the House cut $1 billion from the public-service program on August 9; the Senate will consider its version of the bill this week.

Originally established in 1973 to counter hard-core unemployment through extensive work and training programs, CETA understandably shifted its emphasis to the creation of new jobs when the country's unemployment rate rose steeply.

But Congress, sensing that CETA is not serving fully the people it was designed for, seems inclined to move back to the program's original goals. One way the legislators might do this is by limiting the amount of time any client could receive aid to twelve to eighteen months—a policy that could put the clients into a revolving door leading right back to the unemployment line. Although it appears that the CETA funding will be renewed, it's still unclear just how the upcoming congressional actions will affect the city's program. Yet one well-placed congressional aide was cautiously optimistic: "Don't quote me," he said, "but New York still has a relatively high unemployment rate. I don't expect any drastic cuts, especially not in the artists' program. They're just a drop in the bucket."

In the old Art Deco McGraw-Hill Building, at 42d Street and Eighth Avenue, the stainless-steel cafeteria was occupied earlier this summer by the Cultural Council Foundation/CETA Artists Project—a nonprofit organization acting as a contractor for the city in placing unemployed artists in jobs.

Twice a month, 300 New York City CCF/CETA artists showed up for their paychecks: $280 after appropriate deductions for Social Security, city, state, and federal taxes.

Photograph by Jodi Luby

"...CETA has funded sculpture on Staten Island, the Brooklyn Museum's services for prison inmates, and the Jazzmobile..."

These artists—attached to such organizations as the Association of Hispanic Arts, the Black Theater Alliance, the Brooklyn Philharmonia, and the Jazzmobile—were the lucky few. Along with 200 others contracted to the American Jewish Congress, LaMama, Hospital Audiences, Inc., and Theater for the Forgotten, they were picked from about 5,000 applications received last November. To qualify, they had to have been unemployed for fifteen out of twenty weeks prior to completing the application and could not have earned more than $2,700 per person or $7,580 for a family of four. Until the very end, however, there was considerable confusion as to whether these income figures were net or gross, and a number of artists with high incomes were able to deduct sizable operating expenses and qualify because of this apparent loophole. The ensuing red tape made one painter, who spent eight hours at a Manpower office, feel as if he were "signing up for welfare."

By November 14, project director Rochelle Slovin and other developers of the proposal "began shifting through a mass of paper—alphabetizing. Of course," she said, "there were basic criteria. We eliminated people who did not have the necessary professional qualifications—a B.A. in their discipline and two years' experience earning money or four years' experience in their discipline. We insisted that literary artists be published in more than vanity presses."

Panels of experts were created in each subcategory: Interviews and auditions were held; artists presented slides; dancers danced; musicians played. Many applicants asked CCF/CETA officials, "What are you going to have us do?" and were told bluntly, "Whatever comes in."

Understandably, there were tough decisions to make. Photographers were allowed only five prints in their portfolios. "I tried to figure out what they'd want," one photographer explained. "To be safe, I included three pictures of people, even though I'm a wildlife specialist. After all, I figured, it was a community project."

Two CCF/CETA painters contend that various ethnic and geographic considerations were at work in the selection process. The project had to "look good" and be democratic in all five boroughs and with all ethnic groups. "They kept telling us that we were being selected because we were the very best," one confessed, "but I'm not so sure."

After the selections were made, the artists were given the bureaucratic lowdown: quarterly rotation throughout the boroughs; complex time sheets on which they would chart their 35-hour workweek, 17½ hours given over directly to a community organization and the rest divvied up among self-initiated art, performances, transportation, and preparation time.

Permanent contributions to New York? Slovin's quick to answer: "They're in the works. We've finalized a deal with the General Services Administration for twelve murals and six sculptural pieces and a major renovation of the Federal Court House Building at Foley Square which could involve twenty artists; two large-scale murals are under way in the Hall of Science in Queens; there's the possibility of low-budget artistic improvements in some subway stops and of a 200-foot mural for the rotunda of a PATH station at the World Trade Center; and, of course, there will be a book of photographs detailing the project and a literary work describing it."

CCF Bronx Borough Coordinator Jim White flips through his files looking for highlights: the Bronx River Restoration Project, where sculptor Raphael Gribetz has been at work making a three-dimensional model of the twenty-mile river corridor; the New York Botanical Garden, where landscape painter Marjorie Portnow will paint oils on canvas, juxtaposing still lifes inside the greenhouse with landscapes outside.

Manhattan Borough Coordinator Ileana Fuentes-Ramos has to be interviewed between phone calls. She speaks nonstop about recent Manhattan placement. Two performing artists worked with New York Women Against Rape, putting together an improvisational script and performing around the city upon request, as well as on cable television. Yet, as she glances up at the map of Manhattan on her wall, she admits that the red placement dots are still sparse in Harlem, East Harlem, upper Manhattan, and on the West Side. "There's only one way to correct it; I'll have to do more recruiting myself."

In other parts of the city, however, the act has made some striking changes: CCF/CETA artists have enabled the Brooklyn Museum to restore its community outreach service to some 1,800 prisoners and former inmates; painter Johan Sellenraad, armed with a street map of Brooklyn, has been drawing Brooklyn industrial sites, including a lovely old chocolate factory, for the Long Island Historical Society; clay-mask maker Robert Sherman has been active at the Brooklyn Museum; and sculptor Barry Feuerstein constructed an 80-foot steel piece at Mount Loretto on Staten Island.

To drummer Kevin Hayes, CETA has been a blessing. The difference in his life? "Next month's rent!" Jazzmobile, a CCF/CETA subcontractor, headed by David Bailey, has two groups serenading the city this year—a small Afro-Latin combo and a larger, nineteen-piece jazz band. They've been playing three or four concerts a week in schools, playgrounds, prisons, and parks; presenting music workshops for nonprofit organizations; performing in a tribute to the late Erroll Garner; and participating in Bronx Week, the My My Brooklyn Celebration, Queens Day, and other community offerings.

One problem Bailey overcame was finding a qualified band director. The strict income eligibility requirements made it impossible to find the right person, so Bailey had to hustle money from other sources in order to hire Frank Wess.

Bailey's pretty confident now. "We've conquered initial problems, have free rehearsal space, and are looking forward to rollover for a second year. It's the tip of the iceberg." The new twenty-piece CETA orchestra conducted by Paul Dunkel, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Philharmonia, seems to have weathered its birth pangs and is already performing a busy schedule of concerts around New York City.

"I'm exhausted," says chief archivist Ellin Burke, whose staff of six court historians and cameramen have been literally following on the heels of each artist in the project. Burke's Foundation for the Community of Artists contract requires her staff to photograph everyone in the program, do at least 125 oral histories, put on a year-end exhibit, and preserve the entire archive for one of the public libraries.

Aiding Burke in documentation is another subcontractor, the Foundation for Independent Video and Film, run by Marc Levin and charged with providing video and audio records of the program. "Unlike visual artists,"

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Levin explains, "our adjustment to the demands of CETA was pretty easy. After all, video people are used to working in crews; we're used to pulling together."

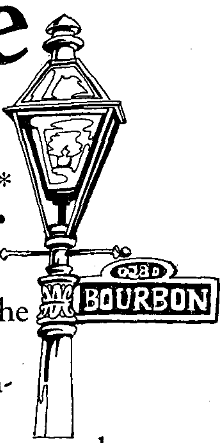
He's right, of course. If anyone felt the pangs of adjustment, it was the visual artists, the painters, who were used to working alone. A number of them felt that the program did not place enough trust in the artist. Others argued that CCF/CETA had not been discriminating enough in selecting quality assignments and that artists should have been consulted in the community-assignment process, since many groups were underfunded—no money for supplies or transportation. Some of the projects just didn't pan out. Johan Sellenraad, sent to evaluate a church hall in downtown Brooklyn, concluded, "This place could never be an art center. It is essentially a low-profile bingo facility."

One must see the New York City CCF/CETA Artists Project within the context of a much larger national picture. According to Livingston Biddle, executive director of the National Endowment for the Arts, there are now nearly 10,000 public-service artists employed in CETA programs throughout the country. It is this trend which holds out real promise for the artist. The program will not duplicate the WPA crisis-art-funding experience, but it can point the way to the development of a federally funded national arts policy in which the government accepts fundamental responsibility for nurturing American artists in the same manner that it protects American farmers with a price-support system and American manufacturers with tariffs. The recently proposed Chafee-Moynihan Bill, which would finance art exhibits in federal buildings, may indicate a move by the federal government in this direction.

Meanwhile, in Washington, D.C., congressional critics charge that CETA has failed to serve the right people with the right kind of help; that many governments have become "hooked" on its money, making the act in effect a disguised sort of federal subsidy for local government operations; and that the practice of "substitution" is widespread, with money being used for old jobs that used to be funded by local taxes. Congress is about to pass a new restructured CETA, one theoretically "immune" to abuses.

How all this will affect New York City CETA artists projects is still uncertain. But the chances are excellent that, having made a promising start, the CCF/CETA Artists Project will be given a second year to prove its worth. ■

The Royal Sonesta Louisiana Purchase



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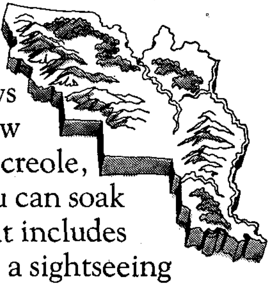

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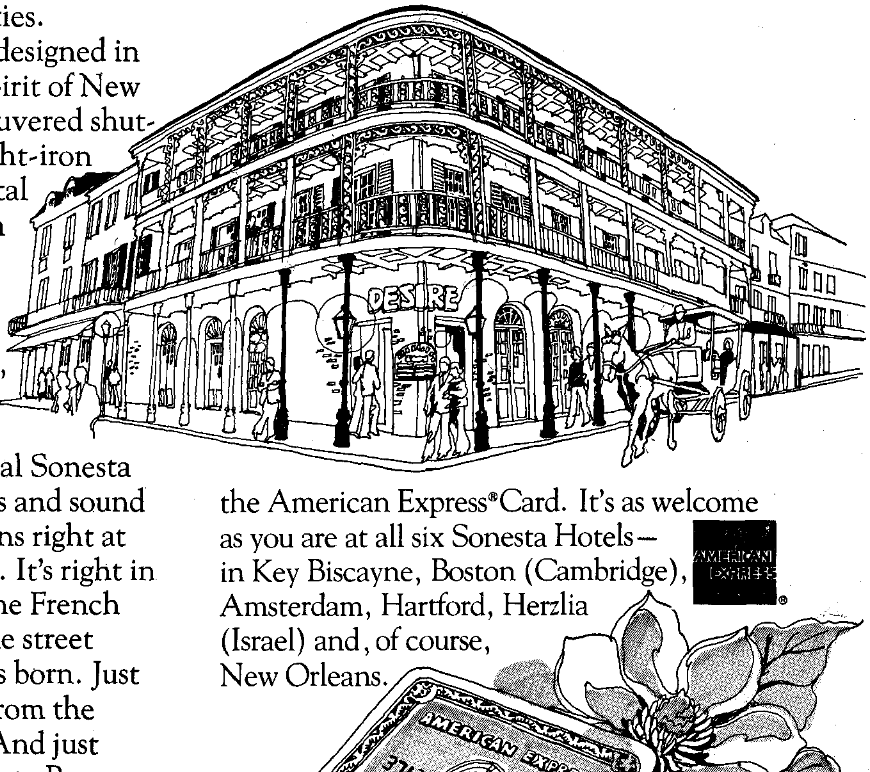

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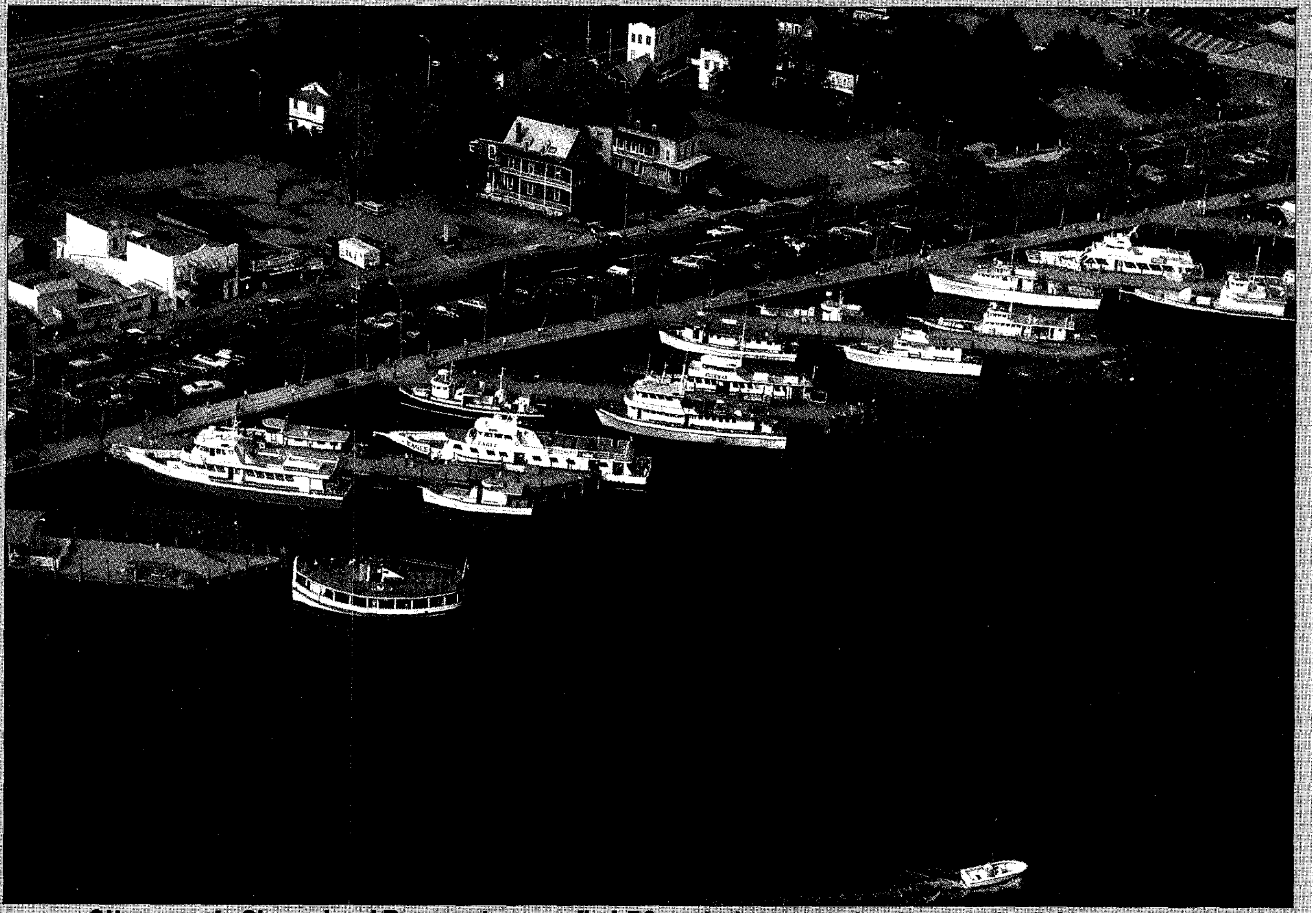
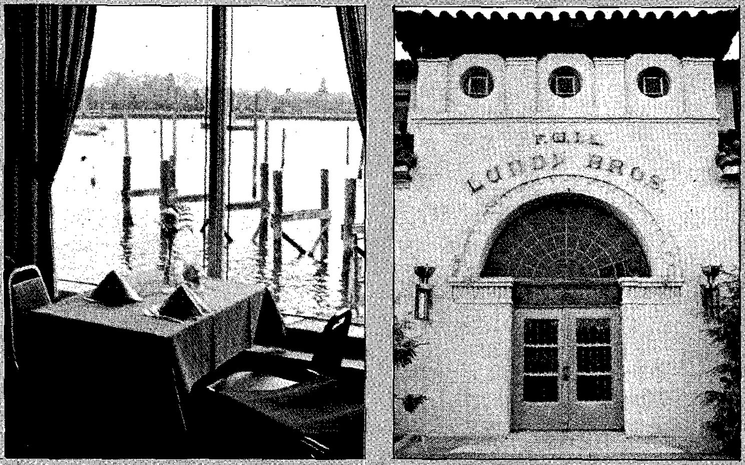


Cityscape: In Sheepshead Bay, anglers can find 50 party boats to take them to the fishing grounds.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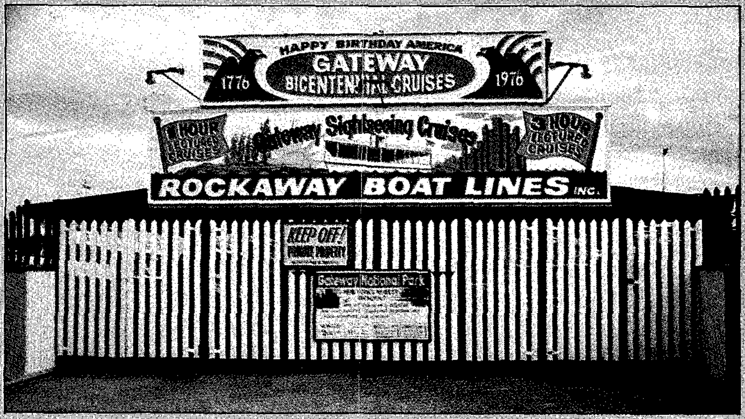
LUNDY BROS.

Dining on the strip: The Barge is pretentious; Lundy's is not.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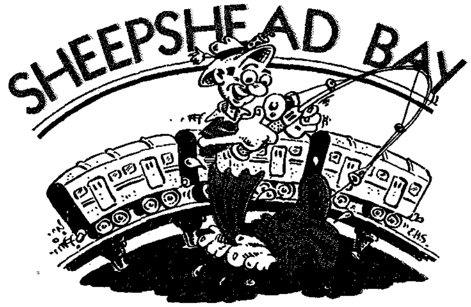
Sightseeing: Rockaway Boat Lines runs twice-daily cruises.

Fishing: A search for blues aboard "Ranger V."

Top: aerial photo by Kip Colligan from George Meade's WOR helicopter; bottom, photographed by Richard Pan



Down to the Sea by Subway

By Stan Ginsberg

"... In mid-channel, sleek sailboats and motorboats rise and fall with the swell; chunky, utilitarian trawlers crowd the piers..."

You can get to Sheepshead Bay by driving east from Manhattan along the Belt Parkway, but the IND trip *over* Brooklyn is a real excursion. The D train takes about 40 minutes to get from West 4th Street to the Sheepshead Bay station. Across the Manhattan Bridge you're taken . . . under downtown Brooklyn . . . through Flatbush. At Prospect Park the tracks break into the open air. Soon you're looking down on red brick two-family houses shaded by maples and sycamores; charcoal grills smoke in the backyards. Slowly the train works down the letters of the alphabet—Avenue D, Avenue N, Avenue U. Then Neck Road. Then Sheepshead Bay.

Step out onto the el platform and you'll notice the chilly edge to the air, and a hint of something that makes your nostrils prickle. But by the time you get down the steps to the street it is gone, buried under layers of city smells—pizza, Chinese takeout, sauerkraut, grilled franks from a kosher deli.

Sheepshead Bay Road, the neighborhood's main shopping street, curves away to the right, lined with clothing stores, delis, a boutique, a couple of taverns, a head shop, and, at No. 1728, the Roll-A-Palace (ROLLER SKATING FOR THE FAMILY . . . NO DUNGAREES), where kids practice their roller-disco moves.

The green-painted girders of the Belt Parkway, a couple of blocks down Bay Road, are a gateway to the piers and boats and salt water that set this area apart from the rest of Brooklyn. Ahead is the Cove, a 130-yard-wide channel stretching eastward to the sea. That peculiar smell comes back—fish, salt water, diesel fuel.

Bay Road halts abruptly at the Cove; you can go either right or left on Emmons Avenue. Someone is fishing from the narrow plank bridge spanning the water; across the channel is the middle-class respectability of Manhattan Beach. To your right, the channel ends in a row of apartment buildings. To your left, it widens and empties into Rockaway Inlet. You go left.

You are on a classic quay. Restaurants, bars, fish stores, and tackle shops line the north side of Emmons Avenue; nine city-owned commercial piers jut into the water on the south. In mid-channel, sleek sailboats and motorboats moored to painted buoys rise and fall with the swell; chunky utilitarian trawlers crowd the piers. In the far distance, the Marine Parkway Bridge rises indistinct against the sky.

Looming up close by: the massive Spanish-style Lundy's, sole survivor among the grand old Sheepshead Bay seafood palaces. (Tappen's was demolished in 1971, and Villepigue's disappeared right after World War II. They were the dining spots of the rich and well connected in the 1880s, the first of the Bay's golden ages. In tandem and barouche and phaeton and tallyho, Whitneys and Vanderbilts drove out from "the city" for the Futurity and the Suburban Handicap, richest horse races of the year, run on a course—now vanished—just north of the present Belt Parkway.)

In front of No. 2005, a gray stucco storefront just past Lundy's, a florid-faced man, blond hair flecked with gray, sits in the bay sunshine. He is George Schultz, ex-comedian, and this is his place—Pip's, the first showcase club in New York for stand-up comics. In its sixteen years Pip's has helped launch the careers of Robert Klein, Joan Rivers, George Carlin, Stiller and Meara, and Stanley Myron Handleman. Every night at 8 P.M., new hopefuls go into their acts on the raised stage.

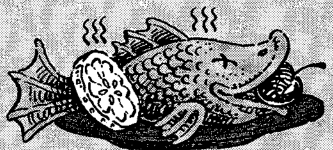
But Schultz, who used to hang out with Lenny Bruce and Rodney Dangerfield at Hanson's drugstore, has gone into semi-retirement. He fishes and sits at dockside and lets his sons, Marty and Seth, book the talent and keep the place going. "I got tired, man. Comedians will eat you alive. Their ego needs are enormous, and they'll drain the blood right out of you. If someone's got the magic, I'll come down and listen, but I'm finished."

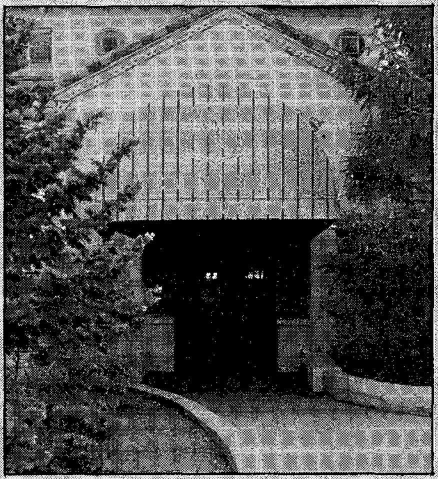
At Captain Walter's, a bona fide saloon at No. 2301, denim-shirted regulars play the pinball machines and sit over 50-cent beers in the early afternoon; a little later, thirsty anglers crowd the four-sided mahogany bar. And, on weekend evenings, Georgie Reynolds, who

(Continued on page 54)

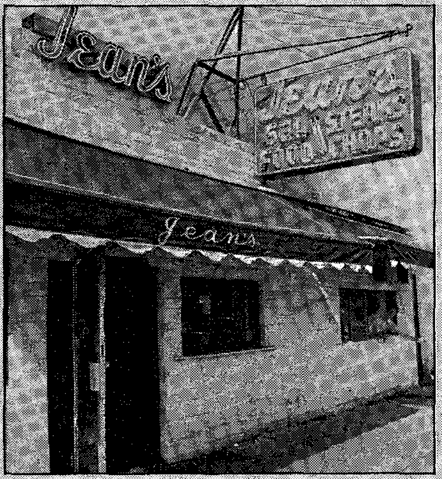
Illustrated by Elwood H. Smith

Fine Kettles of Fish: Eating Out In Sheepshead Bay





Lundy's: Diners grumble in the vastitude but come again regularly.



Jean's: Homey, raffish, and the scungilli salad and squid are terrific.

To many in South Brooklyn, eating out means going to a neighborhood place. On slightly more special occasions they go to Sheepshead Bay's historic and slightly honky-tonk Emmons Avenue strip—of seafood restaurants, Italian restaurants, saloons with back rooms, and clam bars with serving counters on the street.

Even in the years before World War II, when the roll of Sheepshead Bay restaurants was an imposing one, **Lundy's** (3176 Ocean Avenue, 332-0290) led the list. Today, it is the only well-known survivor of that time, the most famous and most popular restaurant on the bay; and no matter where on earth you might set the place down, it would immediately be taken for what it is—a singularity. It is vast; its sandstone-colored beams, arches, and columns stretch away as if into the distance. The mounted fish on the walls do not detract from the overall effect, which is movie-set Moorish with tables and chairs. The serving staff is, as it has always been, unanimously male and black, but the clientele is every color of Brooklyn reality, from Caribbean olive to kosher blond.

The frequency and timing of your waiter's appearances are, as ever, unpredictable, which is perhaps inevitable in this vastitude. But it is part of the ritual to come here, grumble, and come again regularly.

Hot biscuits and butter are brought early or late. The littlenecks and cherrystones are a mere $1.40 the half dozen, and they are almost always fresh. Oysters are served only in "r" months, for in Sheepshead Bay, you could no more get a bluepoint in August than a quenelle in Little Italy. Steamers come in a broad, deep bowl—you get about 40 of them, with cups of butter and broth, and they are sweet and tender. The fish chowder is creamy and hefty, dense with fish, though the flour thickening is a bit obvious. Not many clams in the red chowder, but it is still hearty food.

Broiled fish is listed in limited variety—bluefish, sole, mackerel, sea bass—but what you get is invariably fresh and usually carefully done. Lobsters are the big item; they are alive until cooked, and they taste fine, though the presence of bread crumbs on the broiled is unfortunate, and overcooking—and toughening—is not rare. Lundy's has broiled millions of chickens in its day, and it has always done it well, delivering the birds charred and moist; but with the tasteless chickens of today, there is little point in the process. In this old-style place soft-shell crabs are still deep-fried—the batter is a bit heavy, but the crabs are fresh, crisp, crinkly. The steaks and lamb chops are okay, accurately cooked and rarely tough, but not the splendid meat Lundy's once sold. Good baked potatoes, in crackling jackets; hashbrowns that are deeply browned and crusty; lyonnaise that are hashbrowns with an abundance of sautéed onions buried among the potatoes.

The ice cream is fair, and the pies are good—the blueberry and apple fillings simple and homey sweets. Dinner for two, around $35. Open Sunday through Thursday noon to 10 P.M., Fridays to 11 P.M., Saturdays to midnight. Closed Mondays. No credit cards.

Jean's (2123 Emmons Avenue, 646-9285) has oilcloth on the tables, it has been here a long time, and the neighborhood people you see eating here are as comfortable as on their own kitchen chairs. At the liquor and clam bars up front, truck drivers, fishing-boat workers, steam fitters, and occasional girl friends crowd around. The place is notable for having two centerpieces—a great espresso machine at the back, which looks as if it were polished hourly, and a hexagonal, glass-walled refrigerator near the front, within which shelves of wine and desserts slowly revolve. The service is prompt, perhaps because overdue waitresses are called to the kitchen over a loudspeaker.

You get terrific scungilli salad here, the chunks of conch firm but not rubbery, the oceanic flavor sharpened by the garlicked oil they are served in and the lemon you squeeze on. The fried squid is almost their equal, the crisped tender meat served with what the house calls "scungilli sauce," a rather raw-tasting red sauce that is vivid against the delicate seafood. The stuffed clams and mussels are fresh and tender under their simple breadings.

Unlike many Italian restaurants, this place prepares red sauces that are distinguishable from one another. The crabmeat fra diavolo is covered with a sauce that is hot with red pepper, and the marinara you can have on pasta is chunky with bits of tomato, and fragrantly herbed. The broiled scallops and shrimp are firm and fresh. But avoid what the menu calls "fillet." It is tasteless, indeterminate fish.

There is little in the way of desserts—ice cream, commercial Italian pastries, and a very solid cheesecake. Complete dinners for two, around $35. Open Sunday through Thursday 12:30 P.M. to 1 A.M., Fridays and Saturdays to 2 A.M. American Express (AE), Carte Blanche (CB), Diners Club (DC), Master Charge (MC), Visa (V).

The name Randazzo is attached to a clam bar, two restaurants, and a fish store. This **Randazzo's** (2127 Emmons Avenue, 769-1000), next door to Jean's, seems to be the flagship. The place is plasticized, gaudy, and cheerful. Italian seafood is the specialty, and the clams, mussels, lobsters, and fish are superbly fresh. For these delights, however, you must suffer the boister-

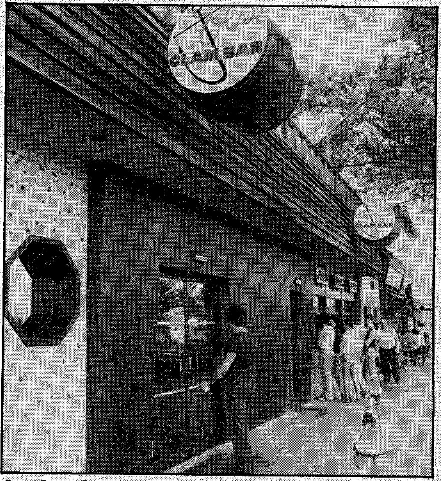
Photographed by Richard Pan

RANDAZZO'S
ITALIAN
CUISINE SEAFOOD

Randazzo's: A gaudy, cheerful place; Italian seafood is the specialty.

El Greco
RESTAURANT

El Greco Diner: In spite of the marble and chandeliers, it's still a diner.



Joe's Clam Bar: What restaurants were till atmosphere was invented.

ous repartee of energetic young men who read the *News* while sucking clams from shells. It is not rare to see a quart of Coke, a fifth of Blue Nun, and several bottles of beer on one table. And no one is limited to a single beverage.

The powerfully garlicked and herbed zuppas of clams and mussels are splendid, the steamed mollusks piled high in their potent, oily broths. There is superb striped bass brodetto, the fish deeply flavored with the clams, mussels, and squid it was cooked with. The steak pizzaiola is of decent meat under thick, pungent red sauce. Randazzo's is not recommended for pasta. Besides ice cream, there is cheesecake for dessert, and it is the fluffiest on the bay. Complete dinners for two, around $35. Open Sunday through Thursday 11:30 A.M. to 12:30 A.M., Fridays and Saturdays to 2 A.M. AE.

The **El Greco Diner** (1821 Emmons Avenue, 934-1288) is where the ladies come after the Mah-Jongg game, sporting hair of every metal, painted-on pantsuits of every pastel. As the place is open 24 hours, it is also where the guys come after poker games that end at sunup, their stubbles clues to how long the cardplaying went on. There is much black-plastic upholstery tufted around brass upholstery tacks. The floor, where it is not carpeted, is a marble-and-terrazzo fantasy. Illumination is provided by five kinds of baroque chandeliers. If you are in a hurry, you eat at the furlong-long counter, behind which are displayed cakes, pies, and pastries of every commercial stripe. If not, wait with the crowd up front, where ambulatory kiddies propel strollers through the legs of seemingly insensitive adults.

The menu lists hundreds of items, but roasts, seafood, and broilings are to be assiduously avoided. The eggs and sandwiches are actually pretty good. You can even ask for and get your scrambled eggs soft, though the bacon comes only hard or limp. Hamburgers are accurately grilled, though of second-rate beef, and the French fries are pulpy. Though the cheesecake is ridiculously heavy, it seems honest by comparison to the tasteless cream pies.

A single egg is 95 cents; two are $1.35. Sandwiches are mostly around $2 or $3. Amazingly popular. An institution. No credit cards.

Of the restaurants on Emmons Avenue, **Joe's Clam Bar** (No. 2009, 646-9375) is the most straightforward, the closest thing to tables, chairs, and no nonsense. Up front the clam bar serves both customers indoors and passersby on the street; the substantial liquor bar is surrounded by enlarged photos and news clippings of Sheepshead Bay in ye olden days. You will get an especial thrill from the old restaurant checks on display, listing 50-cent shrimp cocktails and the like. The oldest checks carry charges for food and drink only—no tax.

The walls of the big back room are decorated with cheery murals of whales. The beams and pillars are of weathered wood. And the ample room is broken up by partitions of fishnetting, sailcloth, and long oars. But these clichés of clambake décor are only gestures, and Joe's is what restaurants were before they invented atmosphere. Accordingly the customers: old Brooklyn families; gents in narrow-lapel jackets and narrow, striped ties; ladies in polka-dot dresses and cardigans in case of drafts. And when young couples start coming to Joe's, the courting is serious. This is where you take a girl you respect.

If you order littlenecks, you get twelve, with a wooden cocktail fork and sparkling cocktail sauce. (Detaching clams from their shells with a wooden fork is impossible.) Or you can have crabmeat, fresh and abundant, with the same sauce. The seafood cocktails border on the pristine, and purists who prefer them with lemon and ground pepper will find they need no further disguise. There is a standard, competently prepared Italian menu, but what distinguishes the place is the excellence of the simple seafood preparations—broiled lobster in which the lobster meat is tender and moist, slightly flavored with the taste of charred shell; broiled fish of many varieties, utterly fresh and carefully cooked. The well-filled fruit pies, cheesecake, and ice creams are all faultless, if never memorable. Complete dinners for two, around $40. Open Monday through Thursday 11 A.M. to midnight, Fridays and Saturdays to 2 A.M., Sundays to 11 P.M. AE, DC, MC, V.

The **Barge** (2912 Emmons Avenue, 646-0200) is the Cadillac of Sheepshead Bay restaurants. The provenance of its engine, however, is something you will have to take up with General Motors. It is the only Bay restaurant that is on a pier, affording a close-up look at boats and water. And the place is decorated in designer colors. And the waiters are in nifty outfits. But the breaded clams and shrimp arreganata are, respectively, tough and soggy, the shrimp cocktail mushy, the broiled halibut neither fresh nor tender, the veal rollatine stuffed with tasteless canned mushrooms. The side dishes of vegetables are steam-table limp, the sides of pasta limper, the baked potatoes seemingly baked for a previous meal. Watery rice pudding is available here, topped with plastic foam. And coffee is served with individual sealed thimbles of Melloream, "a non-dairy product." Slightly stiff service. Dinner for two, around $40. Open Monday through Thursday noon to 11 P.M., Fridays and Saturdays to 2 A.M., Sundays from 1 to 11 P.M. AE, CB, DC, MC, V. **—Seymour Britchky**

> "...The party-boat crewmen wait at the dock entrances. 'Hiya, fellas, comin' out with us today? Blues are really hittin' '..."

(Continued from page 51) has been playing piano in various joints for 70 of his 81 years, renders barrelhouse on a battered upright. He never learned to read music—"but Jeez," he says, "I must know a thousand tunes." He stops for a beer, reminiscing about the old days in Sheepshead Bay—race meetings, boxing matches, cabarets, speakeasies—then ambles back to the piano and breaks into "Oh, You Beautiful Doll." Now and then a drinker stuffs a dollar bill into the glass on the piano; Georgie smiles and keeps on playing.

You keep strolling east, toward the spectral bridge in the distance, and the vacant lots begin to take over. They are overgrown with weeds; crumbling corners of old foundations stick up like the random teeth in a witch's mouth. Here—Millionaires' Row—is where the moneyed built their mansions in the late nineteenth century. And here, legend has it, the shore dinner was invented one day in 1902 when Diamond Jim Brady lumbered into Tappen's and asked for a sampling of the catch of the sea. (For $1.20 he got chowder, oysters, clams, chicken, steak, lobster, potatoes, fresh biscuits, ice cream, pie, and coffee.) You try to banish the asphalt and the fume-belching cars that clog Emmons Avenue for the more congenial image of a cobblestone road filled with horse-drawn carriages and Gibson girls. You gaze across the channel and unbuild the houses of Manhattan Beach, seeing instead the awnings and gables of the opulent Manhattan Beach Hotel and the lavish Oriental. Then you turn back to the vacant lots; the ghosts of the mansions shimmer above the weeds.

What links the Bay's past and present is the commercial fishing fleet, which grew up after the first large boat steamed into the Cove in 1913. Today, more than 50 party boats cluster along the piers: 40-foot retired rumrunners of Prohibition vintage; sleek 130-footers with twin decks, tackle shop, and snack bar; and plenty of sizes and vintages in between. All will take passengers out to where the fish are for a modest fee ($12 to $20, including bait).

Show up at the docks some afternoon around three, when the boats come in, and you can pick your favorite and talk to the crew, the captain, *and* the departing passengers, many of whom will be lugging quantities of fish in a variety of odd containers, from plastic buckets to gunnysacks.

Most of the boats will supply tackle—the basic rod and reel plus hooks, sinkers, and leaders—either free or for a small fee, rarely more than $2. If you prefer to own your own tackle, Mike's Tackle Shop, 2201 Emmons Avenue, carries a wide selection of rods and reels, as well as jugs, lures, dried and live bait, hats, boots, foul-weather gear, tackle boxes, and anything else that can possibly be of use to fishermen. There's also a tackle shop at Stella Maris Fishing Station, No. 2702, which rents dock space and sells gasoline, ice, ropes, and anchors. Both stores are valuable sources of information on fishing conditions, catches, and the best bait to use.

All of the party boats operate year round; their departure times and quarry vary with the seasons. In late summer, the big boats travel eight to ten miles offshore for bluefish, while the smaller boats fish for fluke (summer flounder), porgy, and blackfish closer in. The bluefish boats rarely leave later than six in the morning, since—at least in early summer—they may have to travel for more than three hours to locate the fish. Fluke and porgy boats, having less distance to cover, leave at more reasonable hours—seven and eight o'clock. In summer, the bluefish boats also make runs every night at seven o'clock. If you've chosen a small boat, you'd better take along food and drink.

At the pier, at five o'clock one recent morning, the oblique bronze rays of the sun turned everything red-orange and put halos around the rods standing like sentries along the boat railings. Crewmen waited at the dock entrances, delivering their patter like sideshow barkers. "Hiya, fellas, comin' out with us today? Blues are really hittin'; we've been killin' 'em all week. Need tackle? Just go inside to the counter and the man will take care of you." Before I knew it, I was down the gangplank of the *Ranger V* and standing in line for a rod and reel, then back outside, choosing my spot at the amidships railing. Nobody seemed to want the bow.

When the engines thrummed through the steel hull and we pulled out into the channel with a single piercing blast from the whistle, we day fishermen (there were few fisherwomen) fell briefly silent. But as we chugged past the shadow of the Marine Parkway Bridge and headed outward, we fell into an easy camaraderie.

"I'm in the sun, out on the ocean, and it drains away tension," said the angler on my right, an accountant. "The job is boring *and* tense. This is how I get away from it."

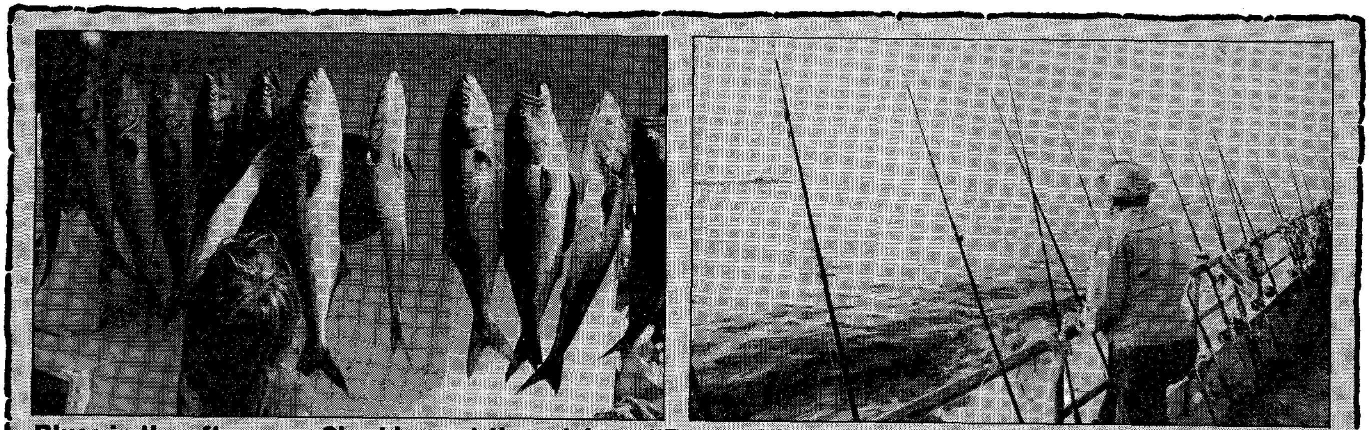
A group of eighteen or twenty beefy guys, friends from a Queens tavern, had brought along their own personal bookie, who was there to keep an eye on them and earn back expenses at small-stakes poker. They had also brought along a couple of cases of beer. About 5:30 A.M. they started drinking, grinning like school kids as they tossed the empties into the swell.

Inside the cockpit on the upper deck, Captain Mike Scarpati Jr. scanned the horizon through a battered pair of navy binoculars. "We'll have to go out three, four hours," he said. "The fish are far away." He said his *Ranger*—135 feet, two decks, snack bar, tackle shop—is the largest commercial party boat of its kind in the country, worth $800,000. He is, like many Sheepshead Bay captains, a second-generation skipper.

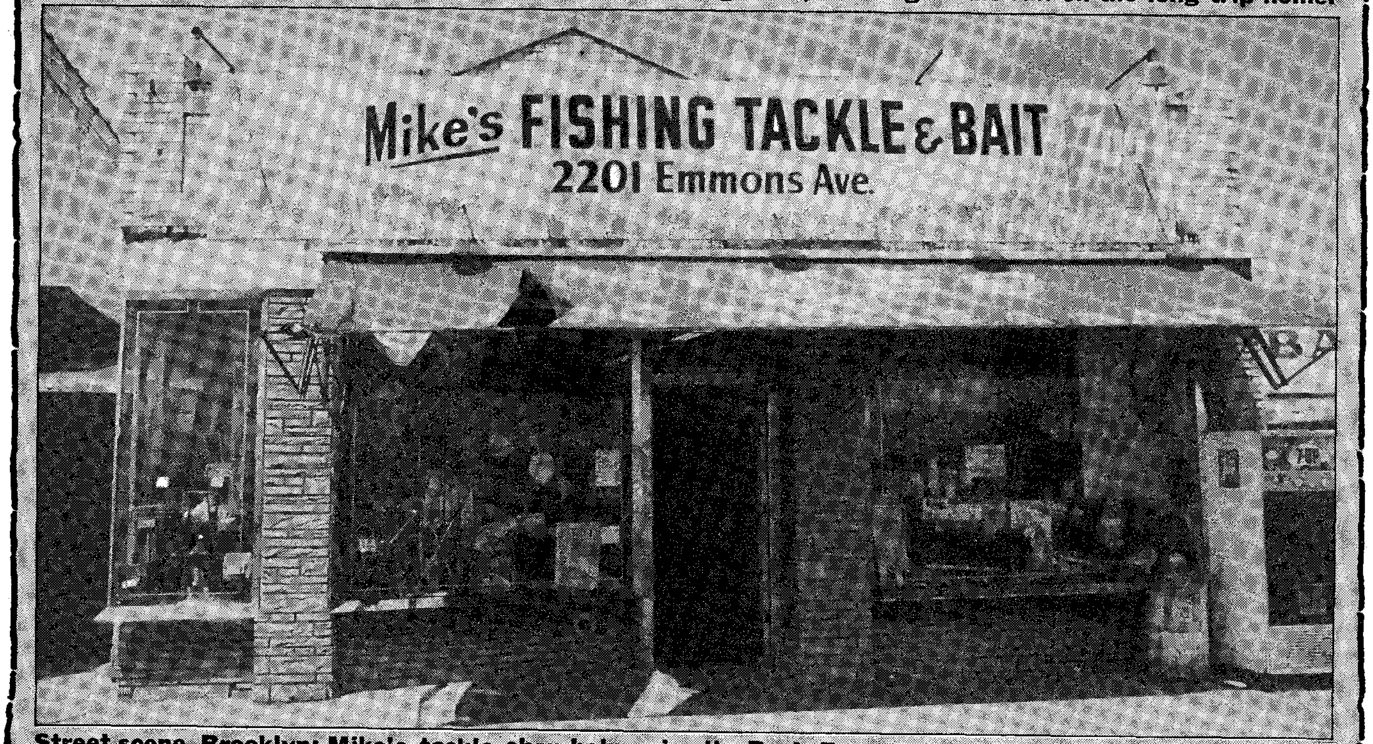
A grizzled, craggy-mouthed, beer-bellied old man stormed onto the bridge. "What's going on here?" he wheezed. "How come the oil cap's so tight on the engine? It'll burn out. Damn—you leave the boat alone for a month and she's already going to hell." The captain turned his eyes heavenward. This was his father, Mike Sr., who has fished out of Sheepshead Bay for 49 years. He is now semi-retired and rides to the fishing grounds only a couple of times a month. But staying at home makes him restless.

"Years ago," he told me, scratching the white stubble on his jowls, "you never saw boats like this. At most they were 50-, 60-footers. *Ranger I,* my first boat, was a converted bomb-target boat I picked up as surplus. Today, you can't survive without volume—costs are too high, and the fish are getting harder to find, mainly because of pollution and the foreign boats. A lot of guys are barely making ends meet."

It took three and a half rather dull hours to get to the fishing ground, about ten miles off the New Jersey coast, south of Asbury Park. We sailed so far because it was the beginning of the bluefish season (which runs through October), and the fish were still spotty. As the passengers began baiting their hooks with four-inch-long minnows, Captain Mike maneuvered the *Ranger* in among other boats. A single blast of the whistle and we all got our hooks into the water. On the current side of



Blues in the afternoon: Checking out the catch on "Ranger V"; relaxing at the rail on the long trip home.



Street scene, Brooklyn: Mike's tackle shop helps give the Bay's Emmons Avenue the look of a classic quay.

the boat, a crewman tossed giant scoops of chum—ground-up menhaden and herring—to attract the fish.

Within a couple of minutes the first fish started hitting, bending rods, pulling the fishermen from one end of the boat to another. Lines tangled; people started yelling advice on how to bring the blues in. "Fish on!" someone shouted, and a rubber-booted crewman appeared, wielding a gaff—a three-inch-long barbless hook on a long bamboo pole. As the fish was lifted close to the rail, the crewman gaffed it and brought it onto the deck, where it lay, its aquamarine-blue back contrasting with its silver sides, its angry tail slapping the iron plates. Then another strike at the opposite end of the boat. The fish—seven-or-eight-pounders—put up a tremendous fight.

"They're out there, fellas!" Captain Mike Sr. shouted from the upper deck. "That's it—bring the line around. Easy, now. Bring him closer in. Not too close! You'll snap the line!"

As abruptly as it began, the run of blues stopped. After the first 45 minutes, there was only an occasional strike. About half the boat's 100-odd fishermen went home empty-handed.

The Queens contingent broke out the cards again. Astern, the crew brought out a balance scale and half a dozen portable cutting boards. The catcher of the biggest fish—a nice eleven-pounder—was awarded the $84 sweepstakes (42 passengers had chipped in $2 apiece on the trip out). At the cutting boards, crewmen cleaned fish for tips—generally a couple of dollars. The gulls wheeled in the air behind us, looking for a free meal of fish guts.

On the trip back, most of the fishermen dozed; a few talked quietly and drank the last of the beer. On a bench by the railing, a father sheltered his two sleeping kids under his arms. Astern, the air was clear, the water blue as a delft plate. Ahead, near the city, the sea was leaden gray, the air thick with pollution.

As we pulled into the Cove, Captain Mike let go with a half dozen mighty blasts of the whistle, heralding our good fortune on the fishing grounds. A few hundred onlookers crowded the pier, admiring the crew's catch, which hung from the upper deck and was for sale. Other boats were nosing into their berths, whistling their own success.

By 4:30 in the afternoon, Captain Walter's was wall-to-wall fishermen. Outside, strollers wandered up and down the quayside, going from pier to pier to look over each incoming catch. In a few hours the sky would darken, the neon lobster outside Randazzo's restaurant would light up, the comics would try for laughs at Pip's, the kids would start lining up at the roller rink, and the boats would sleep silently at their moorings, as they have for almost 100 years. Sheepshead Bay goes on and on.

Photographed by Richard Pan

BEST BETS

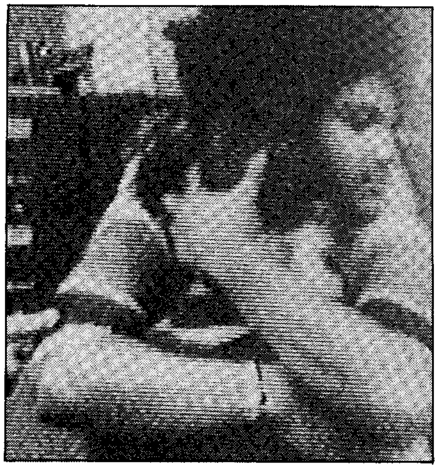
Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

May the Force Be With You

The police tapes that ABC producer Pam Hill won from Channel 13 run for only an hour. That isn't nearly enough. They follow the cops of the 44th Precinct in the South Bronx (which has the highest crime rate in New York) during April, May, and June of 1976. Thieves, malicious neighbors, gang-warriors, a mother smashing her daughter in the face with an ax—such are the creatures they and their articulate chief, Tony Bouza, do business with. Devastating.

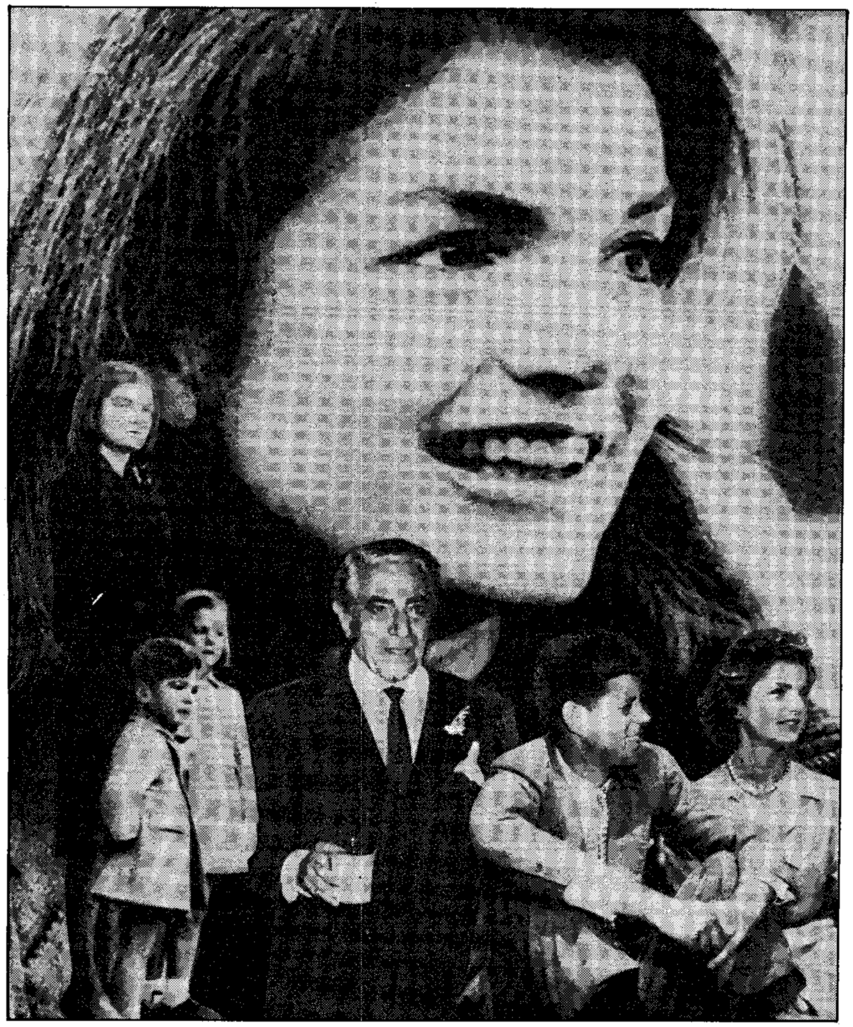
THE POLICE TAPES/*August 17 at 10 p.m./ABC*



Lady in a Cage

We knew about the marriage contract, the Beales, and the Manchester affair. But we didn't know about the plane trip home from Acapulco, whereon Onassis rewrote his will. Or the Bouviers' embroidered family tree. Or the war her parents waged. Or the tenderness with which Hugh D. Auchincloss held her in bed the night JFK died. The season's first biography of Jackie O is by Stephen Birmingham, and we do know what a storyteller *he* is.

JACQUELINE BOUVIER KENNEDY ONASSIS/*By Stephen Birmingham/Grosset & Dunlap $12.95*



The Box Stops Here

The houseguest most likely to be invited again heads for the hills and the Hamptons via SoHo, where Dean & DeLuca will put together a personalized goody box to go. Name your fancy, name your price. Giorgio DeLuca will stuff a wooden cheese crate to please a host with a sweet tooth, your dieting cousin, an incurable vegetarian, sybarites with a hangover. Asked to assemble an offering for Lauren Bacall, DeLuca came up with a $30 breakfast: one pound of Scotch salmon; clementine preserves; croissants, scones, and Swiss peasant rolls; creamy petit-Suisse, a bit of goat cheese, and some golden farmhouse cheddar; Australian bluebell honey; hu-kwa tea; a pound of the house coffee; and half a dozen quail eggs. For a princely wedding gift, he might pack a handsome Melior coffee maker, double-demitasse cups and saucers, three pounds of coffee, an applewood-smoked chicken on a bed of giant wild rice nesting in a copper cocotte, a heavy twelve-inch copper sauté pan heaped with dried cepes, a tin of Red Bear copper cleaner, and a porcelain serving spoon—packed into a copper-rimmed wooden cheese box ($275). **—Gael Greene**

DEAN & DELUCA/*121 Prince Street*

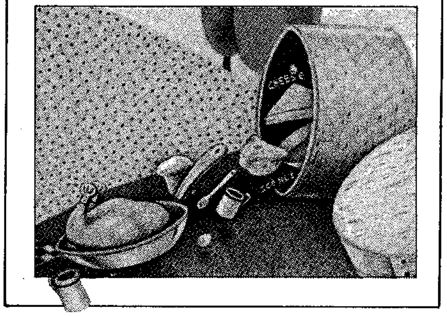
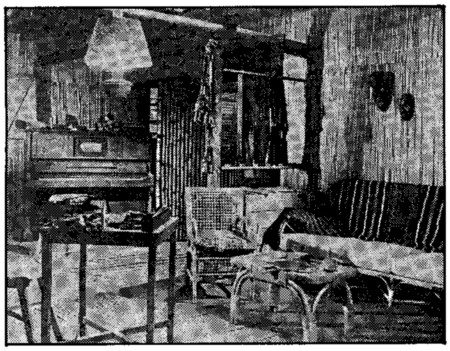
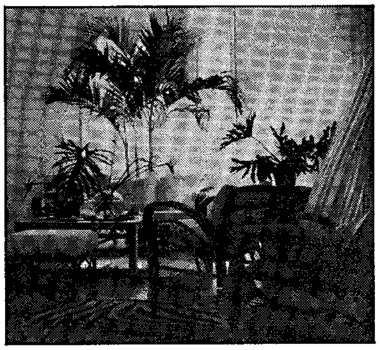


Illustration: bottom right, Dave Calver

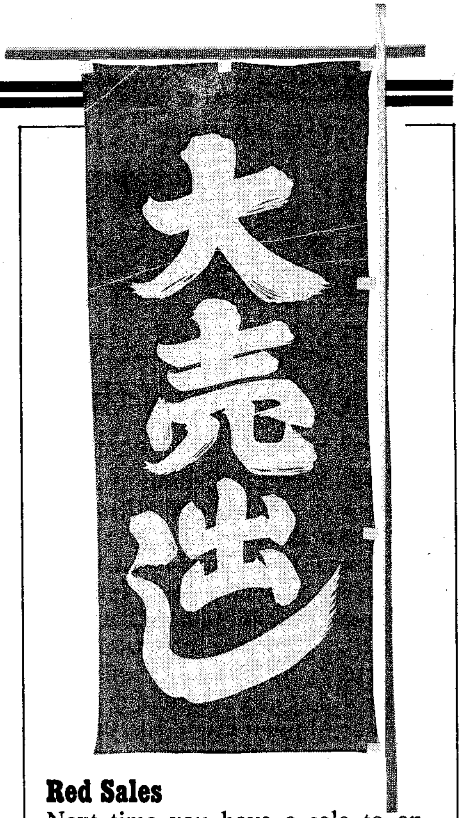




Interiors

"Movie sets have always been splendid. Our standard response was always to celebrate them but keep them in the can." So says Cooper-Hewitt's Richard Oliver, whose new show juxtaposes movie sets with thirties and forties rooms adapted from them. "We're not ridiculing this opulence," he says, whipping through sets from *Carefree, Salome,* and *Grand Hotel.* "We found there was no chasm between modernity and tradition; the movies blended it all." He smiles at the Deco tree house in *Our Blushing Brides,* the soda shop in *Good News,* the rooftop in *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* He compares a set from *Mogambo* (left) with an Angelo Donghia house in Key West (right). "Angelo admits the influence," he says. "Most designers do not." These are the designers who did the Rumba Room in New York and the ladies' lounge in a Houston hotel, the Flushing Meadows Terrace Club and ever so many flouncy bedrooms—the reel stuff inspiring the real stuff. "This is not a nostalgia show about nice old movie sets," says Oliver. "It is to force people to look at movie sets as a design source."

FORM FOLLOWS FILM/*August 15–October 7/Cooper-Hewitt Museum*



Red Sales

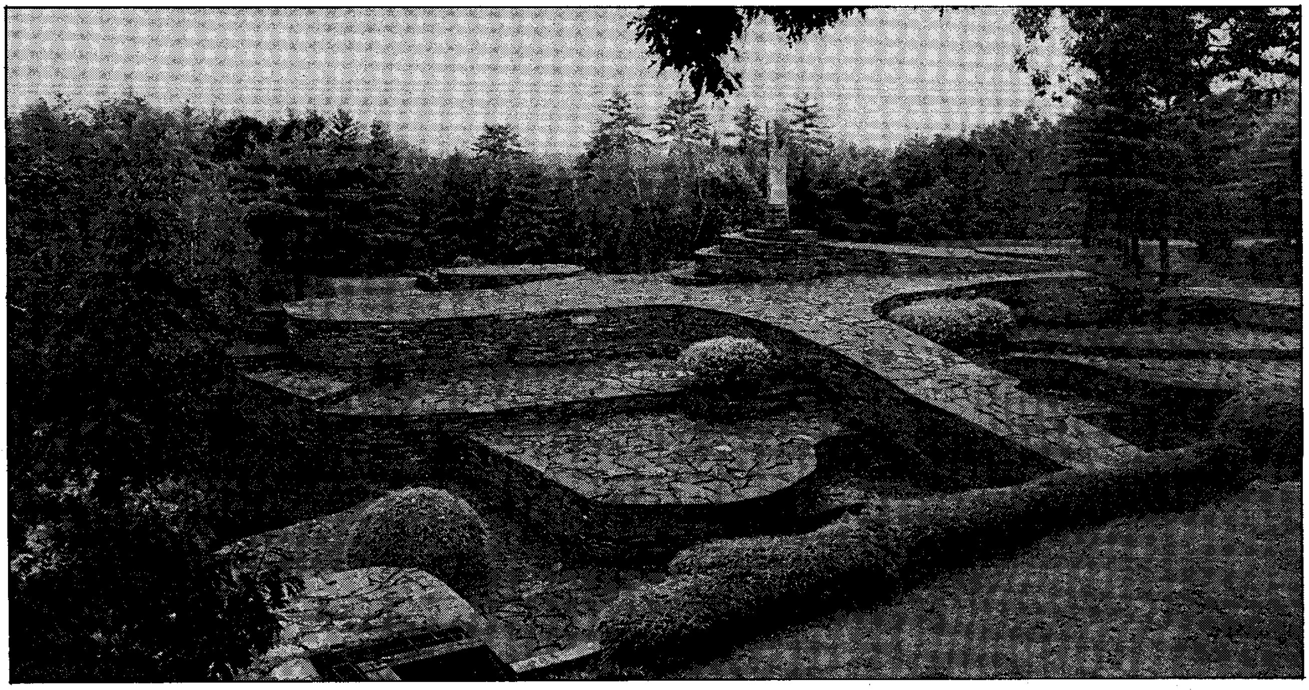
Next time you have a sale to announce in Japanese, announce it with this white-on-red cotton banner ($25), which says BIG SALE.

OF ALL THINGS/*900 First Avenue, near 51st Street/752-3628*

Fite, the Good Fite

When artist Harvey Fite started carving out an abandoned bluestone quarry in the Catskills—it was a nineteenth-century source of curb and paving stones for New York City streets—he expected the project to take him 40 years. The work didn't get finished, but he did. In 1976, after only 37 years, the poor fellow fell; his tractor fell on top of him. But *Opus 40* stands. It is a stone world of steps, pools, pathways, and terraces carved by one man with simple tools. It covers six acres. It is awesome. And it is open to the public only a few days a year. The last two are September 3 and 24, from noon to 5 P.M.

OPUS 40/*High Woods, Saugerties, New York/(914) 246-3400/Take New York State Thruway north to Exit 20*



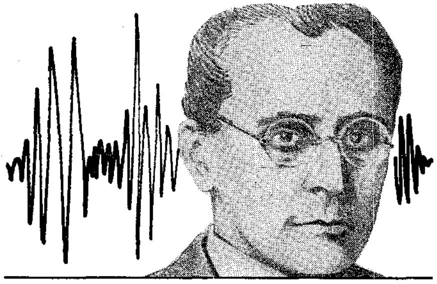
Photos: top left, Alfred Junge Collection; top right, Bob Ghiraldini; bottom, Richard Pan

Records / Alan Rich

THE AVANT-GARDE: A RANDOM DISCOGRAPHY

"... People are always asking for suggestions for getting into new music; perhaps this scattershot listing will be of some help ..."

Oxford University Press has just brought out *A Concise History of Avant-Garde Music,* a handy and valuable volume that should satisfy anyone who is, or wants to be, interested in the subject. The author, Paul Griffiths, writes regularly for several London publications. His book, which runs a mere 216 pages (including index) omits many important names, especially such well-known Americans as George Crumb and Charles Wuorinen. What Griffiths has done, however, and admirably, is to set forth in clear and simple language what it means to a composer to aim for far horizons, and I know of no book that does so with greater insight. Eric Salzman's *Twentieth-Century Music: An Introduction* (Prentice-Hall) comes close, but the latest edition is now four years old. Four years can witness a lot of change.

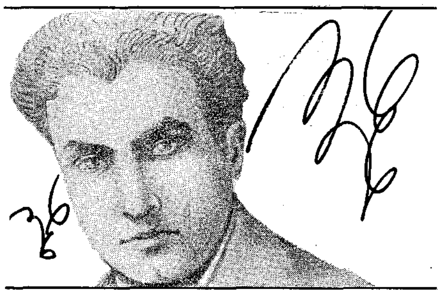


The Griffiths book lacks a discography. That omission, though serious, is understandable. Records of new music don't stay around very long. Many are produced by small companies, which tend to go broke. Others appear on big labels and become discontinued the minute someone starts looking at sales figures. When Goddard Lieberson was in his prime at Columbia, the company produced an impressive new-music series which, Lieberson liked to say, was underwritten by the profits from Kostelanetz records. But nobody in the big companies thinks that way anymore, and so most of Lieberson's great recordings—along with such things as an excellent avant-garde series that Deutsche Grammophon produced a few years ago in cooperation with the Acoustic Research loudspeaker people —have disappeared. And when a record of difficult new music is discontinued, your chances for finding a copy in a store are extremely slim, because dealers are afraid to stock the stuff in the first place. Today, the only medium-sized companies that pay any attention to new music are Nonesuch, whose enterprise in all fields is beyond question, and CRI (Composers Recordings, Inc.), another brave firm that has held on, against all odds, for nearly 25 years.

I cannot, in this space, supply anything like a representative sampling of new musical ideas on disc. But people do ask me how to get into new music and, for them, perhaps this scattershot listing may be of some value. Everything on the list was still in print at the time of writing; tomorrow, of course, could be another story. Everything that I've chosen represents music that gives me personal pleasure.

The cornerstone of any collection of new music ought to be the five-record Deutsche Grammophon album (2720029) that includes the entire string quartet output of the Viennese atonal school: the five quartets of **Arnold Schönberg,** the Lyric Suite and Opus 3 Quartet of **Alban Berg,** and the four brief works by **Anton Webern**—all in stunning performances by the LaSalle Quartet, with Margaret Price the soprano soloist in the Schönberg Quartet No. 2. The eleven works cover the years 1897–1938; they trace, like the chart of an electrocardiograph, the heartbeat of a musical world thrown into turmoil by the horizons revealed in *Tristan,* by Schönberg's titanic ordering of the new chaos in his last two quartets, and by the exquisite refinement of Schönberg's principles in the Opus 28 Quartet of Webern.

The implications of this music went beyond the twelve-tone principles that Schönberg formulated in the mid-1920s. Composers not immediately within the twelve-tone orbit also shared some of Schönberg's sense that music, cut free of its ties to traditional harmony, could still maintain a sense of structure that engaged the listener's memory on a subconscious level. Such a work as the *Arcana* of **Edgard Varèse,** created in 1925, has nothing overtly to do with Viennese atonality. Yet, in its tense inner structuring, its obsession with a convoluted repeating fragment which the composer may or may not have wanted us to hear, this very French piece shares some of the Viennese outlook. It does that, and mingles with it Varèse's own incredible palette of tone color. On Columbia M 34552 there is a stunning performance by the New York Philharmonic under Pierre Boulez; the record also includes two other Varèse works: the popular *Ionisation* for percussion and the noisy, minor *Amériques.* Boulez's astounding ear for orchestral balances makes this another essential record.



Webern and Varèse reigned as a dual force through the 1950s, casting long shadows over an American generation reaching maturity in that decade: the elegant, rigid ordering of sounds (even of silences) of the late Webern, the use of sound as both a structural and a spiritual essence explored by Varèse. Whatever may be your gut reaction to the music of postwar progressive Americans, the sense of order and the rich variety of sound cannot easily be denied. On Nonesuch H-71300 are two exceptionally powerful pieces from our own decade: the *Notturno* of **Donald Martino** and **Charles Wuorinen**'s *Speculum Speculi.* Both works are scored for small ensembles heavy on percussion; both are the work of marvelously adept manipulators of terse, fragmentary ideas whose very coming together gives the music an onward momentum that at times—notably in the final pages of the Wuorinen—I find irresistible. Both works are played by Speculum Musicae, that extraordinary assemblage of New York free-lance musicians that sails through challenging new scores like a piano student through Diller-Quaile.

Drawings of Webern and Varèse by Bernard Bonhomme

Electronic music was born in German radio studios in the mid-1950s, and reached these shores shortly thereafter. To the composer struggling for recognition against hostile managements and inept performers, the idea of creating music directly onto tape had to be tempting. At a time when concern with inner structural organization ran high, the idea of electronic control must also have been tempting. The sound possibilities suggested by the new medium were, of course, fantastic.

The first important American electronic center was set up by Columbia, Princeton, and RCA on the Upper West Side. Much of the early music was mere alphabet stuff, trying out a new language and exploring both its inventions and its clichés. On CRI SD 268, celebrating the tenth anniversary of the center, there is some of both: self-conscious try-out pieces by **Otto Luening** and **Vladimir Ussachevsky** (who have always been especially adept at jumping onto bandwagons), an imaginative electronic reworking by Varèse of his *Déserts,* and **Milton Babbitt's** marvelous *Vision and Prayer* for soprano and tape, one of the early assertions of the expressive potential possible with the new sounds. This two-record album is, in fact, a celebration of potential—much of it, alas, still to be realized in an age when sound synthesizers are being used as toys.

Some promising work with electronic devices continues—not only in the development of synthesized sound and in the use of circuitry to expand the sounds of live instruments, but also in the use of computer technology as the handmaiden of the composer in creating and working out music in all media. **Loren Rush**, a Californian now working at the Center for Computer Research in Music and Acoustics at Stanford, has been involved with computer music in ways that I cannot pretend to understand. What *is* understandable, however, is that all of Rush's music that I've heard is distinguished by enormous vitality, a great deal of genuine wit, and his talent for creating marvelous, glistening sounds. On Serenus SRS 12070 the gifted Dwight Peltzer plays some of Rush's piano music—music for keyboard straight or amplified, along with computer-generated taped sounds. This is a record I find quite lovable.

In his genial program notes, Rush points out the importance of some of his music as a kind of theater. That way of thinking—to work in terms of the visual as well as the aural aspect of a performance as part of a single experience—goes back to Wagner, of course. **Eric Salzman**'s *Nude Paper*

Below ground burial.

People are disturbed by it. Yet they won't talk about it.

Not even to their spouses.

It's a difficult burden to carry.

A needless burden.

The Sanctuary of Abraham and Sarah was constructed so that above ground burial could be put within the means of anyone who is disturbed by burial in the earth. In fact, the costs are generally less than below ground burial.

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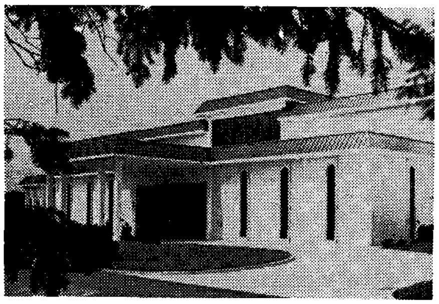

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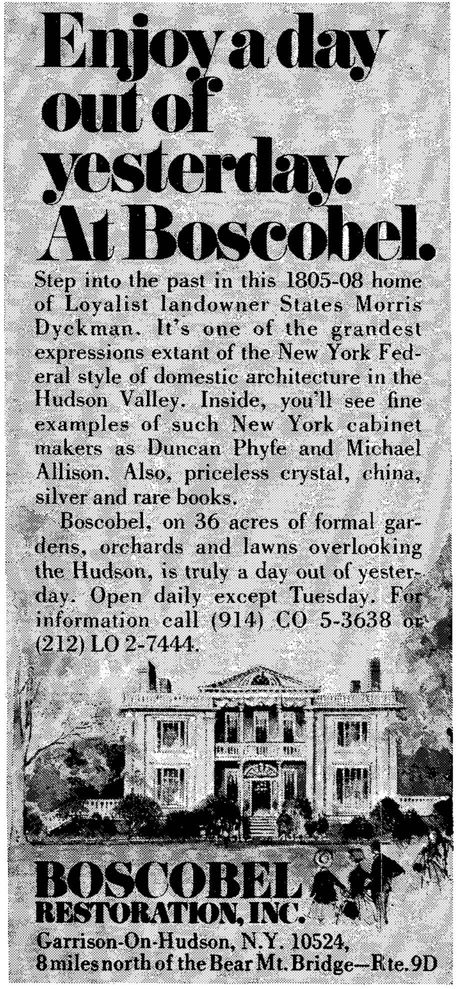
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Sermon (Nonesuch H-71231) is a brilliant latter-day example of this kind of theatrical thinking applied to a purely musical phenomenon. Statistically, the piece—composed in 1968–69—is a purposeful mishmash: a text for singers from poems of John Ashbery, an actor's text by Steven Wade, some babble, a conglomeration of ancient and modern instruments, people running around, and funny props. Yet, it works even on the recording; the sheer delirious imaginativeness is highly infectious. Salzman has gone on from this frankly experimental piece; he now heads a musical-theatrical company called Quog, which performs around town.

On still another Nonesuch record (H-71255) is one of the most successful of new progressive works, **George Crumb**'s *Ancient Voices of Children,* an exquisite setting of García Lorca poems for soprano (Jan DeGaetani), boy soprano (Michael Dash), and a chamber ensemble (conducted by Arthur Weisberg) that includes everything from musical saw to a set of Tibetan prayer stones. The power of this music—most of which operates at the edge of silence—to stop the listener's breath has been proved wherever it is performed; yet, it is one of the new masterpieces ideally suited for quiet home listening.

Out of space, and nowhere near the end. I wanted to mention **Elliott Carter**'s Brass Quintet of 1974 (Columbia 34137) as a marvelous example of progressive style in the hands of an older man who brings to his music qualities of both erudition and spirituality, and who therefore seems to get younger with every piece. I wanted to mention the 1972 String Quartet by the very young **Tison Street** (CRI SD 305) as another superb example of a younger man's managing of relatively staid musical values in a brief work of exceptional vitality. But this random sampling can, at least, get you started.

The Rhymes They Are A-Changin'

From a critical standpoint, one of the most fascinating and puzzling things about **Bob Dylan**'s music over the years has been the dramatic shifts in quality, from the genuinely brilliant and timeless to the, well, downright embarrassing. It hardly seems possible that the same person responsible for *Highway 61,* or even *Blood on the Tracks,* could also have perpetrated *Planet Waves* or *Self-Portrait.* Could be, of course, that Dylan was just testing his audience; that he had the confidence, even the arrogance, to give it less than his best, as if to set it up for the genuine triumphs. His was a singular power. He could cause us to mistrust our own instincts. How often would we listen over and over to a Dylan song we hated, thinking that maybe he was telling us something that we weren't quite ready to understand. And lately he's been the consummate showman, charming the crowds, exchanging the whiteface and mystery for flashy stage costumes.

Street Legal (Columbia JC 35453) is sophisticated seduction. It's purpose is clear, like that of a woman who dresses just tastefully enough to avoid being blatant, who memorizes enough interesting conversational gambits to avoid being obvious. The backup trio of female singers is just gospel-like enough to be respectable, and there are enough of Dylan's free-associative images to be mysterious. But when he gets down to singing about real life, when the love songs croon "Can you cook and sew?" or "Can you understand my pain?" we're witnessing just another abuse of power.

It would be hard to avoid (but not a bad idea to try) most of the past year's hot new musical trend, namely jazz-rock fusion. Most of it, of course, is neither jazz nor rock. If stylistically related to anything, it would be made-for-TV-movie theme music. And when an established, respected rocker like **Ry Cooder** released an album called *Jazz* (Warner Bros. BSK 3197), suspicion was a natural response. But the album is a genuine, lively anthology of pre-1930 American music, and includes songs written by Jelly Roll Morton, Bix Beiderbecke, and Jack the Bear. And like the albums of Taj Mahal (once a partner of Cooder's), the re-creations are neither stuffy nor didactic. What's more, the songs provide a fascinating lesson in the Caribbean and Latin influences on our characteristically American musical form.

Through the early seventies, **John Prine** had to live with being called the next Bob Dylan. It gave his songs a sharp, cynical edge and caused him to find that "there's a thin line between *Billboard* and Bellevue." Somehow he survived—and prevailed. On *Bruised Orange* (Asylum 6E-139), songs like "Sabu Visits the Twin Cities Alone," and "Fish and Whistle," and "Iron Ore Betty," display a good-natured humor that's a pure delight.—**Tom Bentkowski**

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Kitchen things—Zabar's is having a large summer sale on edibles and kitchen appliances. Hobart Kitchenaid K5A mixers, with attachments including a dough hook, list $240, now $159.95; Braun MP50 juice extractors, list $70, now $49.95; Vita Mix 3600 juicers, list $240, now $169.95; Bosch ten-cup coffee-or-tea makers, list $59.95, now $29.95; Bosch adjustable coffee mills, list $29.95, now $14.95; 1-lb. cans of Melitta gold-label coffee, were $4.98, now $3.59; various Zabar's ground-to-order coffees, were $3.98 a lb., now $3.25; Otagiri glazed-pottery coffee mugs, were $2.98 each, now $1.69; Pavoni chrome espresso-and-cappuccino machines, list $298, now $159.95; 10-oz. tins of Icelandic Waters brook trout, were $2.59, now $1.19; fancy tins containing 1 lb. of Lazzaroni Amaretti macaroons, were $5.98, now $4.95; 18-in. stainless-steel fish poachers, were $34.95, now $19.95; 13-oz. jars of Bonne Maman French preserves, now $1.19–$1.69; French Brie, was $3.49 a lb., now $2.79; Danish cream havarti, was $3.29 a lb., now $2.39; French Tournus couscous pot, list $25, now $14.95. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible; shipping available. *Zabar's, 2245 Broadway, near 80th St. (787-2003); Mon.–Thurs. 8 a.m.–7:30 p.m., Fri. till 10 p.m., Sat. till midnight, Sun. 9 a.m.–7:30 p.m.; through 9/17.*

Triple sale—Three charming stores, all under the same ownership, are having simultaneous sales. At Bobby Dazzler, summer and fall pants for men, in sizes 29–38, including British, French, and Italian imports, are being marked down: all summer pants, were $29–$42, now $19; gabardine pants, were $69, now $49; New Man straight-leg corduroy pants, were $52, now $39; pleated wool pants, were $55, now $29. Also, New Man cotton shirts, were $38, now $28. Next door, at My Rich Uncle Henry, canvas plumbers' bags in many colors are on sale, were $25 and $28, now $20 and $21; all umbrellas (most were around $18.95), now 25 percent off; quilted floral place mats, were $3.50–$4, now $2.50–$3. Next door to Henry is Blades, with clothing for women in sizes 4–14. Everything in the store, much of it imported and pre-fall merchandise, is selling at 20 percent off. Georges Rech dresses, with pleated skirts, were $166, now $125; Georges Rech skirts, were $115, now $89; velvet pants, were $65, now $52; thin-wale corduroy pants, were $49.50, now $39.50; medium-wale, were $55, now $44; Mic Mac tops, were $49, now $39; all-wool blazers, were $185, now $148; cable-knit wool-and-angora sweaters, were $38–$45, now $28–$36; and more. No alterations on sale merchandise. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Bobby Dazzler, 1450 Second Ave. (628-2287); My Rich Uncle Henry, 1452 Second Ave. (628-1516); Blades, 1452 Second Ave. (734-6666); all three stores are near 76th St.; Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 10:30 a.m.–7 p.m., Thurs. till 9:30 p.m.; through 8/28.*

Furniture—Conran's, at Citicorp Center, is having a furniture sale. Most is 20 percent or more off, including: one overstuffed, queen-size Bulldog convertible sofa, was $799, now $639; one velvet chesterfield sofa, was $776, now $621. Bolivar cotton-velour furniture, in camel color only, limited quantities: three-seater sofas, were $471, now $299; love seats, were $345, now $199; armchairs, were $230, now $150. Quarto drop-leaf dining tables, of black-stained oak and with chromed-steel legs, were $280, now $180; Clipper pine dining tables, unassembled, were $189.95, now $110. Also unassembled are round 42-in. dining tables of black lacquered ash and beech, were $160, now $99; black upholstered dining chairs, were $69, now $49; large rattan armchairs, were $215, now $135; rattan side chairs, were $189, now $99. Other items included in the sale are fabric-covered desk accessories, were $4.50–$8.25, now $3.25–$5.95; Highland stoneware, was $3.25–$27.25, now $2.25–$18.95; some covered casseroles of earthenware, were $3.95–$6.50, now $2.95–$5.50; all-cotton furnishings fabric, 48 in. wide, was $6.25 a yd., now $4.25; spongeable wallpaper, French cane print, 21 in. by 11 yd., was $4.95, now $2.95. Check the clearance corner for additional furniture bargains. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Conran's, 160 East 54th St. (371-2225); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–9 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.; through 8/21.* ■

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

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Movies / David Denby

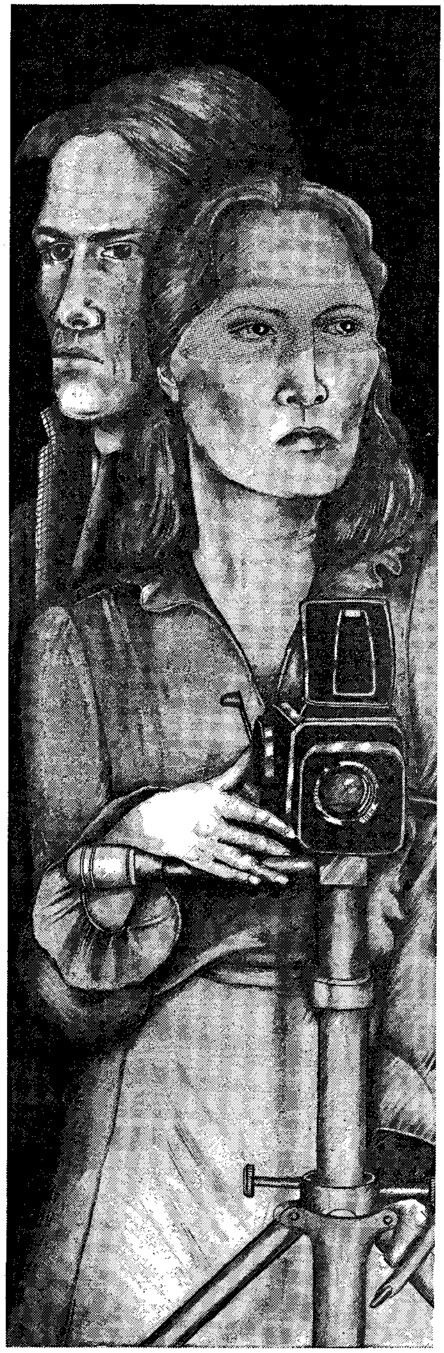
A NAY FOR THE 'EYES'

"... *Eyes of Laura Mars* is ludicrous, but it has a pure-Hollywood vision of the glamorous high life of New York's fashion world ..."

When Nazi war-criminal Laurence Olivier tortured Dustin Hoffman with a dentist's drill in *Marathon Man,* I thought that was as far as big-budget Hollywood movies would go in hitting the audience where it lives. But now here's another horror thriller that gets us clutching defensively at our vital parts, the bizarrely audience-punishing **Eyes of Laura Mars,** directed by Irvin Kershner and produced by the budding show-biz mogul (i.e., menace) Jon Peters. *Eyes* is about a high-powered New York fashion photographer (Faye Dunaway) whose kinky, mock-S-and-M pictures—for instance, ads for perfume with kneeling girls in black lace attended by fierce-looking dogs—are driving a madman killer into frenzies. Convinced that the ads are evil, he's knocking off Laura's models, friends, and associates, and he probably means to kill Laura herself. His weapon? An ice pick plunged into the victim's eye. On several occasions we see this in close-up.

It's too easy to work up a sweat of indignation over movie violence, so instead I'll pose the issue in grossly practical terms: Who could possibly be turned on by dentists' drills and ice picks? Is there an audience of happily punctured moviegoers out there I don't know about? In defense, the filmmakers may well point to the famous eyeball-slashing sequence in the Buñuel/Dali 1928 surrealist classic *Un Chien Andalou,* though it's clear Buñuel and Dali were trying to change our entire attitude toward reality and not just to terrify us (which indeed they did).

The filmmakers might also say that eye mutilation is part of the movie's elaborate metaphorical scheme involving eyes, seeing, and vision. The heroine, who has published a book of photographs called *Eyes of Laura Mars,* stares and stares in terror (Dunaway's lids look like they've been glued back with epoxy). She is also endowed with a strange psychic power—she "sees" (in her head) exactly what the murderer sees as he is about to strike. An interesting and scary idea, but it turns out to be no more than a gimmick. Screenwriters John Carpenter and David Zelag Goodman never connect Laura's powers to anything else in the movie; her visions don't even provide a clue to the murderer's identity, so I finally concluded that their only function was to keep Dunaway's frenzied reactions to the killings firmly in view. More terror, more staring. Like some other recent movies (*Damien: Omen II* and *Foul Play*), *Eyes of Laura Mars* generates scares without suspense. And like these movies, it's awfully predictable: You always know, for instance, that the amorous New York detective (Tommy Lee Jones) will never be around when Laura needs him.



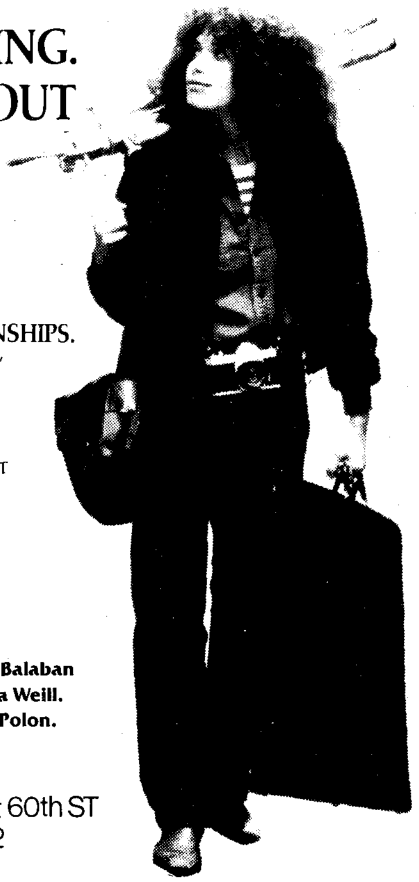
Carpenter and Goodman want to make a moral statement of some sort, so they raise the possibility that Laura's "eyes"—that is, her professional skill—might be inciting violence, but then they smoothly deny it. "I've seen moral, spiritual, and emotional murder," Laura declares hotly. "I can't stop it, but at least I can call attention to it." Yeah, that's what they all say. The filmmakers probably think they are performing a public service by calling attention to the ice-pick murderers among us.

Eyes of Laura Mars is ludicrous, but at least it isn't dead. The movie has style and flash, and a pure-Hollywood vision of the glamorous high life of New York's fashion world. Ah, the whirl of bitchy, bright people (i.e., homosexuals), the parties, the big money. . . . The movie's gleaming chrome-and-glass sets (designed by Gene Callahan) are a classic fantasy of Manhattan as soulless power.

In a scene sure to draw laughs in New York, Dunaway arrives in a limousine for a show of her pictures in SoHo, and she's mobbed by crowds of onlookers, photographers, and reporters. All this fuss over a photography show in *SoHo?* Entering the gallery, which is designed like a discotheque and is almost as big as the old Penn Station, Dunaway receives the adulation of *le tout New-York* and without a flicker of expression casually shakes hands with a dwarf in a tuxedo. Apparently, well-dressed dwarfs are a regular feature of your New York fashion world. This should make people in Des Moines feel terribly knowing.

The director, Irvin Kershner, who has seen better days *(Loving),* has been telling people that the movie's absurdities are intentional, a way of camping

Illustration by Sue Coe



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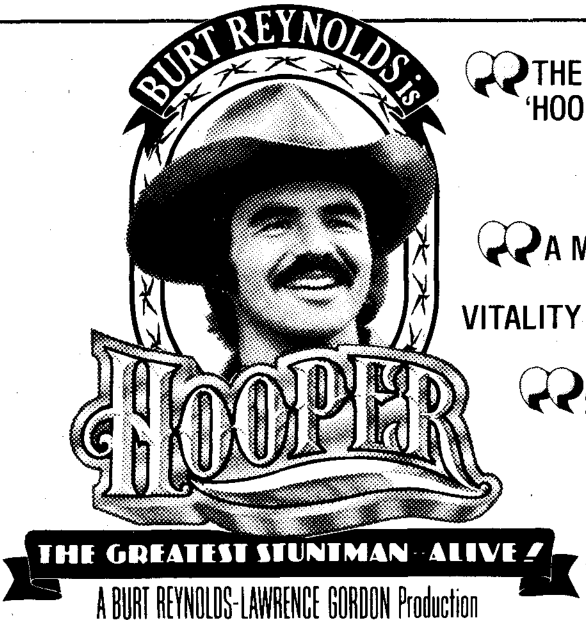

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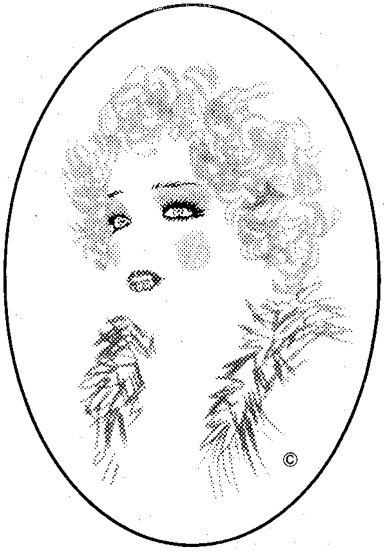

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up the script for laughs. But some of this camping isn't so funny. Did Kershner intentionally allow René Auberjonois to overdo his prissy-peacock routine as Dunaway's agent? Did he intentionally encourage Raul Julia, as Dunaway's alcoholic ex-husband, to grimace and glare like a heavy in a Mexican B movie? If so, these are cheap intentions, carried out at the actors' expense.

Yet somehow Faye Dunaway comes through. Completely asexual, her face as white as a death mask, she has never been more the ivory movie goddess—haughty yet vulnerable—than in this absurd movie. Tommy Lee Jones is also pale and has sunken cheeks, and when he and Dunaway make love it's like two cadavers mating in a graveyard. Their anguished-lovers dialogue passes belief, but at least they belong together *visually*—two bloodless survivors of New York's exhausting yet oddly glamorous terrors.

Girl Friends is also about a woman photographer—a lonely New York Jewish girl who progresses from bar mitzvah portraits to a gallery show within a couple of years—but it's as self-consciously "realistic" and earnest as *Eyes of Laura Mars* is stylized and hyped-up. The first feature produced and directed by New York independent filmmaker Claudia Weill (she co-directed the documentaries *Joyce at 34* and *The Other Half of the Sky: A China Memoir*), *Girl Friends* was financed with foundation grants and private donations and was brought in on a wing and a prayer. I wish there was some way I could like it more than I do.

There's some technical roughness here, but that doesn't matter very much. You don't expect polish or even much style from low-budget independent features; you do expect ambition, emotional challenge, and some sort of aggressive truthfulness or rawness of atmosphere. The sad thing about *Girl Friends* is that Weill and screenwriter Vicki Polon haven't really used their freedom. The movie is sweetly charming but a bit wan.

Their heroine, Susan Weinblatt (Melanie Mayron), may be a lot closer to our experience than, say, the buccaneer-working-girl heroines of the thirties (Bette Davis or Barbara Stanwyck), but she isn't nearly as much fun. Bright and sane but also rather withdrawn in the wistful, prematurely saddened manner of so many clever Upper West Side girls, Susan, just out of college, is caught in the familiar blues of musty apartments, transient roommates, no money, and endless job hustling. Claudia Weill gets the

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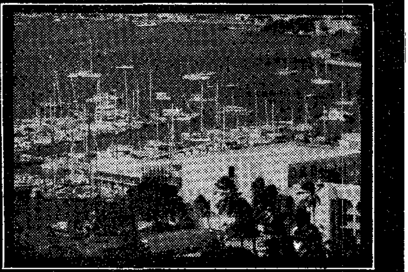

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right tone of dejection in Susan's stop-and-go efforts to make her own way, but she hasn't created a heroine with enough temperament or drive to warm up the screen. What makes this particular young woman an *artist* and not just another intelligent, unfulfilled lady looking for bargains at Zabar's? Damned if I know. When Susan gets a gallery show, we're as unprepared for her success as she is, and since we never really see her pictures, we can't link them up with anything in her personality. The frizzy-haired, heavy-breasted Melanie Mayron is an appealing sad-sack-with-soul type of actress, but she hasn't got enough to play here, and she falls back on a sheepish smile whenever the script gets vague about her emotions, which is often.

Like many independents, Weill and Polon are suspicious of melodrama and a well-constructed plot, so the film relies mainly on moods and brief encounters. What they don't realize is that a movie needs a strong plot for its moods to register as anything but arbitrary. And it needs more anger for its encounters to matter to us emotionally. The filmmakers dummy-rig most of the situations in advance so they can't detonate. For instance: Susan, like many young women making their way professionally, isn't sure she wants a man. That's fine, but the filmmakers are so eager to protect her tentativeness that they turn men into pussycats. A middle-aged rabbi (Eli Wallach), attracted to Susan, never actually makes a pass; and a good-looking, casually insolent young man (Christopher Guest) she meets at a party and goes home with turns out to be a real sweetie in the end. This isn't drama, it's coddling.

Susan's most important relationship is with the blond, slender Wasp, the safe-playing Anne (Anita Skinner). Here one feels the dull manipulations of ideology. For five or six years now I have listened to women solemnly declare the importance of becoming friends with other women, and I've always nodded in agreement while marveling to myself at the willpower needed to make friends by program. In *Girl Friends,* Susan becomes an independent-spirited artist, Anne a very bourgeois married lady, and there's little holding them together except the filmmakers' eagerness to demonstrate that women should merge rather than compete. When the two women make up after a quarrel, the film abruptly ends—as if their becoming friends again were a triumph in itself. *Girl Friends* is too mild to get angry about, but it augurs something bad—a new mood of gently righteous feminist sentimentality. ■

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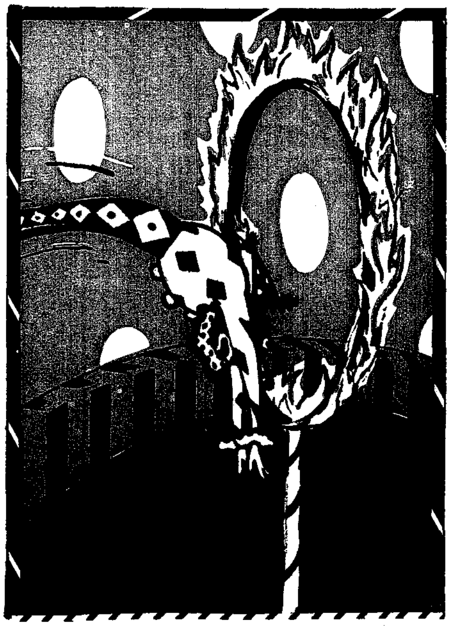
STOP THE SHOW—I WANT TO GET OUT

"... The current *Stop the World–I Want to Get Off* uneasily mixes British with black and white American idiom and plot elements..."

How does one honestly review Sammy Davis Jr. in **Stop the World—I Want to Get Off** without falling afoul of the NAACP, the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, the Lighthouse, and whatever other groups he can rally to his cause? But perhaps I can describe his performance in this appalling and totally uncalled-for revival of a mediocre musical as turning its anti-hero Littlechap into Littlechump. Marian Mercer, who plays with considerable verve his wife and three mistresses, towers above him like an amiably dopey Valkyrie, so that their love scenes look like an Anna Russell rewrite of the *Ring*, in which Alberich and Brünnhilde end up making Music and Mime together.

Davis, like Liza Minnelli and Barbra Streisand, is one of those entertainers whose success depends on some form of aggressive unappetizingness, the sense conveyed to the average spectator that with just a little more push, scratch, or crawl he, too, could be up there in the limelight. Davis simply oozes fake charm and (worse yet) fake modesty as he flashes at you some three or four rows of glistening teeth the size of the White Cliffs of Dover. And while he ineptly copies Chaplin's walk or lets out a series of ear-scorching squeals, his alternations between cockiness and humility exude a kind of cringing megalomania rather worse than the genuine, brazen article. Although he can sing, the Anthony Newley–Leslie Bricusse songs had small merit when they were written and lose even that in the current Bill Byers–Joseph Lipman orchestrations, which halfheartedly try to update them.

Stop the World was always a feeble show, but it seemed novel in its day, being what some call a "concept musical," i.e., one that is dependent not so much on a book as on some presentational device—in this case, telling the life story of a little fellow in terms of clown-show acts against a circus background. For the original production, the late and sorely missed Sean Kenny had designed a simple yet somehow whimsical arena on whose sands and bleachers the circusy tale unfolded; Santo Loquasto, the current designer, has given us instead something like a cross between a pileup of sideshow booths and a fun house, with all sorts of colored light bulbs, neon lights, and other glitters and glimmers further bleaching out the pallid proceedings. Someone aptly suggested that the set derives from Red Grooms, but it also features much of that hypertrophic clutter for which this gifted designer has lately opted with increasing frequency.



The garishness is compounded by the truly awful costumes Loquasto (who should probably stick to sets) has designed here: Harlem without Harlem's authentic sassiness and outrageousness. Especially unfortunate is the white-satin-and-lamé low-backed lounging-pajama outfit in which Miss Mercer must negotiate all her roles; how much more fortunate was Anna Quayle in the original production, with her basic leotards and a few appropriate trimmings added when required.

Simplicity salvaged much of that original production, as did the performances of Miss Quayle and the then not yet completely Hollywoodized Anthony Newley. The current version uneasily mixes British with black and white American idiom and plot elements, which is like heaping plum pudding, chitterlings, and Rice Krispies on the same plate. Uncredited hands have made various adjustments and updatings in the book, all of them puerile and pathetic, on the order of "Let's open a big bottle of Dom DeLuise," "Ladies of the Hadassah and members of Temple Bess Myerson," or, in a Congress scene, "Thank you, Speakerperson." The original's flabby political and social satire now seems particularly mindless and tasteless, with women being treated especially offensively.

The biggest problem, though, next to Sammy Davis's monkeyshines, is the choreography by Billy Wilson, whom only a steady trickle of black musicals seems to keep in business, and who may well be the least imaginative choreographer on Broadway today. The dances for the ensemble—an untalented and unprepossessing lot, by the way—would do no credit to a bunch of high school kids improvising at the junior prom. Finally, Mel Shapiro has directed without a trace of inventiveness, and the whole show—in the State Theater, usually occupied by such distinguished aggregations as the New York City Ballet—looks like some dreadful mistake on the part of Hillard Elkins, the producer. It is as if he had accidentally routed a bus-and-truck tour for the hinterlands into Lincoln Center.

Audiences, by the way, are getting weirder and weirder. As Walter Kerr noted in a recent article, they insist on giving standing ovations on opening night, regardless of how wretched the show is. I saw *Stop the World* on a non-opening night, and Sammy still got a partial standing ovation. This, not his quality, is what may make Sammy run.

I can, however, heartily recommend **The Incredible World of Magic and Illusion,** downstairs at the Village Gate. It is a *World* you will not wish to stop for wanting to get off or out of. What you are offered here, essentially, is the work of five international magicians or illusionists. Of these, the Dutch Ger Copper and the Swiss Fantasios (the latter, I learn, no longer in the show) are perfectly skillful and respectable performers whose acts will not bore you even if they don't exhilarate you.

Illustration by Georgeanne Dean

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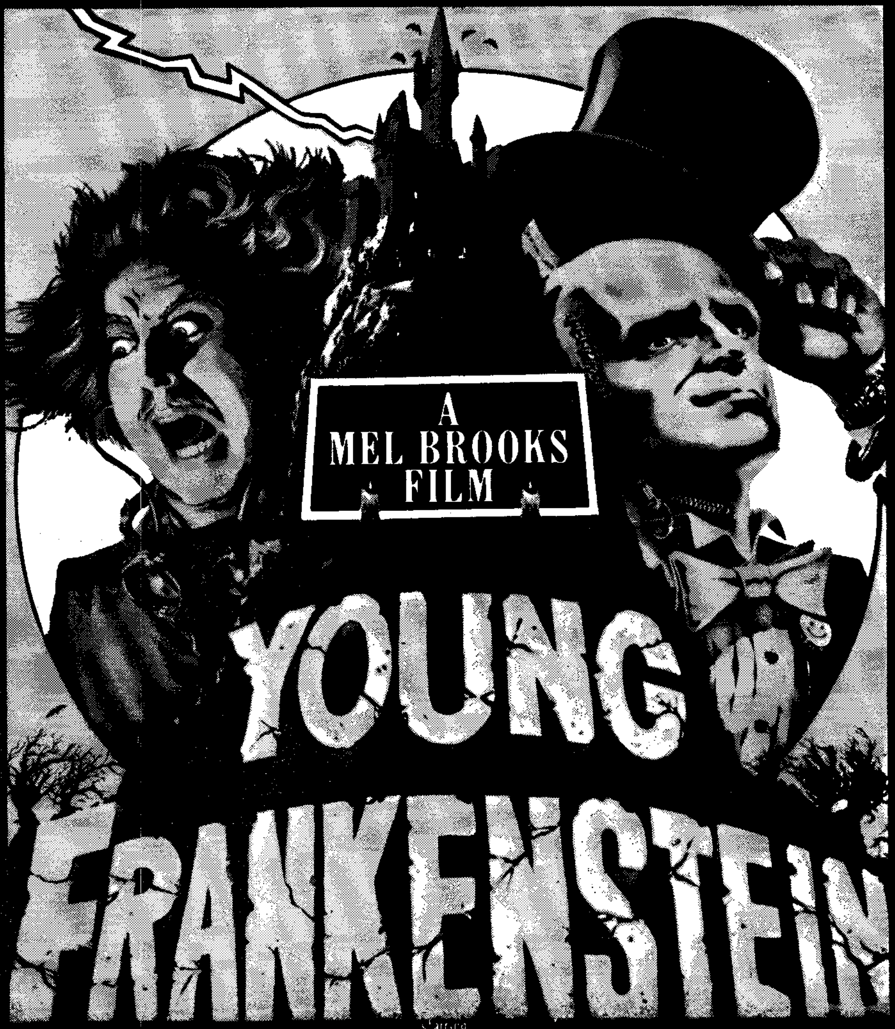

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But there is also the American Bob Baxter, who is able to turn an ordinary playing card into a boomerang that, in mid-flight, reverses its course and returns to his hand. Better yet, he is an altogether funny fellow, almost more a comedian than a magician, and an insult comedian at that (I know, because he used me as one of his patsies), but with a seedy swagger I find it hard to resist. Especially wonderful is his elaborately preposterous closing routine.

Even better is the Italian Count Della Ragione, whose tricks have a classic simplicity: a minimum of extremely simple props, the rest all dexterity, resourcefulness, and charm. I stress the charm, for magicians' patter can be mere diversionary strategy, whereas the Count's is authentically artistic and endearing. And his performing on an improvised, match-box-based, one-string proto-violin—a kind of ur-fiddle—is in itself worth the trip.

Finally, there is Richiardi, a Chilean wizard, who combines the commanding airs of a Grand Master of the Templars with magisterial tricks including the best levitation I have ever seen, which had even my companion, a not ungifted magic-school dropout, pleasurably perplexed. Richiardi has several other nifty tricks besides, and the haughty yet humorous way in which he bosses around his assistants and the audience has its own droll fascination. All too often we hear wishy-washy fans gush about "magic in the theater"; here, at any rate, there is genuine theater in the magic.

In conclusion, a couple of corrections. Now at last I have some space in which to tender a long-overdue apology to Nancy Potts, the costume designer for the BAM production of *The Play's the Thing*. Two errors in costuming that I attributed to her are, as an anonymous correspondent (probably Miss Potts herself) has demonstrated, actually called for by Molnár's stage directions. One of them is even explained in the dialogue, as I might have heard had not the production reduced me to a state of invincible somnolence. Sorry, Miss Potts; I'll try to be more alert and careful the next time.

Secondly, by a typesetter's omission that got by all of us, a comment of mine on Gretchen Cryer in the current *I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road* came out as follows: "I cannot imagine a man or woman who has had any cognizance of love and loss not wanting to hug her forever." That is a bit clumsy; what I actually wrote was ". . . not wanting to hug her, take her home, and cherish her forever."

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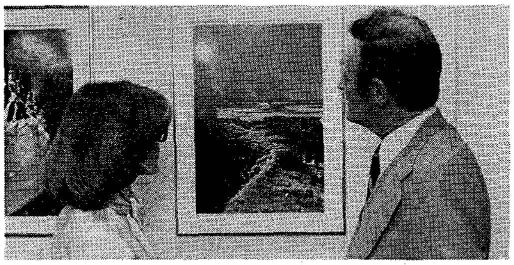

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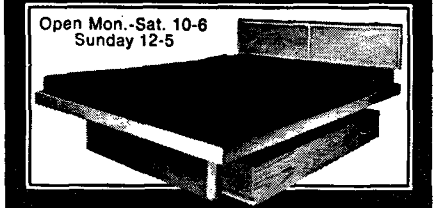

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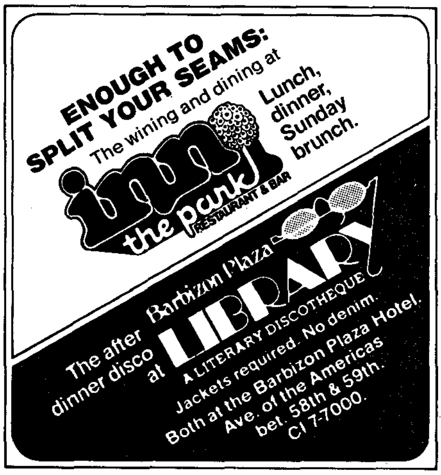

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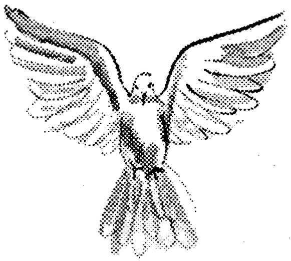

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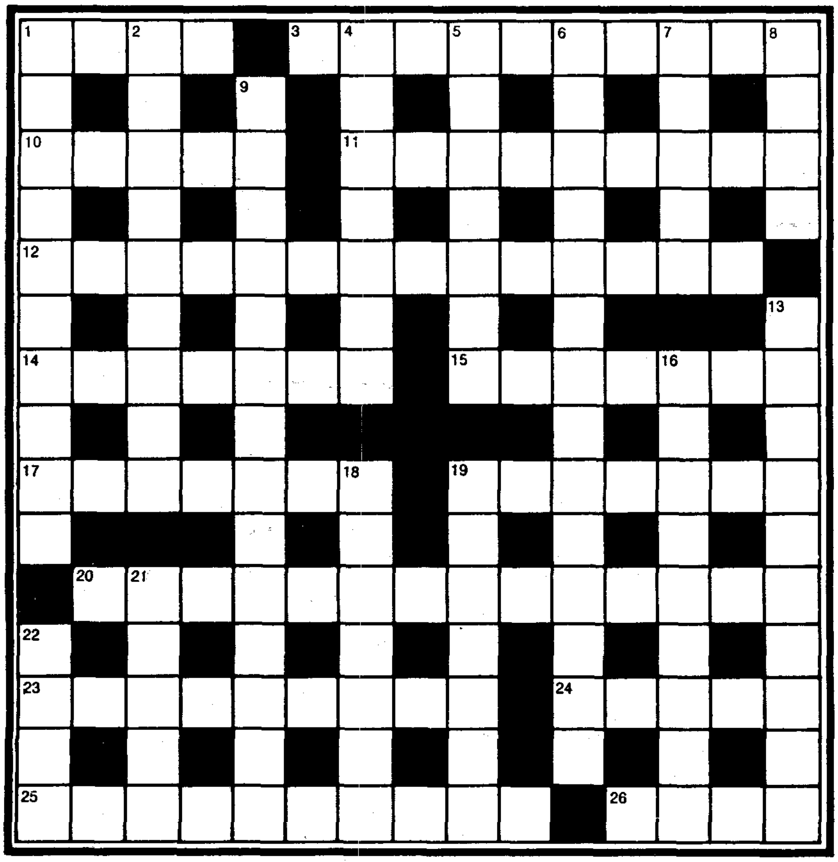

Solution to last issue's puzzle:

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E	S	O	T	E	R	I	C	■	E	■	T	■	A	■

Clues

ACROSS

1 Accommodation provided when tourism is started in a Greek island. (4)

3 Censures because I appear with a nervous disability during times of decision. (10)

10 Bulb which may be lit up. (5)

11 Getting on with a fellow in town. (9)

12 Cut down about everything before the wood batters against the figures. (14)

14 Tries again because the setters are different. (7)

15 "Pleased with a rattle,——— with a straw" (Pope). (7)

17 "The harsh ——— of a rugged line" (Dryden). (7)

19 Naked in the embrace of an animal, this provides entertainment. (7)

20 Replace it all in forming an international league. (6, 8)

23 Capture and quarter troops in a West country town. (9)

24 Unusual stage entrances. (5)

25 Is now changed into formal clothing but it shows one is ready for bed. (10)

26 Is conscious of being short of a pound for payment. (4)

DOWN

1 Chap with a tract distributed in the mail. (10)

2 Altered to become endured. (9)

4 Beams in the bar after supper. (7)

5 Conspicuous salesman carries a vase in the parade. (4-3)

6 Reduce the captain's position in a game. (8, 6)

7 Accordingly a Catholic dignitary is found in place of depravity. (5)

8 Celebrated dynasty. (4)

9 Stairs in the market? (6, 3, 5)

13 Journalists who show that an egghead comes into line without it. (10)

16 If broken the glass might make the leg rotten. (9)

18 The team always put on weight. (7)

19 Stop with us in a place of royal retirement. (7)

21 Composition in favour on dozens of discs. (5)

22 Overcome with wonder, motherless Adam took a wife. (4)

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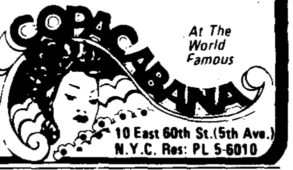

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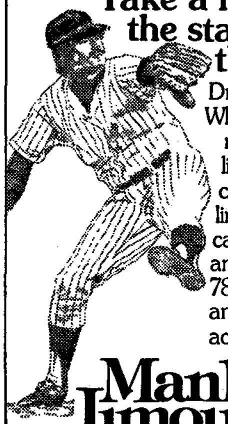

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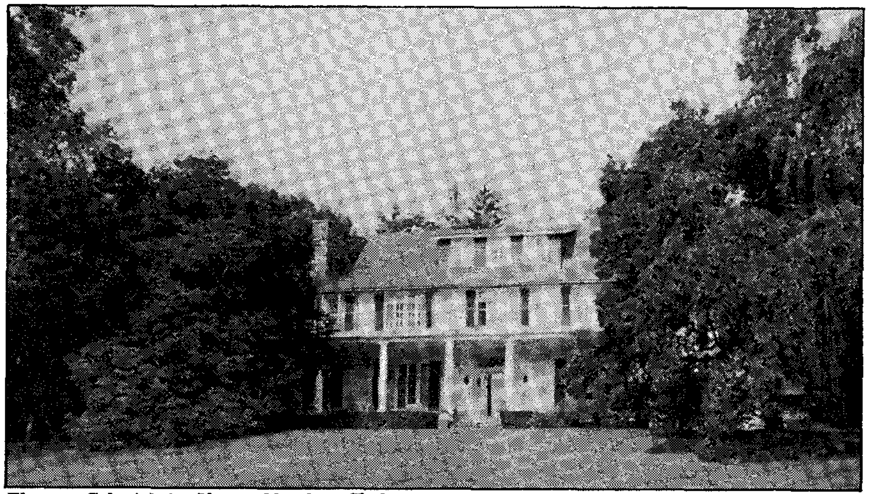

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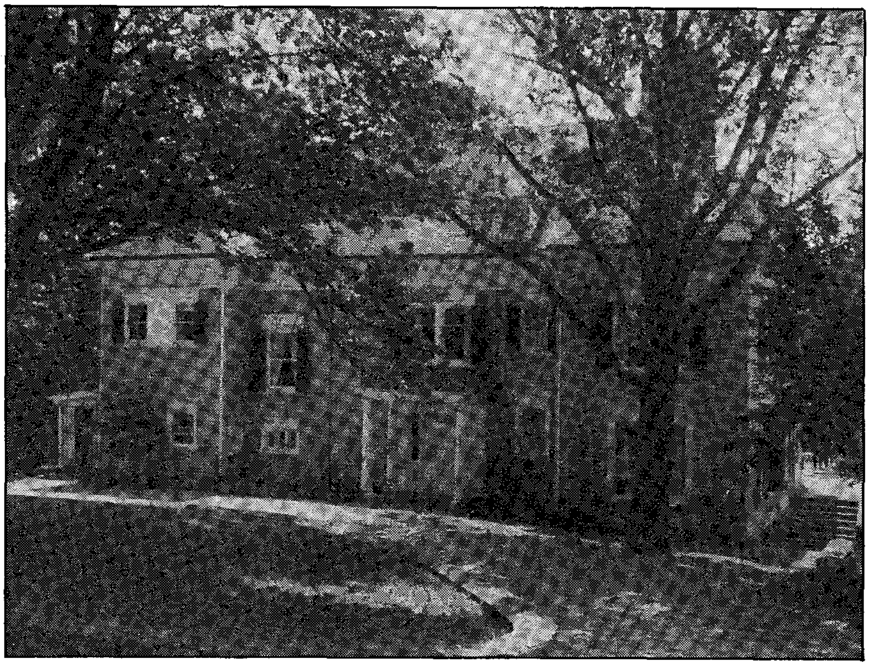

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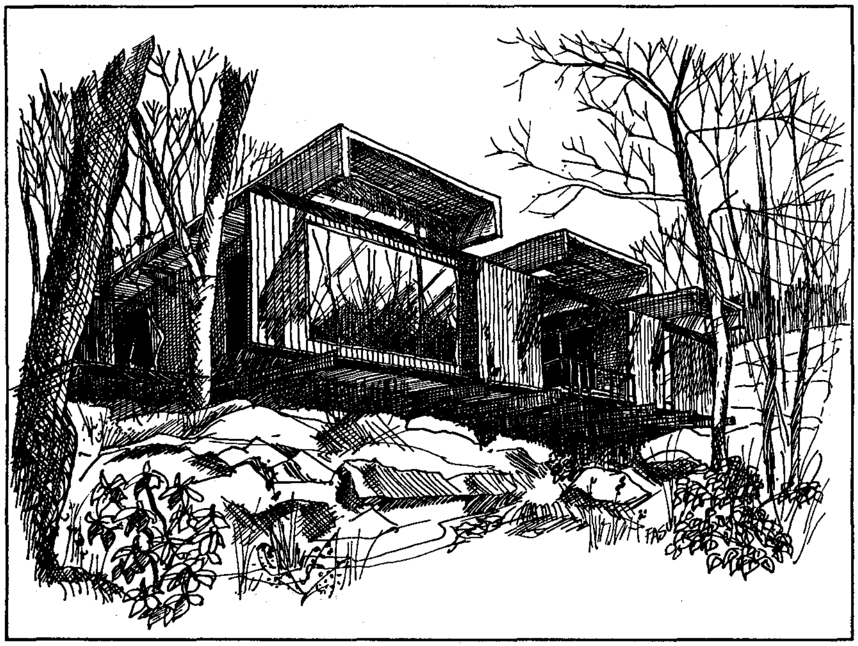

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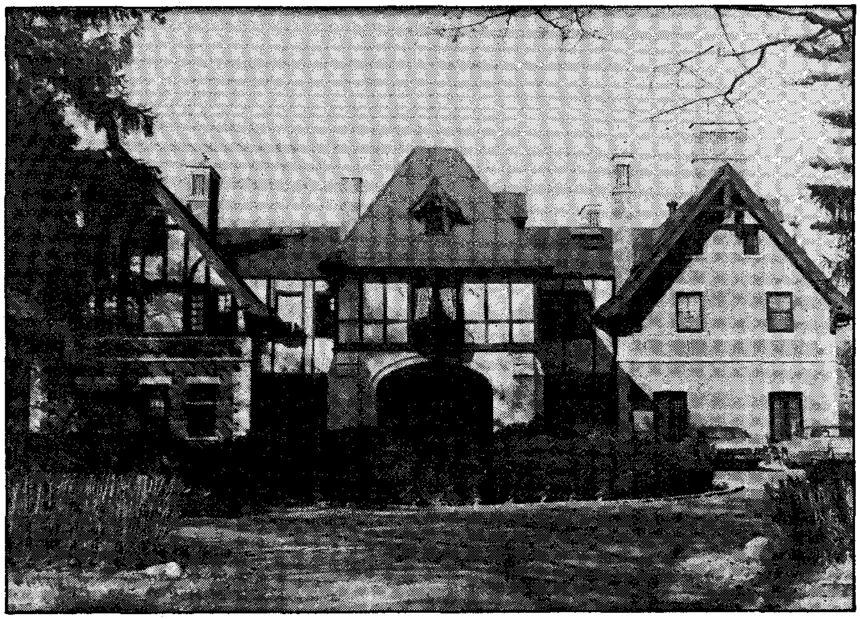

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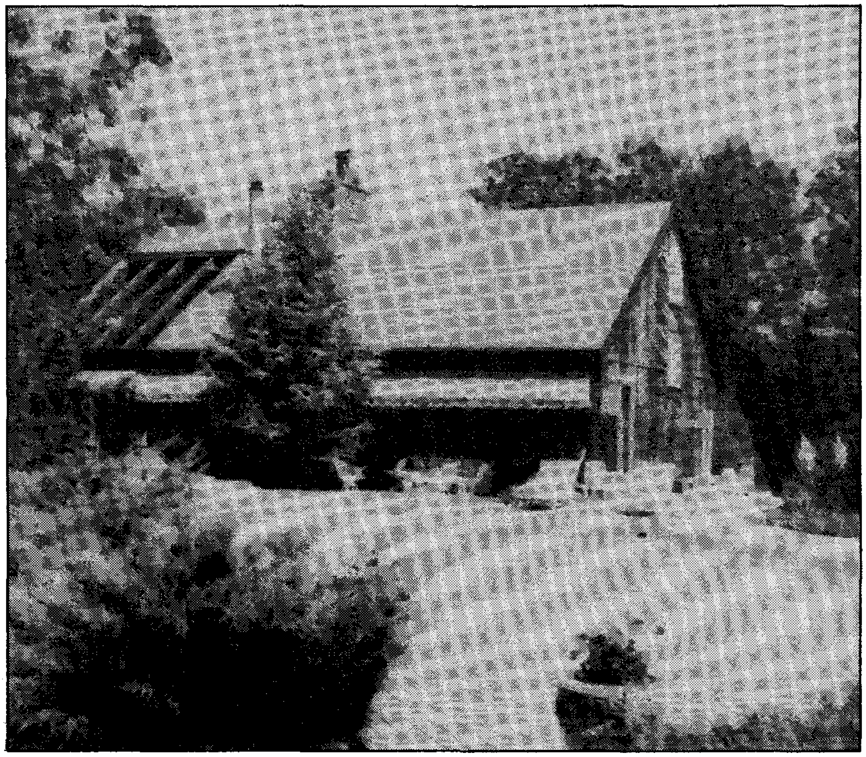

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Page of Lists / Terry Clifford

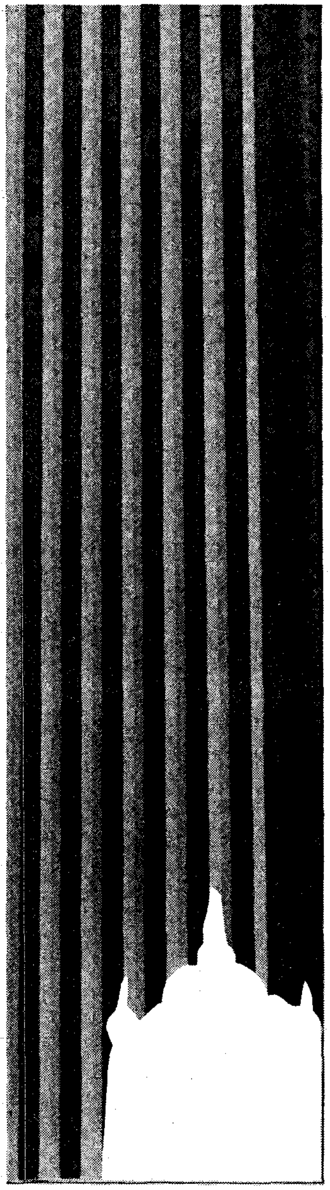
NEW YORK HOLDOUTS

...Two nineteenth-century structures buttress the RCA Building, the legacy of two people who held out against the Rockefellers...

Sometimes pleas, threats, or even vast amounts of money cannot move the stubborn. As a result, some of the monoliths around town have had to accommodate odd little bits of real estate whose owners would not fall into line. Herewith, ten obstacles to the orderly march of progress.

1. Avenue of the Americas and 50th Street. After being held by one family for 110 years, this three-story brick building was sold in 1962—too late for the Rockefellers to profit by it. One of the two properties which prevented the RCA Building from taking up a whole block, it was bought by a grocer named Boronowsky in 1852 for $1,060. The Boronowskys refused to sell to Columbia University a few years later, and Rockefeller interests met with the same resistance when they were building Rockefeller Center on land leased from Columbia. Upon the death of Boronowsky's grandson, his widow sold the building for $380,000 to a group that planned to hold it as an investment. It was finally purchased by Rockefeller Center in 1970.

2. Avenue of the Americas and 49th Street. When the Rockefellers tried to buy this building, its owner was willing, but the tenant—Hurley's Bar—refused to give up its lease. So this nineteenth-century structure and the one at 50th Street buttress the 70-story RCA Building. Hurley's itself was replaced two years ago by the pseudo-nineteenth-century Dave Wolf's Steak and Seafood Restaurant, but for years was famous as the little Irish bar that tripped up the Rockefellers.

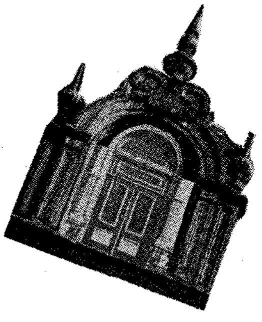


3. Broadway and 34th Street. When Robert Smith, a competitor of Macy's on West 14th Street, learned that Macy's planned to take over an entire block, he ran out and bought the only piece he could get—the little corner at 1313 Broadway. The store was used by many businesses and was leased to its current tenant, Nedick's, in 1947. A Macy's billboard covers the upper three floors of the five-story building, although the Smith family once considered advertising for Gimbels. To this day the store is a thorn in the side of the Straus family.

4. Queens Boulevard and 56th Avenue. Macy's was thwarted in completely occupying a five-acre block in Queens as well—this time by Mrs. Mary Sondek, who refused to budge from her modest shingled house decorated with rosebushes and wooden ducks. A notch in the circular department store accommodates the Sondek home.

5. 33 West 63rd Street. Developer Paul Milstein had managed to assemble nearly all the property on Broadway between 63rd and 64th streets when he was stopped by a Mr. Elyachar, the owner of this small tenement. Eventually Milstein gave up and incorporated the little building into the driveway of 1 Lincoln Plaza.

6. Joe and Rose Restaurant. When the William Kaufman Organization announced plans to build a new office building, they had to deal with Rose Resteghini, who wanted her restaurant to stay at 747 Third Avenue exactly the way it had been since 1914. So Joe and Rose stayed open even during the worst blasting—when Rose's daughter-in-law Rene used to hide in the phone booth. Rene and her husband, Freddie, now run the place, which is tucked into a niche in the 38-story skyscraper.



7. P. J. Clarke's. Tishman Realty bought up most of the block bounded by 55th and 56th streets and Second and Third avenues for a brown glass office building but were forced to leave this two-story Irish tavern. The 1890 red brick building, with a stained-glass front, stands in its own plaza at 55th and Third.

8. 1422 Second Avenue. The owner of the corner building next to this site was willing to sell, but broker William Lese didn't want it unless he could also get the building next door. That owner held out for more and more money; negotiations ended when he turned down $175,000 in 1968, and the planned apartment house was built around the two tenements.

9. St. Peter's Church. In order to acquire the property at 54th and Lexington, the management of Citicorp had to allow the church to rebuild on the same site. The Lutheran church, known for its jazz concerts, is now housed in a new building on that corner.

10. The Brevoort Farm. When Henry Brevoort was informed in 1807 that Broadway was going to be extended through his apple orchards, he threatened surveyors with a shotgun and a "growling bear." The curve at 10th Street, near Grace Church, is the result of his efforts. Twenty-nine years later, Brevoort also successfully insisted that 11th Street—now missing between Fourth Avenue and Broadway—jump over his farm. ■

Illustration by Jo Teodorescu

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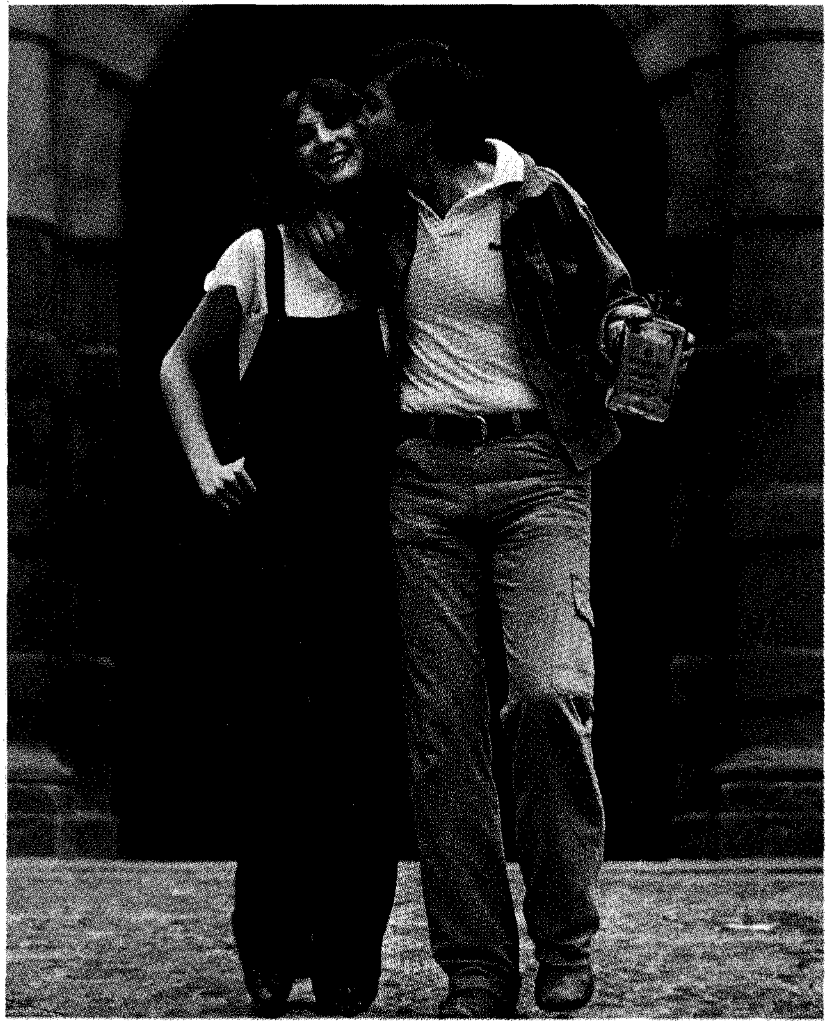

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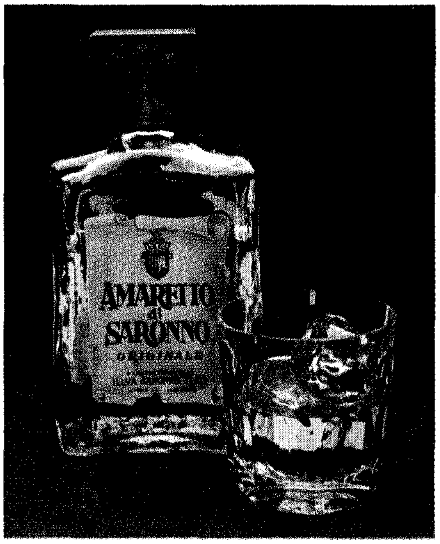

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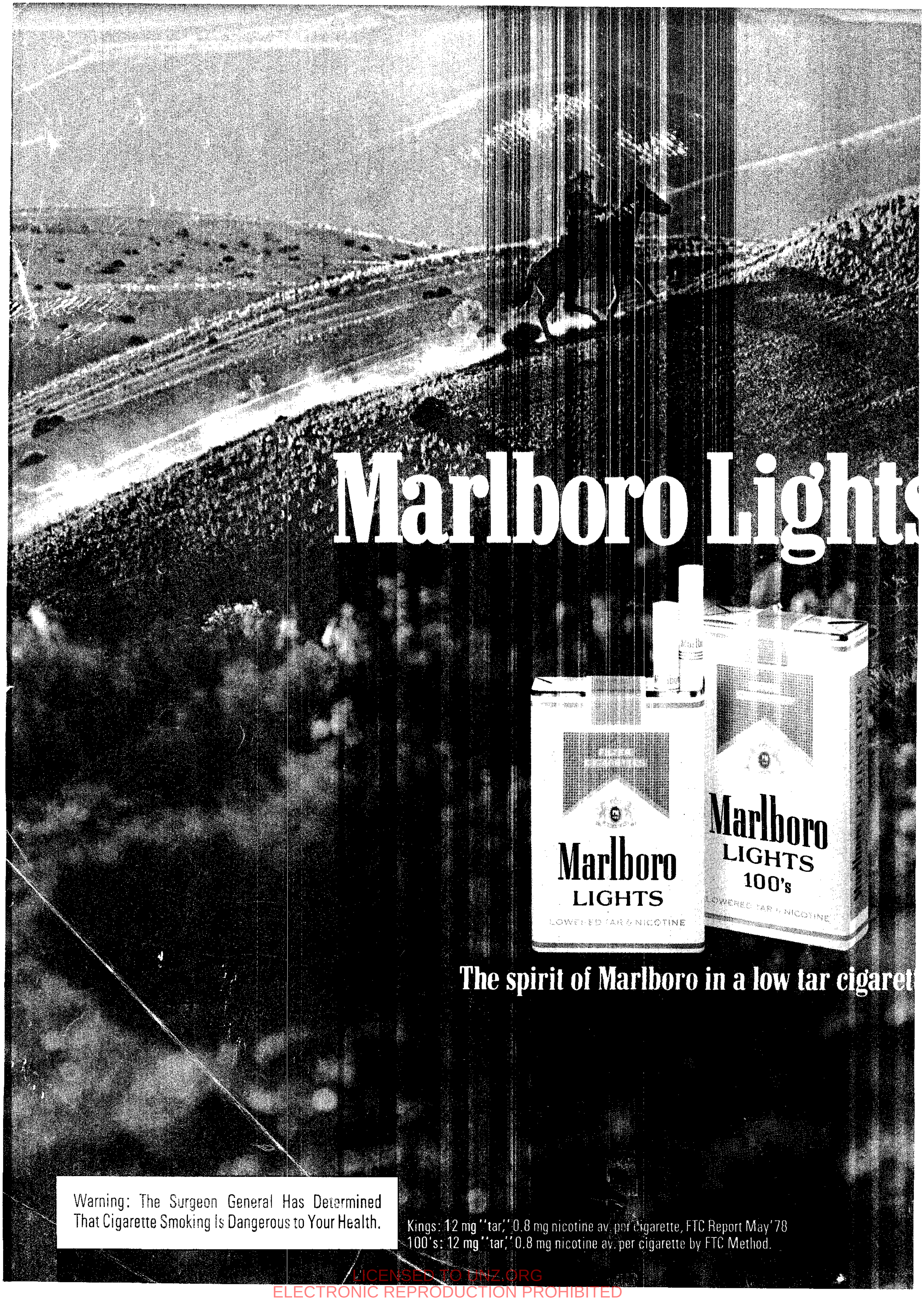
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